MUNSEY

THE NATIONAL SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING

by

James Lane Allen

PRINCES OF THE EARTH

The Dynasty of Sowers and Reapers

THE BEECHER FAMILY

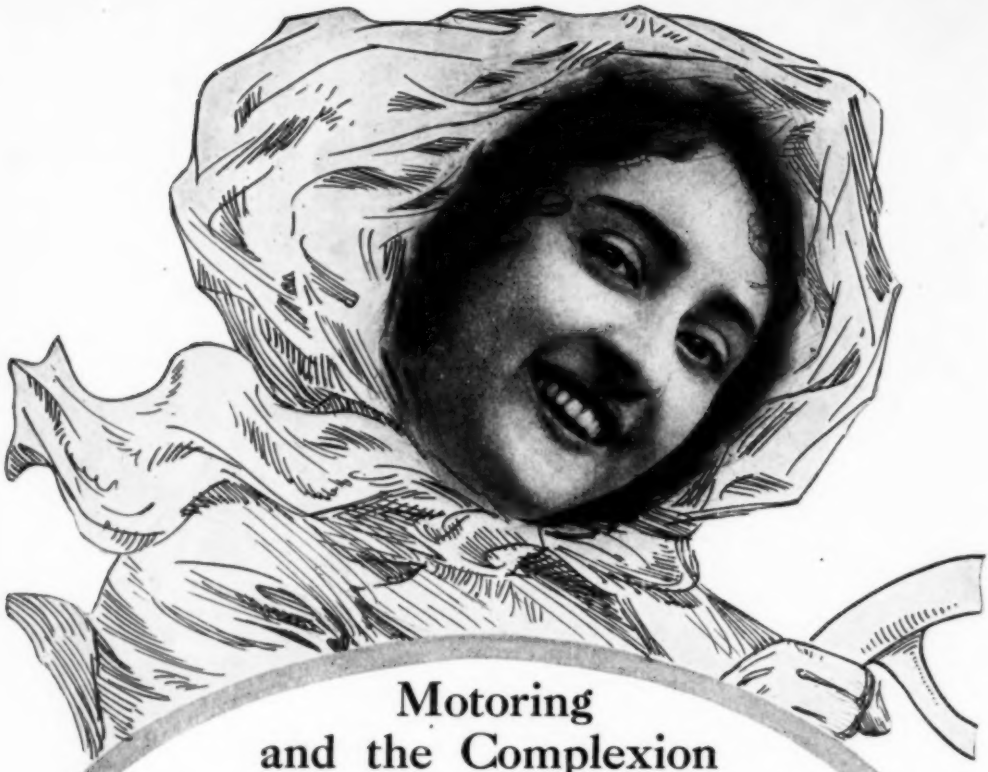
by

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis

NOVEMBER

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Motoring and the Complexion

Motoring has a disturbing influence upon the complexion no matter how closely the face may be veiled. The rapid motion creates an atmospheric current that causes an abnormal condition of the skin, and the complexion soon becomes impaired unless proper protective measures are adopted. The best thing to do is to wash the face with a copious lather of

Pears' Soap

before starting on a motor drive. This will ensure the skin being made soft and pliant, and the pores being braced to their work. On returning, after the skin has cooled down, another wash with Pears will restore the complexion to its natural bloom.

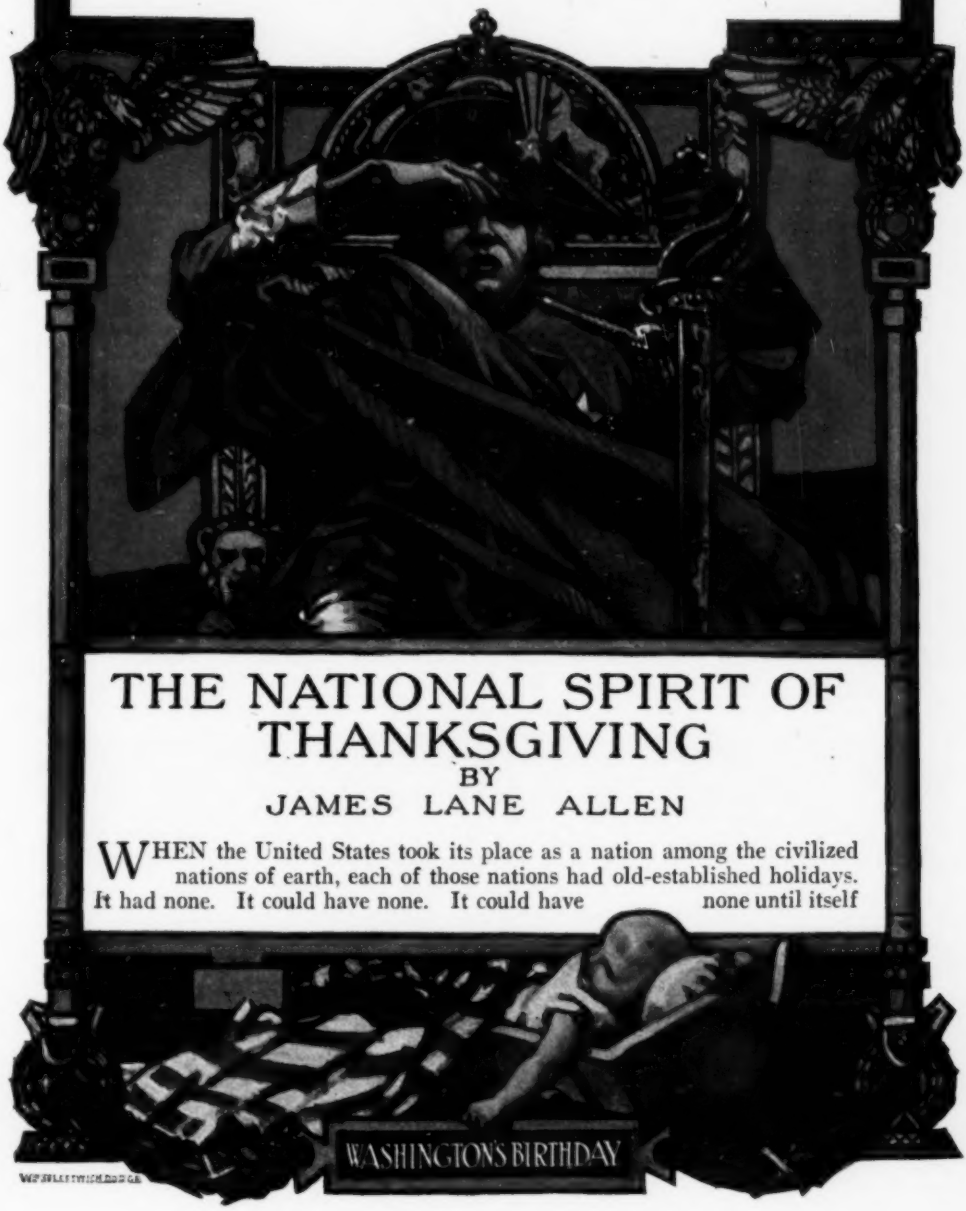
Motorists should always use Pears

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OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.


THANKSGIVING.

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THE NATIONAL SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING

BY

JAMES LANE ALLEN

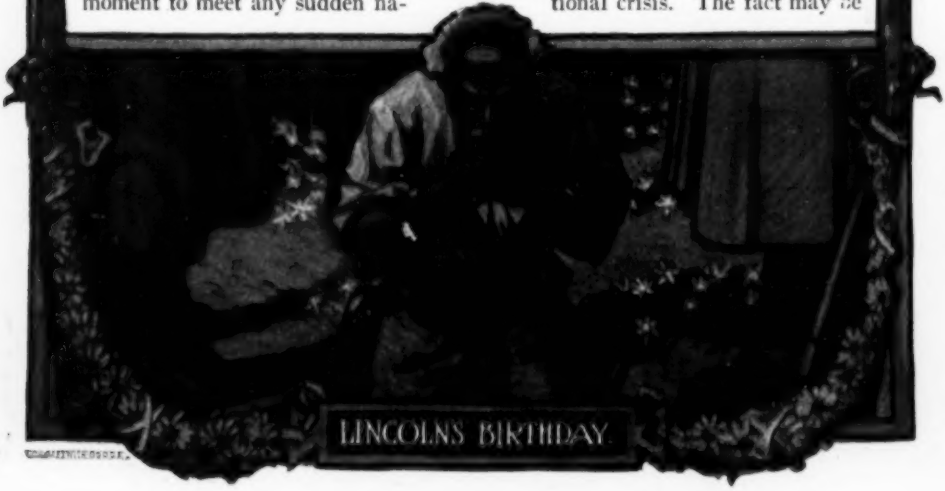
WHEN the United States took its place as a nation among the civilized nations of earth, each of those nations had old-established holidays. It had none. It could have none. It could have none until itself



had been founded as a nation. The infant republic could utter no cry of joy over its rending deliverance before it had been delivered. Thus the days of the year were but the days of the year—a parity of days. They were to it the small, moving measurements of astronomy; none had yet been set apart by it as great fixed landmarks on the plains of its history.

After one century, and nearly twoscore years of another, this nation still has no national holiday. It may surprise one-half the nation to encounter such a statement, but the statement is true. The nation has never instituted an American holiday. There is no Federal statute to authorize and embody one in the republic's laws. Congress may sit on every day of the year; the government has never legislated itself out of the right to do business for the space of any twenty-four hours.

This fact may be interpreted according to the fancy of the interpreter. He may regard it humorously as a characteristic oversight of the nation, which in this respect would be typical of the ordinary American citizen. Both nation and citizen have never during their lifetimes remembered to grant themselves a holiday! Or he may consider the fact gravely, as showing the deliberate purpose of the government to reserve for itself the right of convening at any moment to meet any sudden national crisis. The fact may be





folly, the fact may be wisdom. It is set down here merely as fact, without the reason or the reasons.

But while the country has no enforced holiday, the days of the year no longer remain in its eyes and in its laws an equality of days. The mind of the nation has long since been at work on the calendar, at one time setting apart one day, at another time setting apart another, for various reasons.

Among the days which it has thus memorialized, it has come to form an especial group—completely separated from the rest, and standing far above them. It has asked of the people that these be proclaimed and observed with ceremonial honor throughout the land as the nation's heroic days; to the end that as year by year each returns, the fresh millions who make up the nation may with common consent pause at each, remember what it stands for, share the same thoughts and emotions about it; and so take breath again as a nation more closely welded together by this inheritance of great memories, as a living people made stronger with the strength of the dead.

SIX NATIONAL ANNIVERSARIES

The United States now has six anniversaries which it keeps as peculiarly the nation's days—a sparse but lofty group. The entire people of the nation





n a ve never observed some of these days; there may be one or more which a part of the nation will never consent to observe. Yet, more nearly than anything else, these six anniversaries approach the character of days universally kept with patriotic feeling; and they furnish our best native counterpart to the supreme festivals of older civilizations. Arranged nearly but not altogether in the order of the calendar, they are Washington's Birthday—Lincoln's Birthday—Memorial Day—the Fourth of July—Labor Day—Thanksgiving Day.

Now, as your thought brings them up and passes them in review, you become aware that they open before you vast, separate visions of national affairs—immense historic pictures, each distinct from each in time and place and circumstance.

FOURTH OF JULY



Washington's Birthday! Your thoughts go back to the period when the foot of the throne of England rested on her American colonies scattered along the fringe of the Atlantic—rested on a republic which did not yet know that with the birth of a child it also had been born and was singing in its cradle—in its cradle under the throne, the throne which it was destined to shake. You look back in the history of the nation to the Day of Revolt.

Lincoln's Birthday! Your thoughts come down to the time when the people of those colonies had grown into an irresistibly expanding nation, had crossed the eastern mountain range of the continent, and swept through a wilderness toward the Pacific. This day compels the thoughts of all people to center upon one man of that time — as upon a towering piece of common rock, still in its place

LABOR DAY.

in that great wilderness; a rock from which the warring, wandering, desert-thirsty tribes of the nation were to drink, when Destiny led them to it, smote its earthly plainness, and disclosed its spring. You face the Day of the Atonement.

Memorial Day! Your ear catches the long, piercing note of the military dirge on the air and the dusty shuffling of comrades' feet on their way to the cemeteries of the volunteer soldier dead. As you look on, you forbear to judge the issues of that struggle; you are content to reflect that elements of human error are inseparable from all human undertaking, and that these, under one form or another, have entered into the making and unmaking of every nation, as they entered then into the making and unmaking of this. It is the Day of Duty and of Tears.

The Fourth of July! And over the nation as over one great playground—one laughing Field of Mars—sight and hearing are filled with the pageants and revels of rejoicing patriotism, showing their many colors under the sun, making a great noise under the stars. You shout with the Day of the Shouting.

Labor Day! And before you rises the picture of the long, traffic-cleared streets of cities, down which move orderly multitudes of men, armed only with useful minds and useful hands. A new emotion of self-respect comes to you as in silence you stand by; it is the Day of Self-Possession.

Thanksgiving Day! Your thoughts quit the present, and go back to the past—to the grim New England fathers with their faith that any government they might establish in the New World could only prosper if upheld by the divine government of the universe. You forsake the cities and go out to greet the autumn earth; from the spectacle of which your thoughts ascend to the Providence of leaf and fruit and grain, whose finger guided the blind bud along the trackway of the frost, whose hand shaded the fields from the hot sun, whose pity for the hungry brought their rainfall. You bare and bow your head. It is the Day of Humility and of Mortality.

Thus each of the nation's days discloses a wide and isolated field of American actualities—isolated in time and place. Each seems to commemorate the history of the nation in a language that none of the others can command. The truth of this is clear and familiar to us—the historic and the human differences that enrich and adorn our national holidays.

THE COMMON MEANING OF THE SIX DAYS

But there is something more pertinent here to consider than these differences. It has not been for the sake of their differences that this nation has chosen these six anniversaries. It has chosen them not because they are different, but because they are *not* different; because they have a character in common; because each stands for something that essentially expresses the nation in part—always one nation, always the same nation. The records of their achievement must help fill out the records of its achievement; the spirit they breathe must be the spirit it breathes; the ideals they have illustrated and upheld must blend in the ideal which it has kept before itself as its fixed goal.

What identical meaning is it, then, that underlies this group of heroic days? What single formula of ideas fits and explains them all?

What is it that the nation asks you to remember on Washington's Birthday? A man who determined to use and risk his life that other men might assert and live their lives. A man who made common cause with others similarly oppressed that whoever of them survived might frame a government in which they could stand more closely together as citizens, and stand farther apart as men and free men. You may for your own personal satisfaction put into Washington's Birthday far more than this. But for national observance you can never put less. It means this or it means nothing—compacter union under law, wider freedom under law.

Lincoln's Birthday! What does the nation bid you remember when lowering winter brings this back to the rough, snow-clad fields? A later American of like mold with the earlier American; a man who ordered the mustering and the movements and the mowing down ot armies that the bonds of slavery might be rent and the bonds of union not be rent. It is the same ideal—widening union, widening liberty.

Memorial Day! What is it the nation bids you bring to mind? The tragedy of divided Americans who broke one of these laws for the sake of the other law, and thus fractured the formula of their own national existence; who violated the law of union to enforce the law of liberty—a nullification

of law to secure the supremacy of law. Now, whenever this day returns, and the earth renews its promise of fresh fruits for the bitter fruits which then were eaten to their ashes, the living revisit the dead—the reconciled revisit the sundered—in the spirit of renewed union, renewed liberty; they drop upon them the same unwithering flower of the nation's ideal.

The Fourth of July! It is the same lesson—all people to cohere in the state, no individual to interfere in the state.

Labor Day! It is the same—the organization of working men to define and safeguard the rights of each working man. It is the formula of the republic become the formula of part of the population; it is the ideal of the national group become the rule of the class group.

Thanksgiving Day!—the last in the year of the country's votive moods. The reading is the same, the lesson never changes. For on this day the President of the nation calls upon the people to acknowledge the Ruler of all nations, who—according to the faith of most of mankind through the ages—will in the harvest of eternity gather all peoples into a common people at their final peace, and give to each individual soul its highest final freedom.

Thus the six heroic days of the nation have a common meaning. They stand like figures bearing each a light and grouped around a central figure bearing its light. The central figure casts one unbroken light upon them; they reflect their broken lights upon it; but it and they shed one and the same light.

HOLIDAYS OF THE FUTURE

But we must remember that, measured by the distances of history, this nation has only entered upon its life. If a long future should await it, other great Americans will be born whose birthdays will force their way into the calendar. There will be other state documents perhaps as vital as its first Declaration of Independence; there will be other wars; there will be other dead.

Thus our boundaries of national gratitude are not finally set. As they are now in slow process of widening, so they must go on widening to admit new names, new births, new declarations, new heroisms. But meantime the holidays which now are new to us will become too old to be commemorated; most of them, if not possibly all of them, will fall behind, drop out, be forgotten.

Can any one believe that some thousand years from to-day, if there should be such a nation as the United States, the Americans of that time would still be concerning themselves with memories of the Civil War? Some thousand years hence no man in this country may be able to find where the national cemeteries of to-day were. There may not survive a line of history to tell where Arlington was, where Gettysburg was.

Who knows in our age where the dead of the Assyrian Empire are buried? Of the Babylonian? Of the Persian? Who cares? Who knows where the Greeks were buried during those seven hundred years of war which Greece waged against Asia in behalf of the civilization of Europe, in behalf of all republics yet to be, including this republic? Who knows where Cæsar's legions lie, or Scipio's? In little England, where every square foot of soil has for ages been continuously under the eye of history, who knows—or cares—where the Picts and Scots were buried? Where the Saxons? Where the Danes? Where the Normans? Where the Druids? Who drops a flower on the Druids now? Who in France knows or cares where thousands of those that fell yesterday at Waterloo were stuffed away into one ravine—ten thousand in a ditch?

Some thousand years hence does any one suppose that this nation, if in existence, will still be formally honoring Washington? Or Lincoln? Or Independence Day? It is beyond belief. The old names and dates may hold their places in the calendar, venerable if not venerated; there may be no later Federal statute to disturb them, recall them, eject them. But these primitive ancient festivals of the nation, as is true of all festivals that last for ages, will be so overgrown with newer growths as to have become new in everything but in the old names.

In Père Lachaise sometimes you see a smoldering tomb with fresh immortelles; but the immortelles are for him who lies buried on the top, not for him who lies buried at the bottom. He at the bottom had his once; then it became another's turn, then another's; only for the latest interred do you discover immortelles. The immortelles are there in the same spot, but not for the same soul. And the custom of Père Lachaise is the law of humanity. In every age, popular thought and emotion spend themselves not upon the dead who were

ours, but upon the dead that are their own; and their own are always the near. Nothing is green to the affections of men but what grows under his foot; the desert of the future had not yet budded; the desert of the past is already sere; his sympathies are around his feet.

Washington's Birthday—Lincoln's Birthday—Memorial Day—Independence Day; the human and historic probabilities are that these will be forgotten, or be so changed as to become new in all but in the old names. In the group of six national holidays two are left. What of them? Will they endure?

TWO HOLIDAYS THAT WILL ENDURE

It seems likely that Labor Day will last. For should this republic weather five thousand years, or a hundred thousand years, labor also will weather them. Labor never gets old, never comes to an end, never passes out of sight on the horizon and is lost in the mists of indifference. Labor stays always in the present, and nothing else in the present can ever crowd it out of the foremost place. All things else in the nation can never combine against labor. It would be the pillars of the temple combining against the foundation. Thus labor will always be on the spot. It will never need to ask that others remember it and celebrate it. It will merely have to say:

"I am here! I will celebrate myself."

It seems likely that Labor Day will last.

One is left—Thanksgiving Day. Will it be steadfast amid the world's mutations? Will it long resist the law of growth and decay that runs through every nation's festivals? Seemingly. For here again is something that never comes to an end; hunger and harvest will never come to an end until they end together. The sower—the reaper—the breaker of bread—these elemental figures of humanity perpetually become old with each year, and vanish as finally as its leaves; but each year, on the young landscape of nature, they are seen young again, always young again.

And this brings us to the true character of our American Thanksgiving. It is usually considered our one native contribution to the holidays of nations, as its observance originated with the New England fathers. Perhaps the fathers themselves liked to think of it in this originative way, and so wished it perpetuated—as something that had flowered on the bleak rock of their personal struggle. It was to be peculiarly *their* day, peculiarly a heroic New England day, an American day. So in a sense it is; so in a sense it is not.

Essentially, our American Thanksgiving is least American of our holidays, for the simple reason that it is too human to be merely American. There were no most human things left for the New England fathers to originate; they are immemorially older than this country. There are no original ways of expressing gratitude; all the pathways of thanksgiving are very old paths. As we look back upon the nations that have been—seeing the summits of their civilizations as mountain ranges one behind another on the horizon—we can trace on each range the deeply rutted paths rising out of unseen valleys toward what to each of them was high. Those old paths are all the paths there ever will be.

The New England fathers but started one of these old paths upward across a new mountain range. As far back as history can discover man, it can discover the footsteps and ascent of his thanksgiving. The day has not always fallen in November; nor in any land or age has it wholly resembled itself elsewhere, save only in this—that it has always and everywhere been the festival of hunger and harvest. Not long ago Zeus had his Thanksgiving Day; quite recently Ceres had hers; Demeter had hers.

And this brings us to the final word about our own as about every other—that after the harvest had satisfied the harvester, there was always a shadow on the feast. For with the sated hunger of the fields, another hunger has always beset man—the hunger for immortality. Both hungers have always tortured him; they torture him still. The mystery of the harvest has always brought with its return the mystery of himself, of his place in nature; of his perpetuity in the universe. The one question of all time has been whether he himself is part of the law of the harvest, or the exception to that law. That has been his soliloquy, his prayer—that he might be the exception. And so his gratitude has worn a path upward across the face of the mountains toward the Power that could make him this exception.

There is a story—loved by all Germanic people, and haply by the rest of mankind who know it—of gold shining at the bottom of the rushing river of ages. No atom of it was ever taken away, because it was

guarded by the immortal vigilance. Man's faith has always been that the gold of autumn between the shores of the hills will gleam in its place until the divine forsakes it. He has always worshiped the god of the yellow corn.

Thus Thanksgiving Day has perhaps within itself two elements of perpetuity. It is the festival of the two hungers—the hunger of the fields, and the hunger of the harvester that he may himself escape the law of the harvest, which is to perish.

Meantime, whatever fate the future may hold for all our heroic days, the instant question is what do these days mean to the people—now? The nation has declared that they are the greatest it has in its keeping; it has lifted them far up to be seen of all men as its stations of light; they mark its passage toward its goal.

But to the paltry all things are paltry. To the shallow nothing is deep. They who look only for low things see all things as low. The law of their inner vision is as the law of aerial perspective by which—out under the clear sky—the higher any object is, the more insignificant it appears to be.

The nation's heroic days will be heroic only to those who will ponder and who are able to realize how heroic they are.

THE VOICE OF LIFE

A MAIDEN stood at the edge of things,
  Looking with curious eyes
Off into the mist-veiled borders where
  The Country of Womanhood lies.

She lifted her finger and touched the veil,
  Impatient to fling it wide;
Said she: "There are beautiful, wonderful things
  For me on the other side!"

A woman stood in the midst of things—
  A woman weary and pale;
And "Wait awhile!" she cried to the child
  On the other side of the veil.

"Out here in the Country of Womanhood
  Are wonderful things, 'tis true,
And the voice of life, like a silver bell,
  Is calling, calling to you.

"But wait in the Land of Dreams, for here
  The clouds oft hide the sun,
The road is rough and the way is long,
  With always a task undone.

"Success and failure, laughter and tears,
  With many a heartache, too,
All wait in the Country of Womanhood,
  Dear little girl, for you!"

"But," said the girl, "if hearts must ache,
  Sometimes they are also blest;
And perhaps the toilsome way may lead
  To the Haven of Perfect Rest.

"And so, for the voice of life is strong,
  I'm coming alone to see
Whether the jewel-starred crown of love
  Is waiting there for me!"

She paused uncertain, perhaps afraid,
  But the warning lips were dumb;
For the woman slowly lifted the veil,
  And said to the maiden: "Come!"

Ella Middleton Tybout

WHY THE AMERICAN FARMER IS RICH

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

THE average American who talks in superlative terms of his country seldom stops to realize that the bulwark of all its bigness is agriculture. Without this there would be no "tallest buildings," no "queen cities," no "fastest trains in the world." Eliminate the crops, and our railroad income would dwindle, our commerce would be paralyzed, and one-third of our entire population would be idle. In short, our real progress is rooted in the ground.

Yet the city-dwelling American is apt to forget this in the excitement of his more spectacular environment. A metropolitan subway, for example, scarcely suggests the peaceful rural landscape, nor does a brilliant audience at the opera revive memories of good old days back on the farm.

Just as it takes a great panic to reveal the elasticity of our resources, and to prove anew the resiliency of our national temperament, so does it require some revelation of well-nigh overwhelming magnitude to bring home to all of us the compelling and incontestable fact that lies behind our amazing development.

Such a revelation is made this year in the census report showing the extraordinary increase in the value of the American farm. Eleven years ago the agricultural land of the country was valued at thirteen billions of dollars, in round numbers. Last year it was appraised at twenty-eight billions—an increase of one hundred and eighteen per cent. Including the buildings and agricultural equipment, the total value of our farms aggregated the immense sum of thirty-six billions of dollars, or nine times the money in all our savings-banks.

Thus stupendous enhancement in value has gone on without drum or trumpet. The obscure tiller of the soil working his quarter-section of wheat on the Dakota prairie, and the indomitable homesteader wresting sustenance from the arid plain, have not been conscious of their contribution to a truly miraculous record of advancing wealth; but it has gone on steadily from season to season, heedless of the crises that have rent the press, disturbed finance, shaken the political "stump," and stirred the country generally.

Thus the nation can go about the observances of Thanksgiving, this year, with the cheerful conviction that, despite the rumormonger, the political agitator, and the traditional business menace of an approaching Presidential election, the toiler on the farm—homely conserver of our life and prosperity—is safeguarded by an unshakable equity, is lord of an empire of plenty.

A MARVELOUS RECORD OF INCREASE

Now, while these census figures—mute and unassailable sign-posts of our progress—are in themselves vastly impressive, they only form part of the wonderful story of our agricultural uplift. Link them up with other results of the farmer's prosperous march, and you get a wonder-tale more astounding than ever romancer spun.

First, get this farm picture well in your mind. It is an epic setting, crowned by mighty mountains, washed by rushing rivers, teeming with a far-flung life, shot through with the delicate green of spring and the mellow glow of autumn—a nation's cornucopia!

Of our entire acreage of nearly two billion acres, one-half is in farms. One-fourth, or almost half a billion acres, is under cultivation. Hence each year the plow gashes and the sun ripens a splendid principality equal to the total area of Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain combined.

In 1890 we had 5,737,372 farms; now we have 6,340,120, an increase of eleven

per cent. The increase in farm acreage is only five per cent, owing to the practical disappearance of free public lands and the development of intensive farming. On the other hand, the advance in the acreage tilled is more than fifteen per cent; and it is this increase—small only when compared with the stupendous advance in the value of farm land—that tells a story of supreme human and economic interest.

While our total farm area has not expanded at a phenomenal rate, the small farm has increased in number, and greatly advanced in value. A decade ago, for instance, the average value of an acre was $15.60; now it is $32.50, or more than double.

Sift out the great mass of new farm statistics, and you find an array of interesting particulars. We have fifteen hundred thousand farms ranging in size from one hundred to one hundred and seventy-four acres. This has been called the ideal family farm, the most useful and economic of any of the agricultural units.

We have 1,435,000 farms ranging in size from fifty to ninety-nine acres, and practically an equal number from twenty to forty-nine acres. Many of the latter are the plots operated by the Southern negroes on shares. In both instances these numbers show a large increase over previous records.

When you get down to the individual States, you discover some truly startling facts. Take New Mexico. Ten years ago it had 12,311 farms, many of them precarious patches on the outskirts of a desert that God had apparently forgotten. To-day the State has 35,032 farms—an increase of nearly two hundred per cent. Irrigation did it.

In 1900 Colorado had 24,700 farms; now there are 45,839—an increase of eighty-six per cent, which is another triumph for irrigation. Montana has increased her farms ninety-four per cent, Wyoming eighty per cent, and Oklahoma seventy-five per cent.

In Arizona there has been a shrinkage in farm acreage, but an increase of thirty-nine per cent in the number of farms.

The meaning of all this is that the old uneconomic ranches are passing away, and the vast stretches of prairie, where once the longhorns grazed, are being broken up into useful and fruitful farms. Every one of these farms, no matter how small, is a contributor to the national prosperity.

Equally significant is the decrease in the number of farms in the old-established agricultural regions. In New York there has been a falling off of five per cent in farm area; in Massachusetts, the cradle of our agriculture, a decrease of three per cent; in New Hampshire, of eight per cent. Some of this decline is due to the illusion that the soil is "worn out." The Department of Agriculture has disproved this idea. Like a human being, the long-suffering earth has needed a change, for it has been nourished too long on the same kind of diet. Rotation in crops will do much to remove the "abandoned farm" from the New England landscape, and make it once more an area of plenty.

Now, get a different angle on the rural worker's development. In 1900 the value of his buildings and equipment was $3,500,000,000; now it is $6,300,000,000. Ten years ago his tools and implements represented an investment of three-quarters of a billion; now they show a value of a billion and a quarter—a sum equal to the total net earnings of all the American railroads in an entire year.

Here comes an interesting bit of comparison. You will recall that the actual area of land tilled has increased only five per cent; yet the value of the implements used to till that area has increased by sixty-eight per cent. This shows that the farmer is doing more with his ground.

Wherever you turn in this new disclosure of the stability of the American farm, you find some striking cause for congratulation, and even for wonderment. Take the mortgage, which for many years was almost synonymous with the word "farm." No homely drama of rural life was complete without its menace; it hung like a darkening cloud over countless homesteads.

In recent years the number of mortgages on our farms has steadily decreased. On nearly four million "owned" farms—that is, farms operated by the actual owners—there are only thirteen hundred thousand mortgages. In many instances these mortgages were made in order to obtain more land, to improve old acreage, or to get new machinery. The traditional causes—bad crops, hard luck, and general misfortune—are vanishing. The mortgage, in short, has come to spell a phase of progress rather than a backward step.

These facts in regard to mortgages have a value beyond showing a restoration of

farm ownership by the farmer. They mean that the tiller of the soil has funds for farm development and a free mind to concentrate his energies upon intelligent and efficient cultivation.

THE TREASURE OF THE CROPS

You have seen the vast wealth that our farm lands represent, but they are valuable only because they are richly productive. Out of their generous bosom comes a regal ransom—the treasure of the crops.

Here is another chapter of fabulous wealth. The maize and the millet that sprouted timorously on the bleak New England coast to sustain the Pilgrim Fathers were the wavering outposts of a plenty that stands unequaled in the world's agricultural output.

You will recall that the value of our farm products for 1910 was nearly nine billions of dollars, or three times the amount of all our money in circulation. Within ten years the toll of our soil has doubled; in a dozen years it has rolled up the mighty yield of nearly eighty billions of dollars.

Out of corn, last year, our farmers shocked fifteen hundred millions of dollars. The silken tassels that nodded in the breeze from the top of its stalks proclaimed one of our greatest national assets. The value of the crop was sufficient to cancel the interest-bearing debt of the United States, to buy all the gold and silver mined in all the countries of the earth in 1909, and still to leave a surplus in the farmer's pocket.

A big cotton crop, including seed, is only worth three-fifths of the value of the corn crop. The wheat crop only averages two-fifths; the hay crop ordinarily one-half. All the cereals except corn are, together, worth only three-fourths as much. I can close this summary of the vast potency of the corn crop no better than by saying that the allied iron and steel industries of the United States have a total production worth only sixty per cent of the value of last year's corn crop.

Wheat, the crop most touched by human interest, last year yielded the American farmer more than seven hundred millions of dollars, nearly a dollar for every bushel. Cotton—basis of the world's dominant textile industry—brought him a bank-roll almost as large. And so it went, all up and down the fields, each crop giving forth its share of a vast fortune.

What of this year's crops? The brief summary of the principal yields of last year will form some index of what to expect. At the time when this article is written—the middle of September—it is, of course, impossible to make an accurate statement. But, despite the heat and drought which blistered the whole of the Middle West—the stronghold of a mighty agricultural power—there is every indication that the year's output, taken as a whole, will be an average one.

According to the most conservative estimates, the corn crop will not be less than 2,750,000,000 bushels; wheat, 650,000,000 bushels, and oats, 845,000,000. These are all under last year's figures, but not a sufficient reduction to cause any hardship to the farmer.

On the other hand, there is every indication that the cotton crop of this year will be the greatest that we have yet produced. The forecasts range from thirteen to fourteen million bales. The best previous record was that of 1904, when the output was 13,700,000 bales. Should cotton sell this year at the average price it brought in 1910, the value of the crop would almost be a billion dollars. Should the price recede to the average figure of the last five years—eleven and one-half cents a pound — the cotton-producers will still receive the enormous sum of $800,000,000. A wise and far-seeing Nature equalizes her crops, and when there is loss on one there is usually compensation in some other.

CROPS AND POPULATION

In connection with the yield of our farms a very pertinent question arises. Because of our tremendous growth in population—our numbers increased by one-third every ten years up to 1860, and by one-fourth or one-fifth each subsequent decade — is the production per acre keeping pace with the increase in the number of consumers?

This problem has long agitated the minds of the statistical experts of the Department of Agriculture. The result is the compilation of statistics which clearly show that James J. Hill is unduly pessimistic when he prophesies that we shall soon be eating ourselves out of home and farm.

Take the bumper corn crop first. Divide the period from 1866 to 1909 into four decades and a succeeding period of four years. From the first to the second period, there was a decline of 2.3 per cent in acre yield;

from the second to the third, a decline of 8.2 per cent; but from the third to the fourth, the yield increased 7.7 per cent, and during the last four years it has further increased more than 7 per cent.

With wheat, the increase per acre has averaged more than nine per cent, and this increase in output has more than kept pace with the average increase in population.

Continuing this line of investigation, you find that the farmer, almost more than any other individual, has benefited by the increase in the cost of living. Take, for instance, the product of an acre of corn. In 1899 this product was worth $8.51 on the farm; ten years later it was worth $15.20—an increase in farm value amounting to 78.6 per cent. In a similar way wheat has increased in farm value 114 per cent, cotton 65.6 per cent, and tobacco 56.2 per cent.

Putting these facts in another way, the Department of Agriculture has figured out that the product of an acre of corn, ten years ago, was worth 1.8 barrels of flour; at the present time it is worth 2.04 barrels of flour. Ten years ago the same acreage would buy 118.2 yards of muslin; now it would purchase 169 yards.

Now you can begin to see why the farmer is the most stable of our citizens, and why there has been such an enormous increase in the value of his lands.

STATESMANSHIP IN AGRICULTURE

How has it all been accomplished? Simply because farming has ceased to be a haphazard and unintelligent habit, and has become a science. Man has made himself almost immune against the inroads of disease and weather. He can conserve moisture, and fertilize a parched soil; he can rotate his crops and intensify his farming; he can breed new cereals and graft upon a hardy American plant the life and substance of another clime. In the conquest of the earth is a miracle far greater, even if less spectacular, than the mastery of the air.

None of this happened overnight; it has been the result of a long, highly organized, and conscientiously developed campaign as much against the farmer as against the soil. It has made the traditional clodhopper a vanishing type, and has produced a school of agricultural statesmanship that has had some notable exponents.

In this gallery of statesmen—practically unknown to the great mass of the people, and yet affecting us all by their work—one man stands out almost first and foremost. Because he died this year, leaving behind an imperishable reminder, I shall single out Dr. Seaman A. Knapp as a type of the genuine uplift agent in the cause of the American farmer.

Dr. Knapp was born in New York State, on the shores of Lake Champlain. After serving as teacher in a collegiate institute, he went to Iowa, and became a farmer; but, although he forsook books for the plow, he always remained a teacher. He never took anything for granted, and that was one reason why he was a successful farmer.

His neighbors began to ask his advice; soon he was addressing groups of farmers. In time he became president of the Iowa State Agricultural College — one of the greatest in the country, the school that shelters Professor P. G. Holden, father of the "corn gospel trains."

Then Dr. Knapp went to Louisiana, and inaugurated the upland rice industry. He studied agricultural conditions in the South, and when James Wilson became Secretary of Agriculture he asked Knapp to become his chief associate in developing the Southern farm. It was a sort of patriotic task that appealed to the doctor, and in 1897 he took up the task that has spelled a new destiny for the tiller of soil below Mason and Dixon's line.

His work with the boll-weevil is characteristic of the man, his method, and his results. In 1902 the insect appeared in Texas, creating such wide-spread devastation in the cotton plantations that the State's prosperity, so far as this staple is concerned, was seriously menaced. There were panic and loss in many communities. Although he was seventy years of age, Dr. Knapp sprang to meet the emergency — it was a real crisis in the economic history of a people—and assumed the leadership.

He found that the average Southern farmer had not selected his seed, but took it as it came from the gin. He taught the value of carefully selected seed, and he found such seed for the planters. He went out into the fields, and taught the growers how to plant, with the result that the cotton-plant, under intensive cultivation, produced its boll before the weevils were ready to lay their eggs. Science had saved a great industry.

This work was only part of Dr. Knapp's educational campaign. Another important result that he achieved is perhaps best ex-

plained by his long-time friend and colleague, Dr. Wallace Buttrick, secretary of the General Education Board, who wrote:

> The farmer is a man who first makes his living on the farm—that is, he raises things which his family and his stock may eat. In connection with this growing of the necessities of life, the farmer raises some sort of "money crop"—wheat, oats, corn, or potatoes.
>
> The planter raises a money crop, whether cotton, wheat, or oats, and with the proceeds he purchases what his family and his stock may need to eat.
>
> Dr. Knapp sought to transform the planter into a farmer. He taught that it was the first business of the cultivator of the soil to make his living *on* the farm or plantation, and that it was false economics to make a money crop and then buy corn and meat and canned goods from some far-away place.

Dr. Knapp's boll-weevil campaign was taken up in every cotton-producing State. The General Education Board was so deeply impressed with his crusades that it devoted large sums to the cause. The veteran scientist traveled all over the South, talking to farmers, bankers, and merchants. He taught the farmer not only how to grow crops, but how to figure out costs and profits. His theory, summed up, was:

"Agriculture may be divided into eight parts—one-eighth science, three-eighths art, and four-eighths business management."

STARTING THE BOY RIGHT

As Dr. Knapp proceeded with his great work, he realized that the boy of the South—soon to be the father and the bread-winner of the South—had to be trained to be proof against the lure of the city.

"Interest him practically and profitably in agriculture, and he will stay on the farm," he said.

With the assistance of State and county superintendents of education, he began to organize Boys' Corn Clubs. From these there has evolved a movement in which a hundred thousand boys are now engaged, and which insures for the South a whole future generation of intelligent, enthusiastic, and successful farm workers.

Dr. Knapp summed up the reasons for the clubs as follows:

"To prove that there is more in the soil than the farmer has ever got out; to inspire the boys with a love of the land, by showing them how to get wealth out of it by tilling it in a better way; and thus to be helpful to family and community."

Why was corn selected? Because it is a plant that can be profitably produced in all parts of the United States. It yields more food per acre than any other grain crop, and a good crop of it means cheaper food for men and animals.

The conditions of the clubs were made very simple. A boy must devote an acre of land to the production of corn, plant his own crop, and do his own work. For the best showing, prizes are offered. Frequently these are given by merchants, business or agricultural organizations, and by individuals. The boys are encouraged to display their products at fairs, and many get ribbons for their corn.

There are hundreds of these clubs all over the South, and some of the results achieved by the boys have been amazing. Jerry Moore, a youngster at Winona, South Carolina, raised 228¾ bushels of corn from his acre. In Lincoln County, Mississippi, forty-eight very small boys averaged a hundred bushels an acre. In Appomattox County, Virginia, seventeen boys grew fifteen hundred bushels on seventeen acres. Many of the members of the Boys' Corn Clubs earned enough by their farming to enable them to go to school.

One incident will show the importance attached to these clubs. Among the prizes offered in some of the States to the boys making the best showing were trips to Washington. The boys went in a body. They were received by President Taft and Secretary Wilson; they received diplomas from the Department of Agriculture, and appeared before the Committee on Agriculture of the House of Representatives.

Practically every one of these club members will remain on the farm; he will become a good farmer, and as such will add one more unit to the great force of national conservation which lies in a proper, adequate, and economic food supply.

THE GIRLS' CANNING CLUBS

Dr. Knapp had a sufficiently broad vision to see that the farm-bred girl feels the lure of the city no less than her brother. How was she to be encouraged to remain at home and maintain her economic independence? He reasoned thus:

"If we teach the boy how to raise a crop, why not teach the girl how to prepare and utilize that crop?"

He began to form Girls' Canning, Poultry, and Garden Clubs, similar in organiza-

tion to the boys' clubs, and with a similar success. They, too, are under the direction of the Department of Agriculture, which seeks in every possible way to aid and encourage them. Some of the objects of the clubs are stated thus:

To provide some means by which a girl may earn money in the rural home.

To help furnish the home with a constant supply of vegetables, both canned and fresh.

To encourage all rural families to live better and at a lower cost than under present conditions.

To make the home and the farm more interesting and helpful to all members of the family.

Here is a work that deals with the very foundations of American life and character. It is made so simple that any farm girl could join. The conditions require each member to cultivate one-tenth of an acre of ground, seed being furnished by the Department of Agriculture. She is also required to can the product of her plat. The principal products, so far, are tomatoes, cucumbers, and snap-beans. Special canning outfits are provided at very moderate cost.

As with the corn-growing, the results achieved by some of the girls are astonishing. A girl at Aiken, South Carolina, got seven hundred cans of tomatoes out of her tenth of an acre, while a Mississippi girl got a thousand. To encourage the work, canning parties are held, at which there are demonstrations of results, lessons in canning, and talks by Department experts.

Many of the girls not only provide their homes with canned vegetables, but have a surplus for sale. The Department provides special labels for their cans, and these labels are a guarantee of purity as emphatic as if Dr. Wiley's personal autograph were written on them. In some Southern towns the demand for the girls' product exceeds the supply.

Such a training means that the girl schooled to a profitable mastery of the soil will remain on the farm, to become a farmer's wife and a mother of farmers. It is the safeguard of our whole agricultural destiny.

THE PASSING OF THE DISTRICT SCHOOL

The country school is also playing its part—a new and important one—in educating American boys and girls to stay on the land.

If you were raised in the country, the chances are that you went to a district school—an institution that was one of the cornerstones of our whole civilization. It probably had one room and one teacher; it taught the three R's, and it was strictly and sternly provincial. To attend it often meant a weary trudge of miles; and yet, for all its crudeness, its hardships, and its inaccessibility, it served a great purpose, and occupied a definite place in the development of our Americanism.

But it was part of another era — that era of the isolated farm and the penurious farm worker. The rural times have changed, and with them the country school. Instead of the remote, barren, one-room building, we now have the consolidated rural school. This means the merging of a number of district schools into a larger, more complete, better equipped, and altogether more attractive social and educational institution.

The areas served by the consolidated school is determined by team-haul, for the children are taken to it at the expense of the township or county. The usual size of a district is from four to six square miles. Thus a child living several miles from the school can enjoy its advantages as easily as one who lives across the road from it. In some localities, particularly in the Middle West, and as far out as Kansas, automobiles are used to carry the scholars.

The advantages of the consolidated system are quite obvious. The fusion of a number of smaller districts into a larger administrative unit furnishes a stable basis for financing, and this, in turn, means greater efficiency. Graded classes are possible, and studies which require special equipment may be introduced, including agriculture, home economics, manual training, music, and art.

These centrally located country schools form convenient rallying-points for communities; the local interests affiliate with the institutions, and thus encouragement is given to literary and debating societies, social and agricultural clubs, grange meetings, reading circles, and entertainments of various kinds.

The consolidated school is part of the rural educational system in thirty-two States, and there are approximately two thousand in operation now. They average about twenty to a county, although in States like Ohio, Indiana, and Missouri there are more.

These schools are centers of a real democracy, for they are free and accessible to

everybody. They wipe out the social barriers which the old district schools sometimes tended, to set up, because now the richer farmers need not send their children to the boarding-school in the city. Another agency has been devised to maintain the integrity of the farm population, and to create a center for a larger country life.

STANDARDIZING CROP TRANSPORTATION

So much for the rural education of the young. When you turn again to the safeguards which science and organization have placed around the farmer's prosperity, you are not surprised at the enormous equity that has been piled up.

Out of a dozen activities that might be considered, the revolution in crop transportation may well serve as an example.

The California citrus-growers were losing millions of dollars every year because of decay in shipped fruit. One day an agent of the Department of Agriculture—G. Harold Powell—noticed that the orange-pickers used sharp clippers, whose points pierced the skins of the fruit. The damaged oranges were shipped East with the good ones, and they spread contamination. Mr. Powell showed the growers how to use dull clippers; how to pick their fruit by the day, and not by the box; how to pack and ship the output. California now has one of the mightiest fruit organizations in the world—not a trust, but a cooperative organization, which saves a princely fortune each year because it handles its product intelligently.

California was not alone in her fruit loss. Florida, her greatest rival, was a fellow sufferer. The agents of the Department of Agriculture who went down to investigate found that the decay in oranges and grapefruit was from ten to twenty-five per cent. Careless picking and packing caused holes in the skins which caused blue-mold. The California performance was repeated. In addition to careful instruction in picking, packing-house meetings were held by the Department experts, and practical demonstrations were given.

The industry was scattered and disorganized, but under the impetus of scientific packing the growers got together, formed the Florida Citrus Exchange, and took a big step forward. The whole net result of the standardization of the Florida fruit crop, so far as concerns packing and shipping, is that the loss in transit has been reduced to an average of about two per cent.

So, too, with the picking and packing of Georgia peaches, of Oregon apples, and of Michigan grapes. Everywhere loss has been minimized and profit enhanced.

THE NEW SOIL ERA

Following the course of big business, the farmer is dispensing with the middleman and selling direct to the consumer, counting the mill and factory as consumers. Take the wool-growers of the northern Rocky Mountain region. They have established their own warehouse in Chicago and Omaha, to which their wool is consigned to be sold to the manufacturers.

We have tapped the world for new crops, transplanting hardy wheats from the Siberian steppes to our own fertile Western plains, and making the date-palm bloom in our Southwestern deserts.

Among the results achieved by the plant-breeders have been the development of a Sea Island cotton that is immune to various diseases; improvements in the fiber of cotton; the establishment of important tobacco industries, such as the growing of Sumatra wrapper leaf and Cuban filler, the securing of a whole strain of new citrus fruits, and various kinds of nitrogen-gathering plants.

New strains of farm animals, too, have been developed, such as cattle for beef production under Southern conditions, improved Holstein cattle in North Dakota, and a breed of milking shorthorns in Minnesota. There has even been a new breed of hens for high production in Maine.

The miracle of our irrigation and dry-farming is an old story. From the Yakima Valley in Washington to the Salt River region of Arizona, there is a constantly recurring record of widening plenty where once the sage-brush reigned and aridity held sway.

Now you see why each succeeding year tightens the armor of the farmer's invulnerability against loss. Entrenched behind vast landed wealth, he has become more than ever before the vital factor in our national well-being. With economic strength there has come a new dignity to the man and his vocation.

In this prosperous, contented, and enlightened rural population, knit together by countless units of family farms, lie the hope of the democracy, the bulwark of the future. It is indeed a cause for perennial Thanksgiving.

PRINCES OF THE EARTH

AMERICA'S UNTITLED ARISTOCRACY OF GREAT LANDOWNERS

BY FORREST CRISSEY

LAND has a large hold upon the American imagination. To the average citizen of the United States it spells power, substance, permanence. Suppose a friend should say to you:

"I will show you a prince, a real prince—but he hasn't an acre of land over which he exercises dominion."

Instantly the stature of that princely figure dwindles to petty proportions. The last clause of his comment will probably draw the exclamation:

"A tin-horn prince!"

But suppose that you are told:

"Here is a baron who has an estate of ten thousand acres, and is 'my lord' to a thousand or more tenants."

The average auditor will instantly betray a lively interest. The lord without the land at his back may answer for society and matrimonial purposes, but he cuts a scant figure in the eye of an American who knows nothing of the foreign nobility from first-hand acquaintance, and whose notions of the European aristocracy have been formed by the pages of popular fiction and by newspaper accounts of the latest episodes of the international marriage market.

A tangible domain, a landed estate, "vast acres," and "ancestral halls" are essential to fill the eye and bring the picture to the full dignity, proportion, and picturesqueness demanded by your ordinary American when he attempts to define any nobiliary title which renders its bearer eligible to be addressed as "my lord." Subtract the dominion from the title, and the remainder is too insignificant to fire the curiosity or the interest of the untraveled American. His idea of "solid position," of arbitrary power, is inseparable from the thought of dominion over the soil, of lordship over spreading acres and over those that live upon the bounty of the land.

On this basis of measurement, have we any Americans who are eligible to a king's honor list? Who are dukes, earls, and barons in all but name? Who, without the invidious distinctions of caste, live the charmed life of power and privilege that belongs to the landed gentleman of the Old World?

If such we have, who are these undiscovered aristocrats of the American soil, these untitled lords of the land, whose knees have never knelt on the woolsack of the House of Lords simply because fickle circumstance placed them in democratic America, but who have dominion over estates that a duke might covet?

America is not without its shadow of royalty. At the birth of the republic, the pomp and frippery of nobiliary titles were ruled out of the Constitution; but the ghosts of Thomas Jefferson, Ben Franklin, and Patrick Henry have been unable to keep royal titles out of the speech of the people. We have our "Wall Street kings," our "railroad and timber barons," and what not—self-made, to be sure, but crowned by the tap of a reporter's typewriter. Why, then, should we not bestow a few princely honors where they are well deserved, and elevate to the peerage a select number of those who are already overlords of the soil, lacking only the title and insignia of their rank and dominion?

Here, then, is our honor list. You may not have heard their names, for they dwell far from the madding crowd, and do not maintain literary secretaries or private lines into Wall Street. They are not talkers or self-advertisers, they are too busy and contented to mix much in politics or high

finance; but, no matter what their obscurity, they have all "the goods" excepting the title. They make the American parallel to the landed gentry of the Old World; and some of them, at least, measure up favorably alongside the already crowned kings of finance.

But there is one difficulty in presenting such an honor list. The number of eligibles is far greater than King George had to choose from, when he so narrowly escaped the necessity of creating enough Liberal peers to strip the House of Lords of its veto power. The best that can be done is to select a few types of these American lords of the soil, and let the public fill in the blanks with other and perhaps still more worthy names.

In the one State of Texas there are a dozen or more men who are as truly barons, save for the title, as any to be found; but two of them stand out as admirable types of the entire group—Robert J. Kleberg and John G. Kennedy.

THE LORD OF SANTA GERTRUDIS

An English barony must be rich in historic associations if it can boast a more romantic past than the great Santa Gertrudis ranch, some forty miles from Corpus Christi, of which Mr. Kleberg is master. It was born in battle and christened in war, for Captain Richard King, its founder, came into the Gulf Coast country as pilot of the transport that brought General Zachary Taylor and his troops to the Mexican border in the wild days of 1845. Commanding that transport was Captain Mifflin Kennedy, the founder of the La Parra ranch, and the father of its present owner.

How many English earls can look out over a million and a quarter acres of land and say: "This is my domain?" How many German counts can mount their horse at sunrise, and ride as the crow flies until dark, without having gone beyond the metes and bounds of their own domain? What Old-World baron can send his men into his pastures any day of winter or summer, and collect eighty thousand head of cattle and enough horses and mules to equip a regiment or two of cavalry?

Yet these things have been possible to Robert J. Kleberg most of the time for the past fifteen years. To-day he may have a quarter of a million acres or a few thousand cattle more or less than he had a year ago; but the variation does not materially affect the total, and only serves to emphasize the princely scale of operations on the Santa Gertrudis.

One day Mr. Kleberg said to a guest from Illinois:

"I'm going out into the little pasture to look over the colts; would you like to go along?"

The guest, who had arrived only the night before, and had seen little of her surroundings, expressed her interest, and was helped into the buckboard. After riding for several miles across a fenceless plain dotted with graceful clumps of mesquit, she ventured the inquiry:

"How far is it to the little pasture?"

"Why," he answered, "it's right here. You're in it now."

"In it?" exclaimed the astonished guest. "I can't see a fence anywhere. How many acres are there of it?"

"Only seven thousand five hundred. That isn't much of a pasture down here. You see, we give the cattle quite a range, but we aim to keep the horses and colts rather snug and tight, where we can get at them handy."

Once a year the colts on Santa Gertrudis are harvested—and the yearlings are good for a hundred dollars apiece or more, by the car-load. Even the sports of this mammoth ranch are baronial. A dozen lank greyhounds are always eager for a jack-rabbit chase, and occasionally all hands turn out for a coyote or "cat" hunt. Plover and quail shooting that a city sportsman would travel hundreds of miles to get is had in what might be termed the dooryard of the ranch-house, if it were not for the fact that the yard would cut up into several Illinois farms of standard size.

Robert Kleberg himself is in keeping with his estate. Big, bluff, hearty, he dispenses his hospitality with the open hand of a feudal baron. But underneath his bluffness and his disregard of petty conventionalities are the fine courtesy and the straightforward simplicity of the gentleman. Polite chatter would be impossible to the master of Santa Gertrudis, but he can talk well—when he is so inclined—on the big affairs of the day, on the classics, or on the dashing history of the Lone Star State. He is, however, habitually a man of few words.

Down in Texas, Robert Kleberg doesn't have to talk. There he is known for the things that he has done. After taking his degree in college, he began the practise of

law in Texas, and among his early clients was Captain King. It was a relationship of the intimate, old-fashioned sort, and the young lawyer was often a guest of the house. In the course of time he married the daughter of the old pioneer, and at his death—many years ago—became the active head of the little kingdom.

When this responsibility and authority fell upon Kleberg's shoulders, he brought to their discharge the mind of a lawyer and a man of the world, who not only realized the bigness of the domain which he was to rule, but also saw its problems and possibilities in the light of modern progress, unconfused by the shadows of pioneer traditions. He looked upon the droves of old-type Texas longhorn cattle that grazed on the great ranch and asked:

"Why not raise butchers' meat instead of horns?"

"You can't," cried his abutting ranchers. "The longhorn is the only kind that can stand Texas. Bring in blooded stock and the fever will get 'em—and get you, too, if you go into the importing game deep enough!"

"I'm going to thrash this thing out," was Mr. Kleberg's answer.

A MODERN CATTLE KING

He brought in some thoroughbred "white-faces" and Durhams, and began his experiment. They died—but in the course of time the Texas fever tick was tracked to its lair by the persistent watchfulness of this man of modern ideas; and being tracked, a speedy and effective means of its destruction was devised. When Robert Kleberg demonstrated that the tick, and not the climate of Texas, was what killed all the blooded cattle of the modern beef type that had been brought into the State, he established Texas cattle-ranching on a scientific basis, and added many millions of dollars to the wealth of his State.

To-day there is not a creature on his domain that shows a preponderance of the old longhorn blood. He imports from England and Canada the best and the costliest sires to be had—prize-winners in the great cattle-shows—and now fifty per cent of his cattle are half-blood Hereford or Durham, and the remainder are either three-quarters or thoroughbreds.

"Meat is the thing the packers buy, not horns," declares Mr. Kleberg. "When we learned that getting the right breed would greatly increase the production of meat without materially raising the cost, we found out something worth while. That's about all there is to the cattle business."

But Robert Kleberg didn't stop with the conquest of the lean and lanky longhorn. There is a tradition that a good many men have made shift to get along with a scandalously small amount of water in Texas; but even in the Lone Star State the cattle and the range must have at least some of the vital fluid. Mr. Kleberg decided that there was too little moisture on the Santa Gertrudis. A little topographical study and a good deal of common sense convinced him that there was more water deep down under the land than was apparent on the surface. Therefore he bored, and finally struck an artesian vein flowing two hundred and fifty gallons a minute. That was several years ago, and it is still spouting an undiminished stream. Now there are seventy or more of these artesian wells on the Santa Gertrudis.

When one well after another began to pour out its pure stream upon the range, this subterranean tide swept Mr. Kleberg against a new problem. Here was more water than even his thousands of cattle could begin to use. It was going to waste—and waste was not to his liking.

"Now I can see what this soil is good for," he said.

He applied the water when and where it was needed, and the soil gave him crops that dazzled the imagination.

Again he was up against a problem—and a stubborn one. He had the climate, the soil, the water, and the cheap Mexican labor to produce fabulous crops; but what could be done with them after they were grown? On-the-hoof crops, the fruit of the range, could be driven across an empire—but not potatoes, onions, sugar-cane, melons, and kindred products. There was only one answer to this riddle—a railroad.

Here was a man's job, beside which his other achievements, for the moment, looked small. But the railroad was needed; it would open up a new agricultural empire, and transform the cactus and mesquit plains over which his cattle ranged into farms — truck-farms of the richest kind. It needed only the shriek of a locomotive-whistle to multiply the value of his own vast acres and those of his neighbors, and to bring the comforts of civilization to the door of the Santa Gertrudis ranch-house.

Therefore he went after a railroad. He knew a tall Texan by the name of Yoakum, who had done things in railroading; and he persuaded him to come into the Gulf Coast country and see what the sunshine, the water, and the soil would do. He got the railroad, and the big markets of the United States are now getting their Bermuda onions and other garden truck by the train-load from the region round about the city of Kingsville—named after the old captain who had to travel twenty miles to visit his nearest neighbors. That railroad now hauls North about forty-five hundred cars of produce a year from the new farming empire.

Does this Texas land baron still stick to the ranch? He does—and loves it. He would be a prisoner in the finest mansion on Fifth Avenue, after the novelty of the first month or two had worn away, and he knows it. He must have space to breathe in—and there's plenty of space and air in Texas. Consequently, Santa Gertrudis is still the family home, from which off-season trips are made to St. Louis, Chicago, New York, and Europe.

KENNEDY OF LA PARRA

It is something, too, to be made welcome at the La Parra ranch, some thirty miles beyond Kingsville. The guest of honor is sure to be met by a retinue that vividly suggests the feudal scale on which life there is lived. The town of Sarita is the nearest station. Probably an automobile has displaced the comfortable spring wagon which headed the welcoming procession when the writer visited La Parra. If so, so much the worse; for then a group of outriders, mounted on thoroughbreds, made the most picturesque feature of the cavalcade.

Was an admiring finger pointed at a cluster of prairie flowers? A word of Spanish from the host, and instantly an outrider galloped away, leaned from his saddle, and returned with the blossoms!

On the La Parra ranch there are a hundred flowing wells. What their waters can do to turn its vast reaches into a paradise of tropical production is told with a convincing tongue of prophecy by the demonstration gardens, in the rear of the ranch-house, which are irrigated from a huge reservoir fed by an unfailing artesian stream. Here is where Mr. Kennedy is constantly "trying out things" in the way of fruits, vegetables, grains, and forage plants that have a promise of being "good for Texas."

In a dozen different ways these demonstration gardens have justified the foresight and enterprise of their founder, who keeps in close touch with the United States Department of Agriculture and the experiment stations of the Southwestern States. Already their results have been worth many thousands of dollars to the new agriculture of Texas—a benefit that is every year being multiplied, and that ultimately must expand into vast proportions. This is John Kennedy's way of trying to "do a little something for Texas."

Although a profoundly serious man, this master of eight hundred thousand acres in the Land of the Mesquit has his sports on a scale proportionate with his responsibilities. If you are his guest, he will drive you across a few thousand acres of his domain and land you on the white sands of the Gulf, where he has a seaside resort of his own. There is always waiting for him the steam-yacht on the deck of which he finds his most absorbing diversion. But, after all, it is probable that Mr. Kennedy really finds his keenest pleasure in working to transform his principality of raw range land into farms of the most modern and productive type.

A man need not have a million acres—no, not a tenth of it!—to be a true prince of the earth, in the sense in which that title is here used.

A PEACH AND APPLE KING

There is Hale of Connecticut, for example. His landed domain wouldn't make much more than a respectable muleyard for one of the big ranch barons, but he belongs in the honor list as much as Kleberg or Kennedy. His principality is different, that's all—more compact and intensive.

Once, when the Republicans of the august General Assembly of Connecticut got by the ears, a local magnate came to Hale, and showed him a United States Senatorship done up in a neat and attractive package, ready for immediate delivery.

"It's yours, J. H.," he said. "Open it and count the votes, if you like. They're all there, and enough, too. If it'll taste any better, I'll write across the package, 'For a good little Yankee boy.'"

"No, you don't!" instantly responded the peach-grower from South Glastonbury. "First place, I'm pledged to the candidate

that's going to be elected. Second place, I can do New England a heap more good growing peaches and apples between the stones of her hillsides than I could sloshing around in the United States Senate, and trying to shake down enough political plums to satisfy the boys. I never did care much for plums, anyhow. I'll stick to peaches and apples!"

It takes a big man to refuse a United States Senatorship held out to him with clean hands—but it was a bigger decision, in point of consequences, to New England than it was to the man, personally. For this wizard of the peach-tree to have been diverted from his manifest destiny at the critical moment of his career would have been a calamity to the Nutmeg State that no amount of Senate oratory, political plums, or shrewd statesmanship could have offset.

Why? Because Hale has gone ahead along his natural bent, and has demonstrated that the stony, neglected, and "abandoned" hillsides can be made to produce the best peaches and apples in the world, and that lands now hunting buyers at twenty-five dollars an acre—and in many cases less than that—can be made to yield a net crop return of one hundred to four hundred dollars an acre.

Every big thing that J. H. Hale has accomplished for a better New England agriculture has been won in the teeth of narrow-waisted, age-incrusted Yankee traditions. He had to fight these traditions at every step. They said that he couldn't raise peaches on a profitable commercial scale in New England; he made thirty acres of stony hillside yield him twenty-four thousand dollars in a single crop. They threw up their hands in horror when he began to strip about one-third of the young peaches from his trees after his first crop had "set"; he demonstrated that unsparing thinning is the most economical process that can be applied to an orchard. They laughed and scoffed at his ingenuous simplicity when he packed the same quality of fruit in the center and at the bottom of his baskets, crates, and barrels that he put into the top layer; he retaliated by making Hale's red label bearing the legend "You see top; you see all" worth thousands of dollars in price premiums to him every year.

As a mere boy, J. H. Hale started with a hoe, a spade, a rake, a pedler's push-cart—and a debt of a few hundred dollars; today he is overlord of almost a thousand acres of orchard lands in New England and of two thousand acres in Georgia. He has made the old home farm of five hundred and twenty acres, at Glastonbury, Connecticut, yield him nearly three-quarters of a million dollars in peach crops alone, to say nothing of the fruit from its seven thousand apple-trees and of its incidental products. The Hale orchards at Fort Valley, Georgia, have yielded close to a million and a half dollars in peaches alone—with more than a hundred thousand young trees just coming into bearing.

To manage a fruit empire of this magnitude is a man's job. Perhaps even J. H. Hale couldn't swing it alone if he did not have at his right hand a "chip of the old block" in the person of his son, young Stancliffe Hale, who is first lieutenant for the New England interests. But with all the intensive burdens of his Connecticut-Georgia domain, the sovereign of this hyphenated fruit kingdom is as happy as a boy. To climb into a buckboard beside him and hit the high places of his New England orchards is to realize that he finds a keen joy in every breath of country air, and that the man who doesn't get his share of it is cheating himself. Once, on such a trip, the peach king laughed and exclaimed:

"You've got to treat a fruit-tree as you would your best girl—give it constant and loving attention, and you'll win out in spite of untimely frosts."

Thereby he betrayed the secret of his irrepressible boyishness, his big, wholesome zest in life, and his pitying contempt for the man who thinks that hibernating in a big city is living. Hale loves the soil, the trees, the fruits, and the life of the land too well to regard a term in the United States Senate as anything but an untimely interruption to his normal destiny.

A CALIFORNIA ORANGE KING

A man's rank in the untitled "landed aristocracy" of America is not always to be determined by the extent of his acres. Out in California there is a man with only two hundred and fifty acres who is as much a prince of the earth as Henry Miller with his barony of a half-million acres in California and his four hundred thousand acres in Colorado and Nevada.

There is only one word that pictures the character of C. C. Chapman's snug little kingdom, and that word is *intensive*. Not

only is the master of Placentia Valentia the largest individual orange-grower in the world, according to his California neighbors, but he bears the reputation of growing the highest-priced oranges known to the American market. It is not an uncommon thing for him to get five and even ten dollars a box for his select fruit at the season of great scarcity. However, he does not need to get this price for his whole output in order to have a princely income, for his latest crop filled two hundred and twenty-five cars, each car containing about four hundred boxes.

Mr. Chapman's story is an interesting one. The collapse of a big building enterprise, followed by the panic of 1893, took a large share of the comfortable fortune that he had made in the job-printing business, in Chicago. Then, to fill his cup of calamity, his wife's health failed, and forced him to seek a more favorable climate. He found it in California, and contrived to get hold of a "combination" orchard that was not upon a paying basis—the oranges because the trees had been poorly cared for, the lemons because California lemons could not then compete with Sicilian importations. He knew nothing about oranges, but he was a business man, and so he tackled the problem from a business standpoint, budded to oranges the forty-five acres of lemon-trees, and began an unsparing campaign of rejuvenation in his orange orchard.

Perhaps the turning point of his career was the incident that led to the national commercialization of the Valencia or summer orange. When he tried to place his first crop of this variety, he found that the East did not want summer oranges.

"All right," was his prompt decision. "They tell me that Valencias will hang on the trees until fall—and that's where mine are going to stay."

In October he shipped a car—against the probability that he would have to pay some four hundred dollars out of hand, as a freight charge, for his experience. On its arrival, he received a telegram to "send three more cars same brand." The Valencias hit the popular taste, and his courageous experiment made him a fortune. His packing-house, at Fullerton, midway between Los Angeles and Corona, the great lemon center, is a model of scientific equipment. Mr. Chapman admits that he would rather be an "orange king" than any other kind of a king on earth. It's a pleasant job, even if it is strenuously intensive at times, and one well suited to a real prince of the earth.

OUR GREATEST KING OF THE SOIL

But when it comes to kings of the soil, the venerable Henry Miller, of California, must head the royal list. He came to America in a sailing vessel as a penniless Wurtemberg peasant lad, and now owns twice as much land as there is in the entire kingdom of Belgium. He is absolute ruler over an area as large as Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island rolled into one vast estate. Some ingenious admirer of the old land king has made an elaborate calculation which shows that Henry Miller could start at the Mexican border, traveling by team to British Columbia, and camp every night of the journey upon his own holdings. He is "some king" of whom that may be said, or of whom the statement may be made that his scattered domain contains more than twenty-two thousand square miles.

On his California lands alone he grazes not fewer than half a million cattle; and better stock, or more admirably managed, it would be hard to find in the whole country. His immense herds and holdings in the rich San Joaquin valley are mainly in the hands of his grandson, George Nickel, who has far more power than many a prince. Although Henry Miller did not know how to read and write until taught by his wife, the grandson is a graduate of Yale.

Henry Miller looks not unlike Uncle Joe Cannon, and spends most of his time at the home ranch, near Gilroy, and at Arrowhead Hot Springs, in southern California. His wealth was immensely increased by the discovery of the great California oil-fields, and his private fortune is variously estimated at from twenty-five millions to fifty millions of dollars. He doesn't care particularly which figure is the nearer correct, for he is now eighty-seven years old, and finds his chief pleasure in thinking of his vast land domain and of the bitter struggles that he has waged to get and to keep it—for no feudal baron ever loved a fight better than Henry Miller.

The fiercest of his feuds were fought with Lloyd Tevis, whose holdings in the San Joaquin adjoined his own. The elder Tevis, now dead, was one of the pioneers of irrigation in California. His place is taken by Will S. Tevis, who not only rules

a landed domain twelve times larger than the District of Columbia, but is also a leading factor in various transportation and water-supply enterprises in Oakland, Berkeley, and Alameda, and has large irrigation interests. Stockdale, his country-seat in Kern County, is one of the show ranches of the State. Its remarkable variety of fruits and crops is symbolic of the whole history of the Tevis family, which has been a persistent effort to apply water to arid or semiarid lands.

A MODEL ESTATE IN ILLINOIS

Down on the fat lands of central Illinois is an estate of nine thousand acres that is significant for something more than the big profits it pays, the almost scientific exactness of its management, and the beauty of its buildings and appointments. The master of this remarkable feeding farm is Robert Allerton, son of Samuel W. Allerton, retired packer, capitalist, multimillionaire, and owner of many thousands of acres of highly improved farm lands. After his college years were over, young Allerton went to Europe to study art. He worked as hard at his easel as the traditional half-starved art student of popular fiction. The stamp of high approval was set on his work when the Royal Academy of Munich accepted one of his pictures.

On returning home to talk matters over with his father, he startled the senior Allerton with the statement:

"I like country life, and I think it would suit me to settle down on some of the farms and see what I can do with them."

Instantly the delighted father, who loves the soil, and is as able a practical farmer as may be found following the plow, made over to the son some seven thousand acres of his fattest lands. These holdings have since been increased to nine thousand acres. Robert Allerton's record shows that it is not safe to conclude, because a young man happens to be born heir to millions, is an artist in taste and training, is a traveled man of the world, and a gentleman in the exclusive sense in which Europeans use that term, that he will not make a good farmer. Also, it is an object-lesson of how much many other men are missing who are as free as he was to choose between the city and the country.

Mr. Allerton's domain is divided into units of one hundred and sixty acres and is operated for long-time results, with a prudent eye on the results of to-morrow as well as those of to-day. It is run as a feeding farm, not only because it is often more profitable for the moment to market corn and grains in the form of animal meat, of cattle and hogs, but because the keeping of these herds and droves insures the maintenance of the fertility of the soil.

The owner's house and its appointments are all that one might expect of an artist familiar with life on the great European estates. The garden, two acres in extent, is one of the features of the farm that give a unique touch to the place. A brick wall twelve feet high affords ample surface for the espalier training of fruit-trees; and once inside that wall, the traveled visitor might experience difficulty in persuading himself that he was not being entertained at a country-seat in old England.

Oh, life is not half dull at the home of this practical farmer who chose country living because he loved it best!

A hundred more might be mentioned who are well worthy a place in the list of princes of the earth. There is J. Dwight Funk, of Bloomington, Illinois, who has made an international reputation as a breeder of pedigreed corn. There is Edwin Taylor, of Edwardsville, Kansas, the "potato king" of the Middle West. There are Fred Forsha, of Hutchinson, Kansas, and Dr. W. X. Suddeth, of Montana, who are neck and neck in competition for the crown of "alfalfa king" of America. There are J. H. Larimore, Clark Dalrymple, and Jack Dalrymple, who raise wheat enough to feed an army. There is young Rankin, the son of Uncle David Rankin, of Tarkio, Missouri, who is probably the largest individual farmer in America, and who uses a regiment of mules and a thousand sets of harness in the tilling of his fields.

Then, too, there is Lewis Penwell, whose domain includes fifteen great ranches on which almost a quarter of a million sheep are "run." And a book might be written on the operations of Captain James Smith, the planter king of Georgia, who mixes fine humanitarianism with good farming, and is lord over a whole countyful of negro tenants, to whose moral and industrial progress he gives as much attention as he does to building up the fertility of his domain.

We need offer no apologies to Europe on our lack of a landed aristocracy. We have one at home of which no country on earth need be ashamed.

THE SANDALS OF MERCURY

BY IZOLA FORRESTER

AUTHOR OF "THE TAMING OF PAPRIKA," ETC.

THE DANDY waited until it was dark before he ventured off the Cuban fruit-steamer at South Ferry.

He had shipped as general deck roustabout from El Manedo, with nothing in the world but home-hunger luring him back to the trap which he knew was waiting for his wandering feet. Yet the Dandy felt "corking good." He had already conquered the strange, gripping fear that had swept over him like seasickness when the steamer had moved up the old bay in the sunset glow.

Buoyantly he walked past the ferry-slips, the Immigration Office, the fruit-stands, the dock entrances, straight down to the Battery promenade along the sea-wall. He looked northward, and grinned at New York with her diamond spangles of light that called to him to follow. Get him, would she? Perhaps!

He felt like the slave who dared Cleopatra's poisoned cup for a night's revel. The Dandy did not know Cleopatra from the ferry sandwich-man; but the sentiments were analogous, so to speak, and he trod with Mercury's sandals.

They would set a price on him, would they? One thousand cash—one thousand to catch the Dandy, and send him along the road for two years or more! Steal two of his young years out of dear life, just for that crooked deal with old Jerry and the others!

Jerry was in Dannemora, doing his ten for straight forgery. Curly and Big Joe got away with the bundle. He had been grabbed by Conlon, the Central Office chap at the bank; had jollied him along on the way to the Subway, and jumped for the tracks. The memory of that race underground, with death in a diabolical manhunt at his heels, and the roar of the trains in his ears, had left its dent in the Dandy's gray matter; but he had got away.

For two years he had drifted, a knight of luck, through the South. He was afraid of being trapped up home, as they had managed to trap even crafty old Jerry. He was afraid of the endless gray days behind prison bars—days that took the nerve and spring and temper out of a man, and left his very soul gray in tone.

And he had cut out crookedness. A white track lay behind him. The seven hundred in yellow fifties that lined his belt had been earned, not stolen. He meant to be straight now, if fate would let him slip through the door. He had turned over a beautifully clean sheet on the book of life, and had promised the recording angel that he would be a good boy.

Yet even now the very imp of fear danced a jig on the cockles of his heart, which should by all rights have been toasting warm for the prodigal's return. He was torn between a wild, boyish joy at hitting Manhattan shores again and a dread of footsteps behind him—steady, never-faltering footsteps that he had heard in dreams for two years.

They seemed mighty near now. He glanced stealthily over his shoulder. A patrolman swung along one of the other walks, and looked at the slender figure in the sailor suit. The Dandy lifted a forefinger jauntily to the cap on the back of his crisp red curls, every nerve in his body keeping time to the tap of the other fellow's heels. As he came abreast, the boy asked him for a light, and inquired the way to the Seaman's Rest on West Street.

The easy good nature and touch of breeding won. He went on, nipping his cigarette recklessly. It had not been for nothing, that name the boys had handed him in the old days. The Dandy's blue eyes had the Irish "come hither" in their appeal, and the corners of his mouth turned upward winningly.

By Jove, he'd keep up the bluff, too! He'd be straight if they'd let him. He'd go to the Seaman's Rest, and pick up a sailor's kit, and ship after he'd finished patting the old town on her unwilling cheek.

II

SUDDENLY the footstep came again, out of the velvet blackness of the night, behind him on the wave-wet pavement.

He wheeled about, stung with fear, ready to do battle for the precious thing men called liberty.

It was a girl, half running behind him. He frightened her, and she let out a cry of alarm. The Dandy slipped his hand over her mouth to choke it, the other gripping her wrist.

"Shut up, kid!" he whispered softly. "I wasn't going to hurt you. What's the matter? There now, ain't you sorry you squealed? You'd 'a' had us both pinched in a minute, with that calliope turned on. What you crying for? Shut up! Say, come over and sit down, and tell your old Uncle Henry all your troubles. Come along, I ain't going to kidnap you. Make believe I'm your big brother, sister. Come on!"

She obeyed, wiping her eyes, and sobbing still. The Dandy had drawn her arm through his, and still gripped her wrist. He chose a seat away from the arc-light's shimmer, and waited for her to get her nerve back.

She was pretty. He had seen that when he had tipped her head back and shut off the cry. But she looked hungry, and sick, and there were grim lines of suffering about the young mouth that twanged the chords of the Dandy's cardiac harp of life.

Those chords never failed to respond to the call of distress. It was part of his code of life, part of the game of luck. If he swung out a quick hand to the other bit of human flotsam adrift on the tide, he hoped God would keep a handy life-buoy ready for himself. It was only a notion, but the Dandy held to his side of it.

This was certainly a bit of flotsam adrift. He stole a sidelong look at her, and again his heart-strings hummed. Nay, they did more than that—they started in a twittering-at-dawn effect, and swept right along into a full symphonic heart-throb that made the Dandy forget, for the moment, the following footsteps.

"What's your name, kid?" he asked finally.

"Nell."

"What's the matter?"

"I've been sick, and lost my job, and I can't get work, and I'm hungry."

"Why didn't you say so before? Come on over to the stand and get some coffee. I'll pay for it. Come on!"

She shook her head, and watched the black waves rolling in beyond the sea-wall.

"Aw, cut it out," advised the Dandy. "Looking down the end of your nose never did any good yet. Cast off the mully-grubs, kid. To-morrow's another day. What's the matter? Are you broke? Here—" he reached for his belt, but the look in her eyes stopped him.

"I ain't that kind. I don't want any money. Let me alone, can't you?"

"Nope," grinned back the Dandy, sitting nearer. "I like your company. You think you're in bad; but if you knew about me, you'd think you was on Luck Boulevard!"

She half rose, and sank back, faint and weak.

"Didn't I tell you?" warned the Dandy, jumping to help.

He supported her for a minute, her head leaning back on his shoulder. A queer, happy sensation stole through him, she was so young and helpless.

The Dandy felt a wave of good intentions surge through his heart. He slipped his arm gently away, took a last look at the girl, and sped across the grass toward the coffee-stand. Half-way, he stopped as if he had been shot. From the sea-wall there came a cry—one last, choked cry—and he turned in time to see the girl drop into the waves.

III

IT was high tide. Every swell sent the water dashing over the walk. It looked oily and sinuous in the unnatural glow of the arc-lights.

The Dandy went over after the girl like a diving seal, like a water-spaniel, like anything but an escaped criminal with a price on his liberty.

The waves had swept her farther down, but another big one brought her back toward him, slapping her limp, slender body against the stone abutment before he could catch it. She was not making the slightest fight for life.

The Dandy caught her shoulder as the wave carried her back, and they went under together. He was glad she was unconscious. It made the work easier. When they came up, he had her over one arm, and managed to keep afloat.

From the nearest slip they were putting off a boat. He heard the shouts of encouragement; and then a couple of ring-buoys hit the water near, and he caught one.

A queer, tingling sense of exhilaration was all the Dandy felt conscious of. Here was something as keenly exciting, as recklessly stimulating, as crime itself; yet he felt as if he were keeping to his code. Something new woke to life in his being as he gripped the girl, and knew that he had beaten death in a running fight. Poor kid! They would try to beat her out of the game, would they, starve her soul and body, and then let her drop off the edge into—what?

He set his teeth and grinned, chin above water, and waited for the boat.

They laid the girl on the grass afterward. The Dandy heard them say she was alive, and that the ambulance was on its way. He was laughing with some of the men who had rescued them, when he caught the eye of the patrolman who had thrown the life-buoy to him.

He knew him. It was Conlon.

"Hello, Dandy!" he said. "How are they breaking?"

Dandy's brain worked fast, but the hand of fate, in Conlon's guise, lay on his shoulder.

"Let go," he said quietly. "I won't get away, honest. She's waking up."

"Know her?" asked Conlon.

"Never saw her before to-night, honest, Conlon," flashed back the Dandy.

From over toward Bowling Green there came the clang of the ambulance. He reached under his blouse.

"Cut it out!" advised Conlon.

"Don't hit me," said the Dandy, dodging deftly. He held up his three flat wads of yellow bills. "This belongs to her. I got it away from her when she was sitting on the bench, see? I'm handing it back. You see that she gets it, will you?"

"Sure," Conlon promised. "Getting conscience-stricken, Dandy?"

Dandy watched the ambulance draw up, and nodded dreamily. As they lifted the girl up he turned with his old brave smile of appeal.

"Can't I see her, just once, Conlon?"

Conlon led him to the group beside the ambulance. For a minute the two faced each other, after clinging together on the brink of death. Her face was white as ivory, framed by her wet, dark hair. She looked at the Dandy wistfully, wearily, almost reproachfully.

While Conlon spoke with the surgeon, the boy pushed the moist bills into her hand.

"Good-by, kid. Don't give it away," he whispered. "It's all right, Nell. Be good!"

She smiled ever so faintly.

"You're bound I'll live, ain't you?" she said.

"I'll meet you here two years from to-night, see!" The Dandy's blue eyes looked into hers with a love and longing which he took no pains to hide. "Don't you forget. I'll be here. And I want you, Nell! Cut out the Dutch route. There ain't nothing in it, take it from your old Uncle Henry. To-morrow's another day. You take that grub-stake, and you start in fresh, and you wait for me—will you, will you, girl?"

"Where are you going?" Her fingers clung to his hand as he tried to pull away.

"Up!" Dandy's inflection was expressive. "I owe the State a couple of years from my life—"

"Come on," said Conlon. "Time's up!"

The girl looked back over her shoulder as they lifted her into the ambulance.

"I'll be here!" she said.

THE WELCOME

No thing is ever lost that once hath lived in truth—
  Would this indeed were true that I again might hear
The cherished voices of those loved ones of my youth
  Now gone into the silences of yesteryear.
How fair that dream of bliss! How radiantly sweet
  That vision of a golden realm where at the last
The earth-worn pilgrim finds, his weary soul to greet,
  A choral welcome from those voices of the past!

Blakeney Gray

STRANGE GODS

BY JULES VERNE DES VOIGNES

ILLUSTRATED BY J. N. MARCHAND

A GRAY morning light filtered through the menagerie tent and fell dingily among the cages. In the roped-off quadrangle at one end—where the rain had found an unpatched hole in the canvas top, and was trickling down, now upon the stooping shoulders of a keeper, and now into a miniature quagmire of sawdust—men were bending over the black hulk of an elephant.

Bennett, in yellow oilskins, kept the group in view as he walked up and down between the rows of cages, speaking a reassuring word to the animals at each trumpet of pain from the sick elephant. For days, Carman, the circus surgeon, had feared the necessity of an operation, and this morning it had come. It was hazardous to wait longer, he said, even though the rain prevented the elephant's removal to a place where there could be no danger of a sympathetic outburst from the rest of the menagerie.

But there had been no particular trouble. And Bennett, now that the ordeal was nearly over, had let his thoughts wander, strangely enough, from the elephant to Shepard. Somehow, there was a vital relation between the two, preposterous as it would have seemed to a man to whom that relation was explained for the first time.

Bennett had once known Shepard. Carman had known him best, however. The old surgeon had been with the circus all through the later years of Shepard's management. When the show passed into Bennett's hands, it was quite natural that he should be retained. Bennett had needed him. But Shepard, of course, had gone—gone with only one poignant regret.

It was at leaving Tom, the elephant, that Shepard sorrowed. Bennett had often heard him tell how the animal had helped him through many a muddy stretch in the days when the show traveled by road. Once the elephant had done something, now indistinct in the manager's memory, to which Shepard had said that he owed his life.

Eight years had passed since the circus had changed hands. Under Bennett's progressive ideas, it had risen from a one-ring affair to the first rank. Shepard, too, had done well. He had been heard from in the world of finance, though his infrequent letters to Carman made little mention of his new-found career. Their key-note was something different.

"How is Tom?" he always wrote. "I'm coming to see him whenever the show's within reach."

He had done so twice. Each time he had asked to go straight to menagerie quarters—straight to Tom; and man and animal would spend an hour together there alone.

Bennett started out of his reverie, and glanced up. Carman was coming slowly toward him, watch in hand. His grizzled face was a bit drawn, though the hand which held the timepiece was steady.

"Well, it's done," he said gruffly. "I'm afraid there's little use."

"Too old, I suppose?" said Bennett, drawing hard on his cigar.

"That's one reason; but there's another. This is the third time I've operated. Twice the growths have come back, and the constant cutting—"

"You're afraid of something?"

"Yes—a swelling there that can't be stopped. There's danger of a complete contraction, and that, of course, means strangulation. The tube can't be used. It's a different proposition from a human."

Bennett turned and walked back with

him to the place where he had left his case.

"If he don't get along, Carman, do you think we ought to let *him* know?" he asked.

Carman was listening to the heavy breathing of the elephant. He lifted his head and met Bennett's gaze.

"I was just thinking of that," he said. "Yes, I think we'd better. He'd want to know."

II

It was early afternoon when Bennett found the surgeon again, just outside menagerie quarters. The leaden sky was unbroken, but the rain had changed to a wet fog, puffed about by a northwest wind.

"Tom's worse," Carman began, without preface. "The glands are swelling. It's only a question of hours."

Bennett fumbled uneasily with a button on his waterproof.

"How many?" he asked at last.

"I don't know. Maybe till night. It's hard to say."

Bennett glanced at his watch, and away toward the city.

"Had we better go together, Carman, or do you think a messenger—"

"No," said Carman, "I don't! And, anyhow, we wouldn't know where to send a boy."

It proved a long, wearisome search for Shepard in the down-town district. Carman had no address, except a letter written years before, and since then the former showman had moved.

At last, directed aright, they walked down a marble corridor and into an anteroom. Shepard was busy, the boy said; but Bennett, not to be rebuffed, wrote a word or two on his card and slipped a coin with it.

"See that he gets it," he said. "It's important."

When the boy came back they were ushered in. Shepard had wheeled about in his chair, toward the door. He shook hands with them without rising. Bennett saw at first glance that the old fire and vigor were gone, though youth still shone out through his eyes from some mysterious well within.

"You'll excuse my not getting up," he said apologetically. "It's an old attack of rheumatism in my knees. Well, I'm mighty glad to see you! How's everything—and Tom?"

Bennett saw the smile in Shepard's eyes as he mentioned the elephant. Then his glance went involuntarily to a man standing at the window, looking down into the street, his back toward them. He heard Carman answer:

"Tom hasn't been well lately—the old trouble with his throat, you know."

Shepard nodded.

"I remember," he said. "You wrote me once, a good while ago, that you'd had to operate."

"Well, I cut out the growth again last year. This morning it had to be done a third time, and I'm afraid—"

Shepard did not reply. His face, as Carman spoke, had grown suddenly wasted, old. It was a minute before words came.

"I'm glad you told me. These last years I haven't been able to keep much track of Tom—not as much as I wanted to." He smiled heavily. "Work has kept piling up more than I could handle. I used to get your messages now and then, and when it was too late—after you'd gone—I'd have a bad hour here by myself. Somehow, I never felt that I was doing right by Tom not to see him when I had the chance; but a good many times there's been something to prevent."

Bennett's gaze went to the man at the window and back to Shepard.

"If you can get away," he suggested, "you'd better go with us now. Carman thinks the time's not very long."

"Yes." Shepard rose stiffly, holding to the chair an instant for support. "I'll get my coat and hat." He turned slowly to the stranger. "Hayden," he said, "you'll excuse me. I've got to go with these gentlemen. Suppose you come over in the morning—"

"In the morning?" The other wheeled and took a step toward the desk. He was young and clear-featured, though matured as if by some secret process of the city. "You know that to-morrow will be too late. Is there a reason why you can't sign it now—before you go?"

"Not to-night!" said Shepard wearily. "You can wait. This other can't."

He walked slowly past them and into an outer room. Hayden turned, desperately.

"I've been working with him all the afternoon. I've got to have his signature! He'll let me have it, as he's always done in the past, but lately he hasn't been himself. I've had to repeat things that he used

to grasp at once. My firm—Lodor & Hayden—has a fortune at stake—reputation, besides. His backing must be had, and in another hour I'd have got it—"

It was Carman's voice that interposed.

"Mr. Shepard is doing as he likes," he said quietly. "I must tell you that our business with him is something you won't readily understand."

Hayden flushed and turned away. Shepard had come back into the room.

"I've had my clerk call a cab," he said. "It'll be waiting by the time we reach the street."

Hayden went down with them. Shepard did not seem to notice him, and he got doggedly into the carriage as if he had been one of the party.

III

In the early darkness, the fog clung thickly about the street-lamps and splashed like a live thing against the cab windows. Shepard lay back against the cushions, looking out upon the dripping streets.

"Reminds me of the nights when Tom and I were doing our best to push the show along, with the rain coming down in a regular cloudburst, and the roads full of liquid mud and plenty of chuck-holes," he said. "It's funny how a man'll get attached to an animal that way—by working together. Since I've been away from the circus business, I've missed Tom. I figure that it wasn't so much the circus. There were too many hard days—and nights, too. Cutting loose wouldn't have been so bad, if it hadn't been for Tom."

The cab was turning a corner, and an arc-light glared in upon them, touching Shepard's face whitely.

"I got Tom two years before you came to us, Carman," he went on. "He wasn't much more than a baby then, and full of the Old Nick. Used to chew up everything, palatable or unpalatable, that he could get at. I couldn't get Eldridge to look after him carefully enough, and a good many funny things happened. Tom was playful in those days, and if the vegetable and flower-garden hats the country women would wear to the show took his fancy strong enough, he'd never hesitate to investigate. Whenever he thought Eldridge wasn't looking, he'd attempt to confiscate some of the head-gear, and there'd be an exciting minute or two and a ruined piece of millinery to pay for. But everybody liked him—from the scrub-boy up to me—and I was the one who had to stand for damages. Tom made up a thousand times, later, for all the trouble he ever caused when he was young."

"He must have got over most of his deviltry by the time I joined the show," said Carman.

"Oh, yes, he was toning down a bit then." There was an odd note in Shepard's laugh. He leaned forward. "Do you remember that one night, Carman, when we were out West, touring a lot of the smaller cities that the three-ringers didn't make? It was one of those trips when most of us splashed along behind the wagons as a sort of emergency patrol, to heave the wheels out of the mud when they stuck. There were two sick people on our hands—Bernard, the star juggler, threatened with pneumonia, and Delaney's little girl, who did the trapeze business with her mother. We didn't know exactly what was the matter with her."

"I remember," said Carman quietly.

"It had been raining the better part of three days, and the weather was beginning to get on our nerves. Between the mud and water and the general nastiness of having to tramp out in it, we were fagged out and down in the mouth. The last two places we'd showed, there'd been about a big enough handful of people to pay the cook's salary. I was worried about Bernard, and was wishing we had drier quarters for the tot of Delaney's. The wagons were about as damp inside as out.

"Altogether, it was a pinch when circusing had lost about all its illusions, even to the best of us. Pitch dark, and all but impossible to keep in the road! I'd been routed out of my bunk so many times by the heaviest of our trucks getting mired that finally I stayed up for good, and got what snatches of sleep I could on a hard seat beside one of our drivers.

"It was three hours after midnight, and we still had a good many miles to cover. Our late start from the town we'd just made was partly responsible, and the condition of the roads was doing the rest. Trying to keep the whole outfit in passable humor was harder than writing for a comic journal, and the work mostly fell upon me—though you did a generous part, Carman, as you always did. But what we couldn't do, Tom did! I've wondered a thousand times how we'd have got along

without him. He couldn't crack any jokes, but time after time he'd bring a wheel up out of the mud for us, which was a deal more.

"Poor fellow! He was kept at work good and hard that night. Every mile or so some of the heaviest trucks would get into trouble, and after we'd get the planks under the wheels and the horses ready to pull, Tom would be called upon to do the rest.

"It was about four o'clock that our biggest van managed to sink a rear wheel about four feet, more or less, into a hole. Eldridge had brought Tom up to do the usual thing. The four-horse team had been turned across the road, to help what they could. The men were ready with the plank, and I was standing, knee-deep in the mud, directing them.

"I don't know yet just how it happened. The wagon in which Delaney's little girl was lying sick was just behind, and whether the tot woke up suddenly and was startled, or whether she was sleep-walking and jumped from the back of the wagon, I never found out. All I saw was the flash of her nightgown as she ran by the lanterns, and the next instant she had slipped down in the mud under the very feet of the horses. Her white nightgown and her scream had startled them, and they reared and began to dance. I was nearest, and I jumped after her; but there was no footing in the slime. Twice the hoofs missed us by a hair. Then, as I struggled to pull her out of danger, I felt Tom's trunk close about my body. I had fallen over the child, and I clung to her as Tom whisked us both to safety. And the next thing I saw you, Carman, bending over me and trying to find out if I was hurt. I remember telling you just what Tom had done, with them all standing there as if paralyzed, and how you wouldn't believe it at first—"

"I wasn't the only one," Carman interrupted. "None of us understood how Tom did it. It seemed like a miracle, almost."

"It was just—Tom," said Shepard, smiling.

A silence fell. The cab had jolted off the pavement into the mud of the unpaved streets. The whistle of a locomotive showed their nearness to the railroad yards, beyond which were the circus grounds.

"I suppose Eldridge is still looking after Tom," Shepard went on. "I've always thought he made a good keeper."

"Good enough," said Bennett. "But I take it, from what Carman says, that he was only a figurehead when you were around."

Shepard laughed a little.

"We were pals, Tom and I, in the old days. It isn't likely he'd forget me altogether!"

The cab rattled over the tracks and stopped before the lighted tents. Bennett helped Shepard out and put up the umbrella. They hurried over the soggy ground to menagerie quarters. Just outside, Eldridge met them.

"How's Tom?" Carman demanded.

"Dying," said Eldridge in a low voice, glancing oddly at Hayden.

In the sawdust quadrangle at the end of the tent, the elephant stood tossing his trunk here and there, while he stamped and trumpeted at intervals for the breath that was growing shorter with each succeeding minute. The others stopped, as Shepard, going up to him, put his hand fearlessly on the thrashing trunk.

"Poor old Tom!" he said. "Poor old fellow!"

Bennett spoke a word in Hayden's ear and took him back to a place behind the cages. Carman and Eldridge, too, withdrew with the other keepers, and they waited in a silent group while Hayden smoked and fumed, watch in hand.

"It won't be long now," Carman said at last.

A wild trumpet of pain came close upon his words. With one accord they hurried back. Shepard was stooping beside the fallen elephant. As they came up, he rose to his feet and turned to them.

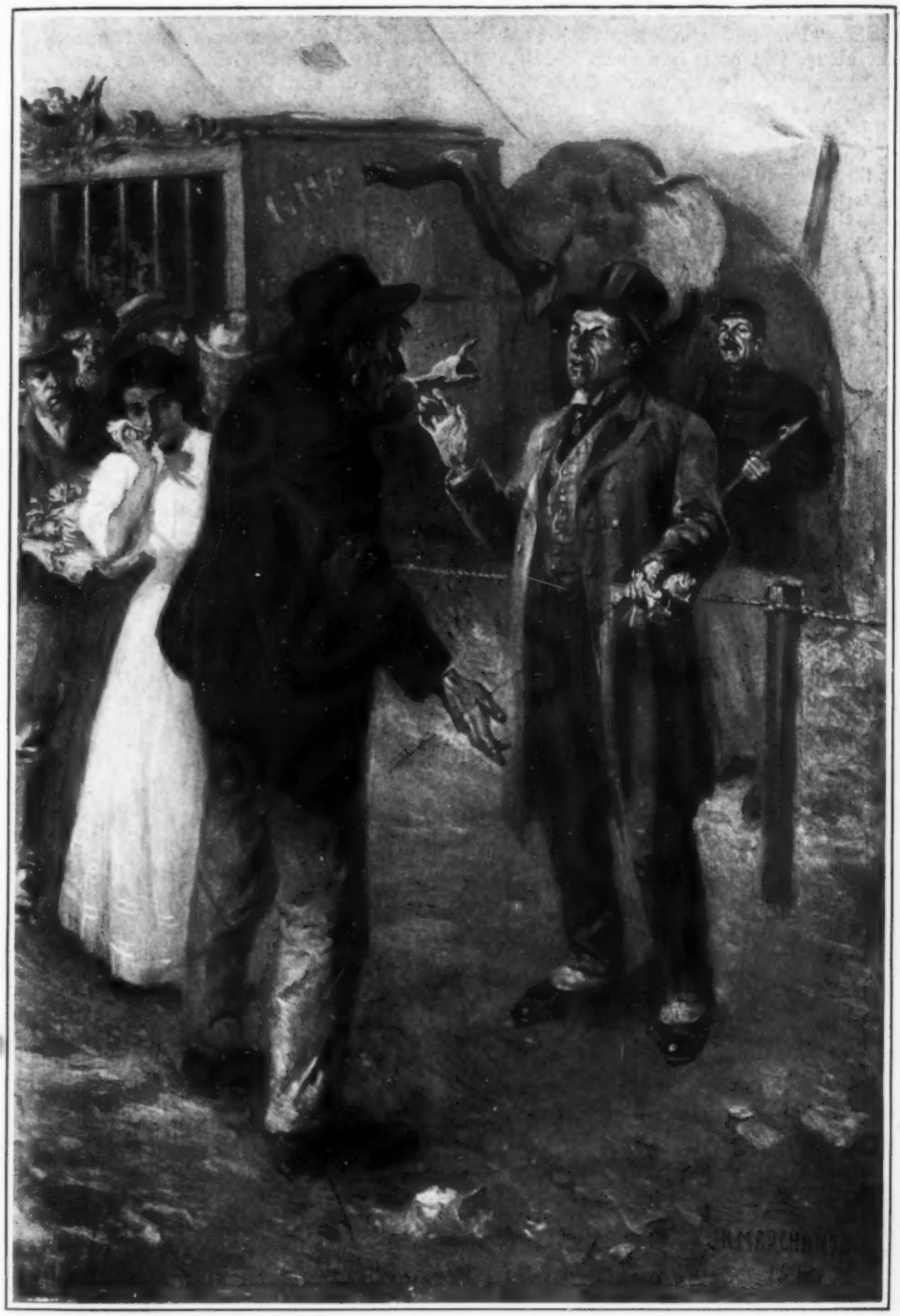
"It's over!" he said simply. "I'm glad I could come."

In the flaring lights his face was haggard and drawn, as if in pain. Then, unexpectedly, the weariness seemed to drop away like a mask. He smiled, and took a step toward them.

IV

HAYDEN stopped speaking and waited, one hand on his partner's desk. Lodor's face, in the blaze of the electrolier, was taut as a piece of parchment stretched between two straining drums. His lips opened uncertainly.

"Yes, I understand your drift," he said. "This elephant business caused a delay, but you didn't let it—"



"THERE'D BE AN EXCITING MINUTE OR TWO AND A RUINED PIECE OF MILLINERY TO PAY FOR"

"I haven't finished yet," Hayden interposed. "I've told you everything as I went along, just as it happened. And it caused a good deal more than a delay."

Lodor's face went white.

"Joking aside, Hayden, don't tell me you couldn't get him to sign! After he'd got through with this circus business, you didn't let him get away? You knew what depended upon it—what it meant to us. You knew that to-morrow, unless we have Shepard's backing, we shall go to the wall. Shepard knew that. He wouldn't fail us. He only put you off—"

The cigarette was dead in Hayden's fingers.

"No," he said distinctly. "He didn't just put us off. I couldn't get his signature." He paused, looking away. "There are some things you can't count upon, Lodor. I didn't know much about them until to-night, and I can only tell how I felt. When he turned around to us there in the tent, it seemed to me that he didn't care any longer about stocks and bonds. He'd got through with them all. It's a thing you and I don't understand very well, Lodor, but I figured it out that he'd got back to the place where the fighting began, and after the years he'd been gone, it—well, it was restful and quiet, like getting home!"

He turned slowly and caught the question in Lodor's eyes.

"Yes," he said softly. "Yes—Shepard was dead."

MONEY IN THE FAMILY

We loved each other with a love
  It seemed that nothing could dissever—
No power below, no power above—
  Ah, we were sure 'twould last forever!
And so it did—that is, until
  Aunt Lizzie died and left her money
Among us four; that wretched will
  Brought more of gall by far than honey!

To Jim she gave her house and lot—
  'Twas mean, for Jim was rich already,
And one thing certain, I was not;
  The same was true of Bess and Freddie.
But then Fred got a lot of stock—
  In confidence, he worked Aunt Lizzie;
While Bessie—well, I hate to knock,
  But certain folks are awful busy!

I hope, I'm sure, that Bessie's mine
  Will pan out well, though Harry Bloomers—
But, no, I simply must decline
  To circulate unpleasant rumors.
And Fred—well, Fred was always "near";
  So if it's true his stock is rotten,
I needn't stay awake with fear—
  A little cash is all I've gotten.

Jim's stuck up now as he can be;
  A while ago I chanced to meet him,
But do you think he bowed? Not he!
  Of course I didn't stop and greet him.
The same with Fred and Bessie, too—
  Oh, yes, I know what preachers tell us;
Still, everybody knows it's true
  I am the only one not jealous!

William Wallace Whitelock.



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, THIRD DAUGHTER OF DR. LYMAN BEECHER, AND FAMOUS AS THE AUTHOR OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"

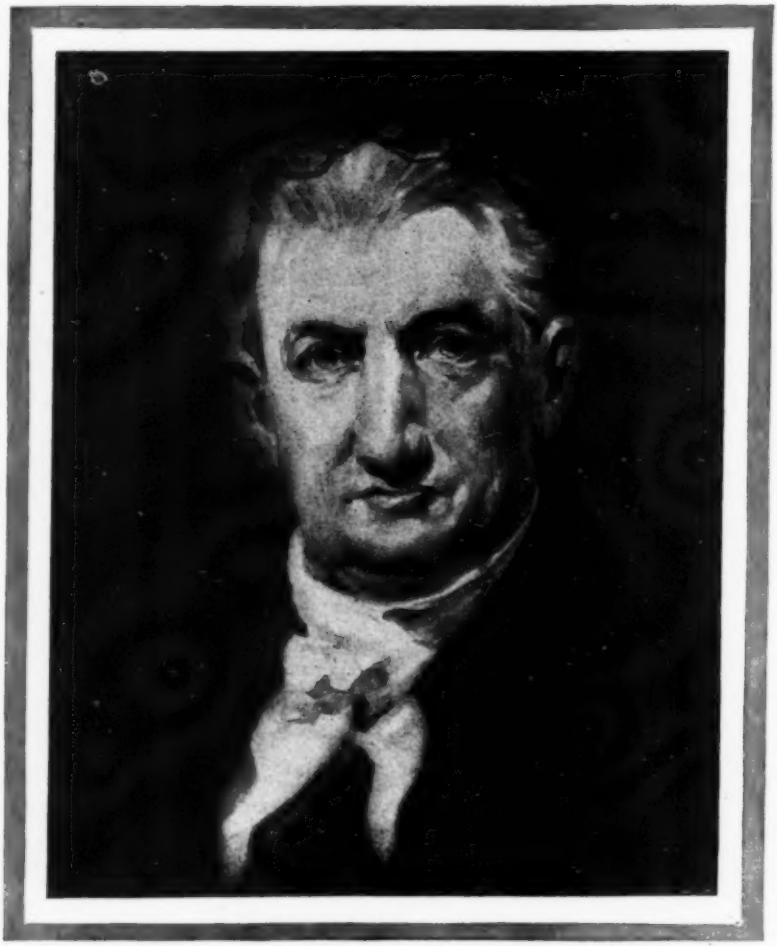
THE BEECHER FAMILY

BY THE REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, D.D.

PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN

THE two most influential families of the nineteenth century in England and America were perhaps the Arnold family in England, and the Beecher family in the United States.

During three generations the Arnolds were leaders of British thought. The father, Thomas Arnold of Rugby, was at once the great educator, preacher, and liberalizing force of his time. He had the rare good fortune to be the subject of one of the half-dozen best biographies ever written, for Stanley's "Life of Arnold" ranks with Boswell's "Johnson," Lockhart's "Scott," and Trevelyan's "Macaulay." Matthew Arnold, the son, was a literary critic who came to be regarded as all but infallible. The granddaughter, Mrs. Humphry Ward, has made a name as novelist, and is not less favorably known for her interest in



DR. LYMAN BEECHER, THE DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN CLERGYMAN AND REFORMER, "A MORAL HERO AND AN INTELLECTUAL GIANT"

sociological work. A drop of Arnold blood has gone as far as any blood ever known in England.

What the Arnold family were to England, the Beecher family were to the United States. Lyman Beecher, the father, was the leading preacher, reformer, and controversialist of his day, and it has been well said that he fathered more brains than any man of that period. All of his eight sons entered the ministry, and nearly all of them won distinction in it. Catherine Beecher was the pioneer of the higher education for women. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and struck a match that helped to start the great conflagration. Edward Beecher's "Conflict of Ages" was for five years the most widely discussed book of the time. Thomas K. Beecher founded the first institutional church on record. Henry Ward Beecher is better known to Englishmen than any other American that we have ever produced, with the possible exception of Abraham Lincoln.

LYMAN BEECHER

Boston and New England have idolized three men. Lyman Beecher was their hero from 1815 to 1830; Daniel Webster, from 1830 to 1850; Phillips Brooks, from 1880 to his death. Lyman Beecher was a moral hero and an intellectual giant. His sermons on dueling, after Burr's murder of Alexander Hamilton, put his name in every

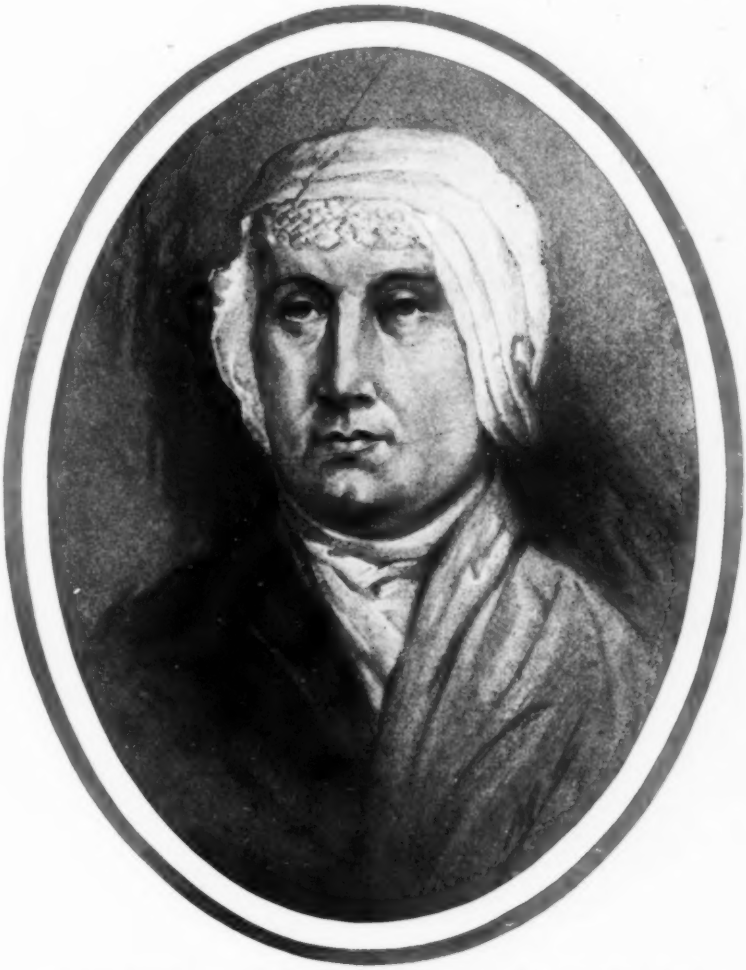
man's mouth. The temperance movement, started by his six sermons on "Intemperance," is a movement that has not yet spent its force.

The eccentricity and the originality that were in his children were quite as marked in the father, who kept his church, his city, and the whole country in hot water most of the time. He was a reformer in theology, and a prodigious force in national life. His statements were as clear as sunshine; he was logical and analytic in his method, and he carried such enthusiasm and moral earnestness that he took the multitudes by storm.

Benjamin Harrison once told me that Lyman Beecher was the greatest of all the Beechers.

"When I was a young lawyer in Cincinnati," said the ex-President, "I heard Lyman Beecher give a charge to a group of theological students at Lane Seminary. He was an old man, but he blazed like a star. 'Young gentlemen,' said the old scholar, 'when you come to select the place in which you are to preach, do not be solicitous about the town. Settle wherever you will, but remember, the other end of the universe will not tip up.'"

During the early thirties Lyman Beecher



ROXANNA FOOTE BEECHER, WIFE OF DR. LYMAN BEECHER, AND MOTHER OF TWELVE CHILDREN, ALMOST ALL OF WHOM WON DISTINCTION

was visiting Judge Hedges's father, in Long Island. The contest between Webster and Hayne was on in the United States Senate. One morning, in great excitement, the host brought Lyman Beecher the full report of Webster's reply to Hayne's argument for the doctrines of nullification. During two hours Lyman Beecher sat with his eyes chained to the page. At last, unable to restrain himself any longer, the host cried out:

"What do you think of it, Dr. Beecher?"

"What do I think of it? What do I think of it?" cried Lyman Beecher, leaping to his feet. "It is a red-hot cannon-ball going through a basket full of egg-shells!"

Lyman Beecher's symbol should be a pen in the right hand and a burning lamp in the left, with a two-edged sword lying on his knee.



CATHERINE ESTHER BEECHER, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF DR. LYMAN BEECHER, AND A PIONEER OF THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN

ROXANNA BEECHER

But the wife was fully equal to her husband, the great preacher. Throughout her life the people of Litchfield idolized her. She won people by her nature, for she was exquisitely organized, and touched to the

finest issues. In her, taste and imagination were carried up to genius. Lyman Beecher was all intellect and logic, but he never appreciated the fine arts. Roxanna Foote shot the Beecher type through with warm, rich, glowing tints. She was artistic to her finger-tips. Harriet Beecher Stowe writes:

I recollect that our house was full of little works of ingenuity and taste and skill, which had been wrought by her hand — furniture adorned with painting, pictures of birds and flowers, done with the minutest skill; fine embroidery, with every variety of lace and cobweb stitch; exquisite needlework, which has almost passed out of memory in our day.

Mrs. Beecher was a skilful painter of miniatures, and during her life in East Hampton did twenty-five of these portraits upon ivory. She was also an enthusiastic horticulturist, and was known for her success in this field, in spite of the limited means at her command.

Of the death of her mother, and its effect upon her as a child, Mrs. Stowe writes:

I was between three and four years of age when mother died, and my own personal recollections of her are therefore but few; but the deep interest and veneration that she inspired in all who knew her was such that during all my childhood I was constantly hearing her spoken of. From one friend or another, some incident or anecdote of her life was constantly being impressed on me.

Mother was one of those strong, restful, yet widely sympathetic natures in whom all around seem to find comfort and repose. She was of a temperament peculiarly restful and peace-giving. Her union of spirit with God, unruffled and unbroken even from early childhood, seemed to impart to her an equilibrium and healthful placidity which no earthly reverses ever disturbed.

The communion between her and my father was a peculiar one. It was an intimacy throughout the whole range of their being. There was no human mind in whose decisions he had greater confidence; both intellectually and morally he regarded her as the better and stronger portion of himself, and I remember hearing him say that after her death his first sensation was a sort of terror, like that of a child suddenly shut alone in the dark.

Her death occurred at a time when the New England ministry were in a peculiar crisis of political and moral trial, and the need of such a stay and support in father's household was more than ever felt. . . . I asked him whether he had any reason to believe that the spirits of the blest are ever permitted to minister to us in our earthly sorrows, and he said, after a moment of deep thought:

"I never but once had anything like it. It was a time of great trial and obloquy, and I had been visiting around in my parish, and heard many things here and there that distressed me. I came home to my house almost overwhelmed. It seemed as if I must sink under it. I went to sleep in the north bedroom—the room where your mother died; I dreamed that I heard voices and footsteps in the next room, and that I knew immediately it was Roxanna and Mary Hubbard coming to see me. The door opened, and Mary stayed without, but your mother came in, and came toward me. She did not speak, but she smiled on me a smile of heaven, and with that smile all my sorrow passed away. I awoke joyful, and I was light-hearted for weeks after."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

Harriet Beecher was plunged, early in life, into the midst of the whirlpool of popular discussion and animosity which was later to engulf the entire nation. At twenty-five she married Professor Calvin Stowe, who took her to Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, where, on the border-line between North and South, the people were in a condition of constant excitement and upheaval.

Kentucky had exhibited slavery in its very best and also in its very worst forms. The harrowing tales and incidents afterward employed as literary material by the gifted authoress were all matters of observation, conversation, and experience. One of the earliest incidents of the Stowes's life in Cincinnati was an experience of Professor Stowe; together with one of the Beecher boys, when they were traveling in Kentucky, and witnessed the flight of a negro woman, who was running away with her little child, and whom they helped across the Ohio River, to be sent on by the underground railway to Oberlin, on the shore of Lake Erie.

Later, during their Cincinnati residence, Mrs. Stowe conducted a small private school, and made a practise of allowing a few colored boys and girls to attend it. One evening the mother of one of these children came to the Stowes' house in a frenzy of grief and terror, saying that her little girl had been seized and carried across the river, to be sold as a slave in Kentucky. Harriet Beecher raised money to ransom the child.

During this period, the Kentucky anti-slavery editor, Gamaliel Bailey, moved across the river, and started his paper, the *Philanthropist,* in Cincinnati. One night the editor knocked at the door of the Stowe home, seeking refuge from a mob who had smashed in his doors and windows, looted his printing-office, and flung his type into the river.



HENRY WARD BEECHER, WHOM BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS TERMED "THE GREATEST PREACHER THAT PROTESTANTISM HAS EVER PRODUCED"

On another occasion, a Kentuckian named Van Zandt freed his slaves and carried them across into Ohio. His old friends counted him a traitor, and charges were trumped up that he had used his new home in Ohio as an underground station for the receiving of runaway slaves. Professor Stowe was asked to assist Van Zandt's defense. When other lawyers were afraid of the mob spirit, a young attorney named Salmon P. Chase volunteered his services without pay. As the courts were then entirely under the influence of the Fugitive Slave Act, young Chase lost his case; but that no dramatic note might be wanting, this young attorney later became Chief Justice of the United States, and wrote a decision which reversed the former precedent.

All these events went into Mrs. Stowe's mind as raw silk, and came out as tapestry and brocade.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"

Mrs Stowe tells us how she came to write the last chapter of the book—the death of *Uncle Tom*. She had a colored woman in her family whose husband was a slave, living in Kentucky. This black man had invented a simple tool, was a good salesman, and was permitted to travel from town to town, and even across the river, into Ohio, under no bond save his sol-

emn pledge to his master not to run away. Mrs. Stowe wrote the letters for her servant to this black man in Covington, Kentucky.

One day, while visiting his wife in the Stowe home, he said that he would rather cut off his right hand than break the word he had given to his master. What white man could boast a more delicate sense of truth or a keener conscience? What weight of manhood in a slave! What reserves of morality! What latent heroism!

The slave's story captured the imagination of the authoress. Out of the incident Mrs. Stowe evolved the character of *Uncle Tom;* and one Sunday morning, as she sat at the communion table, suddenly the picture of *Tom's* death passed before her mind, in connection with the text:

> He who loseth his life shall save it, for it is better that one man should die than that all the people should perish.

Long afterward some one asked Mrs. Stowe how she came to write the death of *Uncle Tom,* and she answered that she did not write it; that God gave it to her in a vision; that she saw the overseer flog the poor slave to death, and heard his dying words, and merely wrote down the vision as she saw it.

For nearly two years the story ran in the *National Era,* published in Washington. The book was completed on March 20, 1852, and in spite of Mrs. Stowe's despondency and apprehension of failure, it sold three thousand copies the first day, ten thousand in a week, three hundred thousand in a year. Save "The Pilgrim's Progress" and of course the Bible, perhaps no book ever had a wider circulation.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was translated into almost every known language. Soon letters began to pour in from the most distinguished men in foreign countries. Charles Dickens wrote that he had read the story with the deepest interest and sympathy. Thomas Carlyle sent a message of "deep and solemn thanks to Almighty God, who has enabled you to write this book." Charles Kingsley expressed the judgment that the novel would take away the reproach of slavery from the great and growing American nation.

Men like Lord Shaftesbury, women like George Sand and Frederika Bremer, added their tribute of praise. Eighteen different publishing houses in England were issuing the book at one time, and no fewer than fifteen hundred thousand copies were sold in Great Britain.

Even Heinrich Heine, the poet and cynic, who carried more power of sarcasm and irony than any man of his generation, was so moved by the book that he seems to have returned to the reading of the Bible, and to Christ, in the hour when night and death were falling.

> Astonishing! That after I have whirled about all my life over all the dance-floors of philosophy, and yielded myself to all the orgies of the intellect, and paid my addresses to all possible systems, without satisfaction, like Messalina after a licentious night, I now find myself on the same standpoint where poor *Uncle Tom* stands—on that of the Bible. I kneel down by my black brother in the same prayer. What a humiliation! With all my sense I have come no farther than a poor ignorant negro who had only just learned to spell. Poor *Tom,* indeed, seems to have seen deeper things in the Holy Book than I.

Praise can go no farther than this—that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has shown how the love of God can support a slave under the lash in the hour when he is flogged to death, and fill his heart with pity until he cries:

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

It was this that conquered the intellect of the scholar, and broke his heart, and flooded his eyes with tears.

Perhaps the most striking testimony, however, to the wide-spread influence of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" grew out of a suggestion of Lord Shaftesbury's, that the women of England and Europe should send their signatures as a testimonial; for when this testimonial reached Mrs. Stowe, it filled twenty-six thick folio volumes, solidly bound in morocco, and it held the names of more than five hundred and sixty thousand women, representing every rank and every country in Europe, from the throne of England to the peasant in Italy.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

Henry Ward Beecher, however, is the most widely known of this distinguished family. England has long put five Americans in a class quite by themselves—Washington, Franklin, Lincoln, Emerson, and Henry Ward Beecher. Spurgeon called Beecher the "Shakespeare of the Christian church." One of the orator's sternest critics, who saw him master a mob in Liverpool, once said:

"The world has heard no such eloquence since Demosthenes."

His own countrymen have praised him no less highly. Speaking in Trinity Church, Boston, Phillips Brooks said:

"I regard Henry Ward Beecher as the greatest preacher Protestantism has ever produced."

After Mr. Beecher's return from England, in 1863, Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote in the *Atlantic Monthly:*

> This minister has finished a more remarkable mission than any envoy who has represented us in Europe since Benjamin Franklin pleaded the cause of the young republic before the court of Versailles. Unaided by any official title, he has reached nobles, courtiers, cabinets, and the throne itself. His influence in breaking the force of the Rebellion can never be estimated.

Abraham Lincoln himself kept his Cabinet waiting for half an hour one morning, as he read the New York *Tribune's* account of one of Mr. Beecher's sermons. He finally exclaimed that he "knew of no man of whose counsel, sympathy, and daily friendship" he would more gladly avail himself.

Beecher's "Lectures to Young Men" have been translated into twenty foreign languages. An American traveler once said of the famous Frederick William Robertson, of Brighton:

"Go into any chapel or church in England, and no matter who is in the pulpit, Robertson always preaches the sermon."

In our own country there are innumerable voices and many creeds, but every preacher in our land would no doubt gladly affirm that some portion of his message was received at the hands of Mr. Beecher.

He was an author, and left twenty volumes of sermons behind him. He was a lecturer, and only Wendell Phillips and John B. Gough, perhaps, ever faced more millions. He was an editor, who gave influence to the *Independent,* and founded the *Christian Union.* He was a reformer, and helped to achieve liberty for the negro. He was the first preacher to take the sting out of the theory of evolution, and to show that the new philosophy was the best friend of the Christian religion. He destroyed the doctrine of a material hell, and discovered to the world the love of God.

He sowed and reaped in many fields, but his pulpit was his real throne. During the thirty years' conflict with slavery God lent him this distinction, that the worst men became his bitter enemies. Theologically, he changed the climate of the world. It is for this reason that probably more visitors go to Brooklyn to see his old church and his grave than to any other single spot in the republic. Be the reasons what they may, Henry Ward Beecher captured the imagination of the best men in his own country and in foreign lands.

BEECHER'S BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

Henry Ward Beecher was born in 1813, on the day dedicated to John the Baptist, who made Herod to tremble. That was a golden age, for it marked the birth of Wendell Phillips, the orator; Charles Sumner, the scholar; Horace Greeley, the editor, and Edwin Stanton, the War Secretary.

Beecher spent his first ten years in Litchfield, among the hills of Connecticut, where he grew a healthy, wholesome, happy child, amid the most picturesque part of New England. Then came eight years in Boston, at the period of mental ferment, when Channing was the great intellectual influence. After four years in Amherst, he entered Lane Seminary, where his father was professor of theology.

The favorite text of the theologians of that day was "Contend earnestly for the faith," and no man ever fought more vigorously than young Beecher. Old Dr. Wilson tried Lyman Beecher for heresy, a scheme that has been used a thousand times by men ambitious for place, and coveting some theological office. And then, as now, the heresy-hunter took off the wheels of the Lord's chariot, and delivered the hosts of the Lord into the hands of their enemies.

Theology was the air the boy breathed, the food he ate, the water he drank; but at last he found that men were saved by bread and milk, and not by the chemical formulæ that described the wheaten loaf or the crystal cup. In utter revulsion and disgust, he turned away from the scramble and the noise of disputation. Going into the woods, alone, he fell on his knees, and the Vision Splendid dawned.

It was revealed to him that God loves sinful men, just as a mother loves her sick child, or as a noble master loves the neediest pupil. And from that hour, while he used a thousand texts, Beecher never had but one theme—God's love, and man's sin and need.

At twenty-four he took the first church that was offered to him—a little church at

Lawrenceburg, Indiana, made up, he tells us, "of nineteen women and one nothing." There for a year he lighted the lamps, kindled the fire, swept the church, and did everything but listen to his own sermons: that the people had to do.

Then came eight years in Indianapolis, where once he preached daily for a period of eight months. He came to Brooklyn in 1847, at the request of some twelve or fifteen men and women, and transformed a mere handful into a church of twenty-five hundred members. He lived four and seventy years, through the most heated and tumultuous period in the history of the republic, dying in March of 1887. People in foreign countries revere him for his intellectual greatness, but those who knew him best loved him for his supreme goodness.

BEECHER'S ANTI-SLAVERY WORK

When Harriet Beecher Stowe and Henry Ward Beecher joined the Abolitionists, the condition of the public mind was that of "an imprisoned moral sense." Slavery was wrong, but the fathers had compromised with slavery, and the sons must needs stand by the compromises of the Constitution. This was Webster's position; this was the position of the great Whig leaders.

The North manufactured, the South raised cotton and slaves, and bought from the North its manufactured products. The Southern merchants came North with their gold; every merchant with his purse was like a bribe-maker, and the Northern manufacturers were like bribe-takers. The Southern merchants bribed the man who sold linen, wool, and silk, who manufactured clocks and axes and organs.

It was, as Mr. Beecher tells us, "the Egyptian era of American life"; for a man to be known as an Abolitionist was for him to be avoided as if he had the plague. Churches in New York expelled men from their communion for speaking in the prayer-meeting on slavery. The American Tract Society would not send its Bibles or agents into the South, because the South did not want the slave to read. Northern clergymen said:

"It is our business to preach the Gospel, and not to meddle with politics."

The discussion was not without its humorous side. Every distiller, from time to time, when his pastor preaches on intemperance, sends the preacher word that he wants the "pure milk of the Gospel," and not politics, in the pulpit. And that method prevailed in the ante-bellum days. An Episcopal prayer-book was published in New Jersey, with a frontispiece of Ary Scheffer's "Christ the Consoler." About the Savior were gathered the poor, the old, the sick, the mother with her dead babe, and, among others, a fettered slave, with his hands lifted to heaven, crying for liberty. This was regarded as offensive, so they cut out the slave, but left the rest of the picture, and bound it into the book.

For many years, just prior to the renting of the pews of Plymouth Church, Mr. Beecher made a practise of speaking on the subject of slavery, and warning the pew-holders with reference to his Abolitionism. He never equivocated, never was silent on the great question of the hour. He believed in the policy of taking the public into his confidence. As the feeling over slavery became more and more bitter, and finally the war itself ensued, this characteristic of Mr. Beecher subjected him, inevitably, to a fierce and unremitting fire of criticism and opposition.

The winter of 1862-1863, with its intense excitement, brought Beecher the peril of a nervous breakdown. His exhaustion illustrates the general fact that some men who stayed at home endured as much as others who went to the front. It is possible to stretch the strings of the mental harp too tightly. Excitement burns the nerve as the electric current consumes the wire. During those days, Beecher wore a garment whose warp and woof were fiery enthusiasm and fierce-flaming patriotism.

The human body is like a cask of precious liquor. One way to drain off the treasure is to knock the stopper from the bung-hole, and in a few minutes drain the rich fountain dry; another way is to bore innumerable apertures, so that drop by drop the liquor may waste. So it was with Mr. Beecher, during those excited days—with this difference, that sometimes it seemed as if one great event would drain out all his spirit in a tumultuous flood; while at the same time innumerable demands taxed his strength each day, drawing away his life drop by drop.

THE EVENTFUL JOURNEY TO ENGLAND

At last, in alarm, his friends in Plymouth Church insisted upon rest and vacation. They determined to put the sea between the preacher and his task, planning to lose him

for a little while, that they might have him for a long time.

The popular opinion is that Beecher went to England, not openly, but as a secret messenger of the government. Like other myths, the fable grew slowly, but is now well entrenched in the minds of multitudes. There is no foundation for the story. Indeed, Mr. Beecher is on record as plainly stating that no request, no suggestion, no hint, even, came from Washington.

At the time, his relations with the Cabinet were strained. Seward was openly unfriendly; Stanton was hurt by his insistence, through the *Independent*, upon immediate emancipation. For a time even Lincoln classed Beecher with Horace Greeley. His editorials during the spring of 1862 had one purport regarding slavery—"*Carthago delenda est.*"

It was only after Lincoln came on a gunboat to New York, secretly met General Winfield Scott at a friend's house, and had another private interview with Henry Ward Beecher—letters from Secretary Hay and others establish these visits to Scott and Beecher—that Beecher changed the tone of his editorials, and went over to Lincoln's position—that the Union was first, and the destruction of slavery the secondary thing. The Great Emancipator loved and trusted Beecher, but the Cabinet was critical, and Lincoln "did not have much influence with its members."

The only power, and the whole power, behind Beecher's journey to England was that of Plymouth Church. Its officers gave him money for all his expenses, and took from him a pledge that if he spoke at all, he was to speak at their expense, but under no circumstances was he either to preach or to lecture until he had recovered his strength.

He was ill during the entire voyage, and was not able to appear on deck until the vessel entered the Mersey, where he was met by Captain Duncan, then a member of his church, and living part of the time in Brooklyn and part of the time in Liverpool. The news of Beecher's arrival had preceded him, and on opening the newspapers he found even church leaders antagonistic. They deplored his coming, lest he should increase the excitement.

The English nobility was in favor of the South, as were the ship-builders, the mill-owners, the bankers, and all who had investments or loans in the cotton industry of the South. Looking backward, it is easy to discover the explanation of this attitude toward slavery and the Southern leaders. In 1860 England had become so prosperous that she was importing two million bales of cotton from the Southern States every year. The shipyards of Glasgow built ships to carry cotton, the bankers in London made loans to Southern planters, and the mill-owners in Manchester bought shares in the Southern cotton-fields. Little by little, England had been drawn in through financial channels, and had cast her lot with the production of cotton, and with its accompanying evil, slavery. The rich men of the South were constant guests of the English cotton-brokers and mill-owners.

Then came the Civil War. The planters went to the front with Lee's army; the slaves, freed from overseers, would not work. The production of cotton was suddenly halved. The Northern navy blockaded the exit of cotton-ships from the Southern ports. One by one the Lancashire mills were forced to shut down for want of raw material; and when two winters had passed, and the autumn of 1863 had come, the English people fronted the spectacle of want and famine. The courage and fidelity of the cotton-workers—the poor men in England—held out for two years; but the strongest men in the British Cabinet were for recognizing the South and ending the war. A great leader said to Mr. Beecher:

"Why don't you let the South go, and take her slaves with her?"

"If you were a father," said Beecher, "and were holding a mad dog that was struggling to get at a group of little children, would you let the mad dog go? We will not let the South go until we have killed slavery, in any event!"

THE TRIUMPH OF A GREAT ORATOR

The history of eloquence contains no greater achievement than the change in public opinion which Mr. Beecher effected by his series of addresses throughout England. These speeches really form one long argument, with the exordium delivered in Manchester, the first point presented in Glasgow, the second in Edinburgh, the third in Liverpool, and the peroration at Exeter Hall, in London. For the first time in the history of the English press, a full page was telegraphed, and Mr. Beecher became the theme of the hour in England.

The newspaper reports, with the interruptions, baffle all description. Think of a man beginning to speak at seven o'clock, and for an hour and a half unable to make himself heard through the storm of catcalls, hisses, and groans. Silk hats were thrown back and forth from one side of the gallery to the other; no important sentence but was interrupted, and the interruption continued for five minutes before the second half of the sentence could be given.

But if the mob showed its teeth, Mr. Beecher declares that in silence he said to himself:

"I will control you; I came here for victory, and by the help of God I will have it!"

The quiet of God's peace and an inner assurance of final victory stole in upon his spirit, until, he records, it seemed as if he were surrounded by a burst of sunshine. At the end of the third half-hour he said:

"Gentlemen, you may break me down, but I have registered a vow that I will never return home until my country is vindicated!"

At ten o'clock he was complete master of the situation. At eleven o'clock, when a popular vote was called for, "it was a tropical thunderstorm that swept through the hall, as the ayes were thundered, while the nays were an insignificant minority."

His opening achievement in Manchester was followed by an even greater success in Glasgow and the other cities. In London, on the eleventh day, his voice had become a whisper.

"I expect to be hoarse," he began, "if I can in any way help to bring the mother and daughter heart to heart, and hand to hand together."

He returned home to find himself the hero of the hour. In Plymouth Church, on his first Sunday morning, the audience stood for five minutes, and with their tears and silence told him of their heart-felt gratitude and love.

From that hour Stanton asked for his friendship, and was weekly and even daily in correspondence with him. The great Secretary of War promised Beecher that immediately upon the receipt of any news from the battle-field he would send him a telegram. Indeed, the first news which the country had from Stanton of one of the North's most important victories came first to Beecher's pulpit, and was read over his desk.

Other great men, the statesmen and editors, the lecturers and preachers, the soldiers and the martyred President, all wrought incredible achievements, but among these heroes we must give Henry Ward Beecher a place with the noblest. Providence called him to a great task, armed him for the battle, and made him a tower of strength to the slave, the poor, and the broken-hearted.

BEECHER'S LASTING INFLUENCE

Although twenty-five years have passed since his death, every passing year widens and deepens his influence among the people of the earth. Death usually sells one more edition of an author, after which come silence and oblivion; but now that a quarter of a century has passed, Beecher's books are selling afresh, and a complete and cheaper edition of his works is now announced. The celebration of the centennial of his birth will doubtless be the great event of the year 1913.

He published almost as many sermons as Charles Spurgeon, lectured as many nights as Wendell Phillips, wrote our most influential volume of lectures to young men, gave three series of lectures on preaching, so comprehensive as to leave scarcely anything else to be said, while his sermons on "Evolution" marked an epoch in our religious thinking.

The moral character of John Wesley and that of Henry Ward Beecher were attacked by enemies on precisely the same ground, but the integrity of both men is so fully established that the world has forgotten the assaults upon Wesley, and it will soon forget the bitter foes who assailed Beecher. The time was when he was perhaps the best-hated man in the world, by reason of his attack on slavery and secession, but he lived to receive tumultuous welcome and applause in Richmond and Atlanta. He received at the hands of his fellow countrymen the unique distinction of being selected to lift the flag at Fort Sumter; and the thing that will be longest remembered about Beecher, probably, will be the praise given him by the martyred President, Abraham Lincoln.

When the War Secretary recommended that they should ask Beecher to lift the old flag back to its place on Fort Sumter, Lincoln said:

"But for Beecher's speeches in England, there might have been no flag to raise!"

EDITORIAL

MYSTERY AND THE ANTITRUST LAW

NOTHING is more unfortunate for business than an air of mystery involving the purposes of the government in relation to it. There has been too much of this sort of thing. President Taft, or his Attorney-General, ought to take the country into their confidence, and let it know just as nearly as may be what it has to expect from them.

When the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust decisions were being awaited by the country, business was depressed because of uncertainty. When these decisions came, although they were antagonistic to the corporations involved, every index of business tendency showed a buoyant disposition. Anything was better than uncertainty. Prices rose, trade expanded, everything looked encouraging. Then, as weeks and months passed, a new mystery developed. It was made very plain by those two decisions that something further must happen. The Sherman Law must be repealed, essentially modified, or enforced against all concerns to which it was applicable. Which course would be taken?

The authorities at Washington enveloped themselves in mystery. If the administration had a policy, if it knew definitely what it was going to do through the Department of Justice, and what it was going to recommend to Congress, it took nobody into its confidence. Congressional committees were investigating, and more of them were preparing for further investigations. But what was it all about? Whither was it leading? That was what business wanted to know, still wants to know, and cannot learn.

To sleuth around with an impressive aspect of mystery, administering ten parts of scare to one part of punishment, is about the worst thing that could happen. Looking over the whole world's conditions, it is plain that industry and commerce will not stand the strain of a long campaign of menace, threats, and uncertainties. Business is no criminal, even if there are some criminals in business. Business ought not to be destroyed in the hope of catching the malefactors in the wreckage.

Will not the national authorities, through some qualified spokesman, speak a definite, assuring word? President Taft is interesting when he presents his academic generalizations about what ought to be done. But while he is President, with the tremendous authority of his office, a far more important question is what he actually intends to do.

STATE SOVEREIGNTY AND FEDERAL JUDICIARY

THERE has been too much disposition to assume that criticism of the Federal judiciary is personal to the learned gentlemen who wear the ermine. Almost invariably, that criticism has dealt with the relation of the judicial establishment to our system of institutions.

Our governmental experiment is still young. Constructive criticism is healthy and desirable. It is not impossible that the Federal judiciary tends to absorb undue authority to itself. Nobody holds up his hands in horror when it is suggested that Senators ought to be elected by direct vote, that the executive veto should be abolished, or that there

NOTE—*All editorials in this department were written before the end of September.*

should be authority to levy a Federal income-tax. These are recognized as legitimate questions for discussion; it involves no suspicion of treason to intimate that a beneficial change could be made. But let the judicial system be criticized, and up-handed horror echoes its protest in all directions.

Why? Is there anything more treasonable in misgivings about the desirability of letting the courts nullify a law of Congress, than there is in proposing a new plan to elect Senators?

The conference of Governors at Spring Lake did a perfectly rational and proper thing when it appointed a committee to appear before the United States Supreme Court in a pending case to present the view of the sovereign States. It is conceded by all authorities that the litigation is of prime importance. It involves the power of the States to regulate commerce within their borders. The *amicus curiæ* has long been a valued adviser to courts. In such a case as this, who could possibly be a more welcome counselor than the spokesman of the forty-six sovereignties whose power is involved?

The Federal judiciary is an institution, as well as a body of men. Institutional evolution is not only unobjectionable, it is desirable. It will be best directed by sane, sincere, well-thought criticism. To assume that any part of our government is above and beyond all improvement, that criticism is contempt and misgiving is treason, is to invite institutional ossification.

Concentration of the power over commerce and its instrumentalities, in the national government, is logical, inevitable, and fast approaching. But it must come through proper, orderly institutional development. It must not come through usurpation. We sincerely believe that most of the men who have been or are Governors of States would agree to this generalization. Every suggestion that looks to bringing together people, interests, and even sovereignties that must be affected by this development of institutions, looks in the right direction. The proposal of the Governors to get together and talk it over in a forum that will command the nation's attention is commendable.

NOW GIVE WILEY A FAIR CHANCE

ONCE in a while a man becomes a popular idol without winning battles or making speeches. He doesn't commonly know, however, that he is a popular idol, and the people who idolize him don't know it either, unless something happens to occasion a line-up. That was the way with Harvey W. Wiley, foremost apostle of "eatable eats"—otherwise pure food.

Dr. Wiley early acquired the notion—then regarded as more or less eccentric—that it wasn't nice to feed folks poison. He fought for his convictions, he helped to manufacture public sentiment, collaborated in framing State laws, and at last got his ideas written into a national statute.

Enemies opposed him, interests tried to get him driven from his post as the chief enforcer of his pet law. Wiley held the fort, but the opposition gradually succeeded in insulating him from the currents of real power in enforcing the statute. Finally they became so strong that they deemed it safe to attempt his complete undoing. They undertook to drive him in disgrace from the public service. They trumped up a charge against him, and well-nigh forced his retirement.

Then the great public came to the front. The people were for Wiley; the press was for him. The politicians found that they had to be for him. Wiley was duly and completely exonerated by the President himself. It was a fine testimonial to the authority that public sentiment wields in this country.

But it will be a mistake if people forget the Wiley case too soon. The pure-food law is not doing its best work, because it is surrounded by senseless regulations, by administrative obstacles, by a maze of impossible details. The law itself is fairly good.

It has become mired down in a muck of complications with referee boards, inspection authorities, appeals, and all the hopeless business that prevents accomplishment.

Dr. Wiley is going to be left as nominal head of the administration of this law. So far, good. He should have a free hand. The boards, appeals, supervisors, and so forth, should be removed. The law did not contemplate them, and they serve only to prevent the law doing its best work for the public.

Any big business on earth, if it discovered that it had a big, trustworthy, competent man in an important position, would give him full power to do the best with his job. That is just what the United States has found it possesses in Dr. Wiley. Why not allow him to run this food business as everybody is perfectly sure he would run it, in the interest of the whole country?

THE CITIZEN'S DUTY TO VOTE

"WOULD you allow the women to vote?" was recently asked of a distinguished publicist.

"No," he replied, "I would *require* them to vote—and men, too. I would not confer the ballot as a privilege; I would exact its use as a duty. I would make every voter pay a right uncomfortable fine every time he failed to vote or provide a legitimate excuse."

Good deal of sense in that, no matter how you feel about taking the ladies into it. In 1896 this country cast just about a million more votes than anybody supposed it possessed, simply because it got worked up and everybody hustled out to the ballot-box. There had been a million people habitually staying away from the polls, even in Presidential years.

The other day Maine balloted on repealing constitutional prohibition. As these lines are written, report is that the repeal has carried by twenty votes, but it is admitted that corrections may change the result entirely. There is a significant illustration of how much a few men's votes may count. Speaker Clark has a striking lecture on the crises in history, when one vote has turned the tide of destiny. Voting is a duty of every citizen; a duty that should be exacted of him with as much insistence as the payment of his taxes. We should have a better government, and should be better satisfied with it, if we all did our duty regularly as voters.

Next year there will be an election which everybody already recognizes as likely to be epochal. It is none too early to begin insisting that every voter must vote.

FORCES TO WHICH WAR LORDS BOW

A FEW centuries ago, war was the vocation of governments, and administration was their avocation. Nowadays, administration is their vocation, war is an unfortunate incident.

In those older days, when war was the most important fact of national life, each country stood more or less on its own bottom. The interdependence which has come with intricate commercial and industrial relationships was unknown. A ruler or a government could open hostilities at his or its pleasure, and no other could forbid.

The finest illustration that recent times have afforded of the complete change from the older condition is to be found in the recent experience of Germany in Morocco. It seems that certain statesmen in Berlin thought, by threatening to involve Europe in a great war, to exact important concessions from France. Germany could count more men, more guns, more ships, than France, therefore France, it was assumed, must yield when confronted with a show of force.

But those responsible for the Agadir incident had reckoned without realizing how impossible it is, nowadays, for one power to act independently of the rest. Europe was not in the humor for a big war. It was not willing to look on while Germany devastated France, or France exacted her revenge for 1870. The world has learned that the momentary advantage, the temporary prosperity, which comes to non-combatants in such a crisis, is a delusion. Nobody gets rich by the impoverishment of his neighbors.

Business has become the chief business of this world, and business lost no time impressing Germany with the fact that it did not want a war. No country can make war without paying the price, and no country can pay the price unless the business world is willing to furnish the cash. The financial powers gave emphatic signal of their disapproval of the German program. Credits were withdrawn from the German bourses, bankers called loans to German houses, panic impended in German industrial centers. France, the capital of international finance, accepted the situation with a calm that was in marked contrast to her neighbor's nervous tension. Germany might have the men, the guns, the dreadnoughts, but France had the money and the sympathy of the empire of business. It was a humiliating discovery that the Germans made, but the demonstration was a good thing for them as well as the rest of the world.

War, doubtless, we shall continue to have for a long time. There will come crises in which it cannot be avoided. But it will not come so often as it used to, and there will have to be a mighty good excuse for it before the hard-headed financiers who handle the savings of the simple, peaceful, toiling millions of plain people will loosen the purse-strings that the war lords may spend.

A LESSON FROM KANSAS

THE slick seller of rosy-colored stock who solicits the Kansas farmer with golden-tinted promises of several hundred per cent now finds that his victim has ceased to be easy. He is likely to encounter the question:

"Have you a license?"

If the stock-pedler cannot produce one, the Kansan can decline the proffered wares, feeling safe that he has not overlooked a good thing.

This license is a bulwark that a wide-awake official has reared around the savings of his State. His name is J. N. Dolley, and he believes that a bank commissioner has a far more important job than compiling dull statistical reports and signing impressive and high-sounding documents. He framed a bill, which the last Legislature enacted into a law, compelling every vendor of stock to get a permit from his department before he can do business in Kansas. This means that the proposition to be exploited must go under a strong search-light of scrutiny.

They call this law "the blue sky law" out in Kansas, because most of the stock-salesmen who have buncoed their people have had nothing more substantial than the azure firmament to sell. You realize the value of the new law when you find that during the first three weeks after its enactment exactly three hundred applications were made to sell stock in Kansas, and of this number only eighteen were authorized. The other two hundred and eighty-two enterprises were barred, and are probably working overtime in other commonwealths where the people's purses are not protected.

The example of Kansas in licensing stock-salesmen might be followed with profit by every other State in the Union. Throughout the country there is a woful lack of precaution in the quarter where the greatest safeguards are needed. Even New York, with her ramified Banking Department, which supervises the myriad millions of the Wall Street financial citadels, has no law on her books which penalizes the indiscriminate selling of worthless stocks by mendacious representations. The same is the case with most of the other States.

What we really need is less tinkering with statutes that affect a few, and more clear-cut legislation to pull the fangs of the "get-rich-quick" gentry and conserve the money of the masses.

PROGRESS AND THE PENNY

DAZZLED by the glamour which invests great wealth, the average citizen is apt to lose his sense of economic proportion. Among other things, he is likely to get the impression that the real capital of his country is in the spectacular and sometimes swollen fortunes. But he is much mistaken. The unshakable bed-rock of any nation's financial integrity consists of its savings, of the obscure and work-scarred nickels and dimes wrested from the daily toll that life and necessity exact.

Despite the low trade barometer and all those other by-products of unrest and uncertainty, the bulwark of our savings rises steadily higher. According to the controller of the currency's report for the last fiscal year, which has just been published, the deposits in the mutual savings-banks of the United States—those which are operated solely for the benefit of depositors—have increased during the twelvemonth by more than one hundred million dollars. There are more than seven and a half millions of depositors in these banks, or nearly one-twelfth of the country's population.

This is a very cheerful fact. It shows that, slowly but surely, our present economic position is being strengthened, and that more and more we are becoming immune against the ravages of panic and general business disaster. One reason why France is so seldom shaken by crises which undermine the world's commercial peace is that she has the most strongly entrenched host of small investors and depositors that any country can show.

The hand that saves the penny is the hand that rules the world.

A MEAL-TICKET FOR LIFE

ONE of our readers in Wisconsin asks us to advocate a wider enjoyment of the benefits of the annuity, which has aptly been designated as a "meal-ticket for life." He says there is too much investment in death benefit, and too little in life benefit. Perhaps he is right. A man whose demise would leave a widow with dependent orphans needs the protection of the death benefit; but for the man or woman without such responsibility, or for the person seeking employment of surplus out of the beaten investment path, the guaranteed yearly payment is an excellent medium.

People nowadays think that the annuity is a new wrinkle, but as a matter of fact it was the very foundation of life insurance, and was known and employed by the Romans in the days before Christ. Nations have been rehabilitated through it, for it was the means by which, in times of pressing need, many of the earliest government loans were raised. Thus it has a definite historic background.

Closely akin to the annuity is the larger and more pressing problem of the old-age pension, which has agitated industry for years. How to take care of the superannuated worker and not make him a charge on the communnity, is a question that still disturbs the economic mind. Germany has a compulsory old-age pension, in which the cost is shared by the State, the employer, and the employee. England's plan is to take the entire sum out of the general taxation. In the United States, the question remains unsolved, although Massachusetts has set an admirable example for the individual working out of the problem with her system of savings-bank insurance.

When you provide for the old age of the worker, you go a long way toward finding peace of mind for the community. It is an antidote for the alms-house; a balm for social unrest. More than this, it is real, practical, and helpful humanity.

THE CAPTAIN'S TENANTS

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

AUTHOR OF "THE UNACCOUNTABLE COOK," "THE ONE THING NEEDED," ETC.

AFTER thirty years of sailing the Great Lakes, Captain Pitistick retired with a comfortable nest-egg, a hoarse voice much addicted to bellowing, an intensively grown area of whiskers, a wife who claimed and maintained the position of full partner in the concern, and not a chick or a child.

They decided to move to Detroit, and to build one of those layer-cake structures that flourish in that city, and which permit two families to thrive where nature provided room for a small portion of one. The old sailorman and his wife inhabited the upper layer, and purposed to rent the lower to some congenial family.

The matter of renting it, and the choice of people who would be permitted to occupy it, presented no little difficulty. Cap'n and his wife gave the problem careful consideration, and many pleasant evenings were spent bickering over it.

"I won't have no red-haired woman, because disposition," Mrs. Pitistick declared positively; "nor one with stringy hair and pale eyes and slopin' shoulders, because gossip; nor one that takes patent medicines or plays the violin."

Cap'n nodded in full approval.

"Nor a preacher nor a phonograft, because both is onendurable to the ear," he added; "nor no dodderin' old skeezicks, because I'm old enough now without bein' reminded frequent how much worse I kin git. Find 'em young, I vote, *and* quiet, *and* well behaved, *and* not buyin' their furniture on the instalment plan."

"And—" began Mrs. Pitistick.

"And—" interrupted cap'n.

"No childern," they announced firmly in chorus, "because colic and squawlin' nights, and always braggin' about 'em by parents, and general nuisance," added Mrs. Pitistick.

Thus cap'n arrived at the point where he could insert an advertisement in the newspaper, briefly codifying their demands in the matter of tenants. It offered for rent a desirable apartment to a young couple without dogs, phonograph, babies, red hair, or a wooden leg—which last was added by cap'n in the interest of new hardwood floors.

Several applicants appeared and were inspected, but each had his fatal blemish. Not one of them—so cap'n and his wife felt—could be trusted to treat the apartment as they would have it treated. Renting a flat was, to them, like giving away a pet dog.

However, on the third day—a circumstance which cap'n regarded as auspicious—a young man and woman rang the bell and asked to see the premises. Mrs. Pitistick had seen their approach up the street, and almost acknowledged to her husband that she hoped they were answers. When they turned in, she hurried to the door to get first look at close range; and so thoroughly did she perform the office that she was dubbed "the stary old lady" by the young couple, and bore that name for a long time.

Cap'n Pitistick stared, too, when he got a chance, and neither could he find a thing to object to in the applicants' exteriors. However, he was cautious, and cross-questioned them remorselessly.

"Do you play the coronet?"

"Or the violin?" supplemented Mrs. Pitistick.

Neither applicant did. Mrs. Eldred—that was the young woman's name, and consequently her husband's—admitted the piano, but that was not objected to.

"You ain't got no phonograft!"

This was stated as a fact by Cap'n Pitistick, and in no sense as a question. Their appearance precluded phonographs.

"And your hair is brown," said Mrs. Pitistick to Mrs. Eldred. "If it had been red."

The old lady made a complete sentence of this, ending it with a distinct period, instead of a dash, which would have held you in suspense as to what dreadful thing would have resulted from hair of that color.

The young man was not a clergyman nor a detective, and his wife went to the Presbyterian church, and made her own house dresses; so it began to look as if they would be allowed to look through the apartment. But the crucial question, the one that Cap'n and Mrs. Pitistick knew was the determining one, must first be asked.

Cap'n cleared his throat portentously, but this bit of vainglory cost him his chance. His wife popped in ahead.

"Have you got any babies?"

"Not even one," answered Mr. Eldred, who was enjoying himself very much. "Is it necessary?"

"*Necessary!*" exclaimed cap'n and his wife in a breath. "No!"

"Because of noise and pencil-marks on the walls, and doctors coming to see with spasms in the night," supplemented Mrs. Pitistick.

"Of course," acquiesced Mrs. Eldred.

Cap'n looked inquiringly at his wife, who nodded slightly. In this manner they agreed that the applicants might be taken below and shown through.

Mrs. Eldred thought it was perfectly lovely. She was delighted with the clothes-chute to the laundry, and with the fireplace for winter nights, and with the ice-chest, which was filled from outside, saving muddy tracks in the kitchen. Mr. Eldred thought it was very nice, too; but then he thought whatever Mrs. Eldred did, because it was only four months, and they still squeezed hands when folks weren't looking. Everybody being satisfied, the flat was engaged on the spot, and a two-year lease was signed.

That evening cap'n and his wife congratulated themselves on their tenants, who combined all that they had demanded, and embodied nothing that they had excluded. It was almost too good to be true!

II

For nearly a year everything went along smoothly, so that cap'n and his wife were much given to singing the praises of the Eldreds, and to blessing the day when they made their initial appearance. Suddenly, however, Mrs. Pitistick seemed to draw in her enthusiasm, like a person pulling his head back through a car-window when he sees a bridge ahead; and she began to sniff when her husband waxed complimentary to the young people.

"Ain't we lucky!" he exclaimed one night. "Who'd ever thought we'd git tenants like them, with nothin' in the world to object to—not even sneezin' too loud when they've catched a cold?"

"I ain't got a word to say," Mrs. Pitistick replied untruthfully. Women usually start important announcements, or long discourses on unpleasant subjects, with this preface. "I ain't got a word to say. Not that they ain't been nice young folks, but things can't be foreseen always."

"Why, Mary, what's the matter?"

But Mrs. Pitistick only sniffed in the most belligerent manner, and showed her contempt for some quality, or the lack of some quality, which she detected in her husband.

Women like to give one the first letter, and have one guess the rest of the alphabet. Cap'n Pitistick could not have guessed to the letter D in a week, if he had been given A and B for starters. But in time he got all the way to Z, not by virtue of synthetic reasoning, or by following the spoor of his wife's hint, but by oral evidence.

This came when he was awakened by unwonted noises below, which kept him awake for a long time, so that he spluttered to his wife, and wanted to know what company was staying so late for, and why they couldn't have some consideration for other folks. Owing, however, to the floors not having been sufficiently deadened, he heard a series of purposeless squawks that could have been emitted by only one living thing; and then he knew that the visitor below would stay many nights, and, without doubt, would frequently sit up late.

"That's what you meant, is it?" he growled.

Mrs. Pitistick sniffed.

"And the lease with a year to run," he added a moment later. "Twelve months more!"

"What you goin' to do about it? You ain't goin' to let them folks stay there with that baby?"

"The lease!" spluttered cap'n. "I don't see's I kin do a derned thing."

"And a baby-carriage always standin' on the porch to stumble over!"

"We sha'n't allow it."

"It ain't honest. It's rentin' a flat under false pretenses. The law ought to do somethin', Cap'n Pitistick; but never is no good

when you need it, like a policeman when a burglar."

Cap'n Pitistick, who had really grown fond of Mrs. Eldred, sneaked down the back way in the morning to spy out the land, and to reassure himself on the point of coming through it all right. Mr. Eldred, rumpled as to hair and drawn as to features, answered the timid knock.

"How is she?" asked cap'n in a hoarse whisper.

"Fine!" replied Mr. Eldred. "Fine! Couldn't be better."

He grinned vacuously, and Cap'n Pitistick recoiled. He recognized the signs.

"Next thing," he muttered to himself, "he'll begin braggin' about it." However, he knew he must ask about the baby, and managed to do so with ill grace. "How's *it?*" he growled.

Mr. Eldred beamed and shook his head weakly, as if at a loss for words.

Cap'n grunted savagely.

"I expect this here flat'll be perty small for you now, with sich a fam'ly," he hinted.

Newly raised to the peerage with the title of "father," the young man failed to notice the underlying tone.

"Oh, no," he said lightly. "We wouldn't think of moving. You needn't worry a bit about losing us. Besides, there's the lease."

"Of course," snapped cap'n. "There's the lease."

"Want to see him?"

"*Him?*" Cap'n had thought of baby as "it."

"The baby."

The old fellow began backing off with an expression of dismay.

"I got to go down-town," he gasped, and almost choked over the words.

"Won't take a minute. Come in, and I'll have nurse bring him out."

Seeing no way to avoid it, cap'n entered. Presently the baby was held before his eyes, while nurse and father waited expectantly for the burst of enthusiasm.

The old sailorman blinked and said "H-m!" several times. He tried not to look at baby, but couldn't help it. Never had he wanted to get away from any place so badly in his life—never had he been so embarrassed. He said "H-m!" again, fanned himself with his hat, and said "Wheee-eew!" as if it were the hottest day in summer.

"Just lift it," urged Mr. Eldred. "You wouldn't believe it!"

Cap'n had been anticipating this suggestion with growing horror. With a wild look around him, he pivoted on his heel, scuttled through the door, and fled down the street, leaving nurse and father to gaze after him with jaws sagging.

This was all the official recognition that the Pitisticks gave their newest tenant. Cap'n's wife made no overtures, and cap'n never told her of his own indiscretion. She spoke of consulting lawyers, and fondled her grievance until her husband would almost rather have had the baby crying in his ear. When the woman is discovered who does not preserve a grievance in talk as one preserves pickles in vinegar, the militia will have to be called out to keep in order the mob of fervid suitors.

Mrs. Pitistick's first encounter with the cause of her ill temper was when she nearly stumbled over it and its cab, which stood on the porch to get the breeze.

"I knew it," she sniffed. "And next it'll be playthings and all the childern in the neighborhood!"

But she did look under the canopy of the cab for a peep at its contents, and saw baby asleep with one little fist gripping tightly a microscopic ear. She scrutinized him a moment, and then went up-stairs. It is notable that she failed to relate the circumstance to her husband.

The old sailorman found that looking at a baby was like eating one's first olive. When you get away, you try to remember the sensation, know it was peculiar, can't decide whether you liked it or not, conclude that you didn't, and determine never to do it again. But curiosity is strong. The time always comes when the second olive is eaten and the second look taken at the baby.

This may not bring out the dormant liking, but it lays the foundation for a habit; also, it whets the curiosity. You make up your mind the thing wasn't so confoundedly bad, after all, and that you'll take another try at it some day, just for luck.

Consequently cap'n, when he met nurse and baby around the corner one afternoon, stopped in front of the cab and insisted on inspection. Baby said "Blub!" and kicked with both legs, and cap'n prodded it amidships with his finger.

The old sailorman found that he was grinning, and brought it to an immediate stop. Then he scowled, and recollected that the lower layer was not to have been rented to folks with a baby. But when he got a

little way down the street he was disconcerted to find himself grinning again and remembering the kicking legs and the "Blub!" So he scowled once more, and said:

"H-m!"

Several times cap'n met nurse and baby, always stopping to grin and catch himself at it, and then to scowl and stamp off, muttering against babies and connecting disparaging adjectives with their noun. But within a week or so he acquired the habit of sitting in the front window every afternoon and eying the street. When he eyed the street it was, of course, possible for him to see when nurse took baby out to get air. There was no reason at all why he should stay all day indoors himself, so he would get up and go for a walk.

He always met the cab somewhere. Then a certain ritual was carried out, which was precisely as follows:

Cap'n advances toward the baby, with his mind deeply immersed in important affairs. It is evident that he does not see the cab, for his brow is corrugated, his eyes are fixed intently on some distant object. Presently he almost stumbles over the nurse, makes a dab at his hat, says "H-m!" several times, scrutinizes the cavalcade which he has all but run down, says "H-m!" again, and wonders aloud if it ain't that Eldred baby.

"It's him," says nurse.

"H-m!" says cap'n.

"A nice day," says nurse.

"What's his name?" asks cap'n.

"Freddie," says nurse.

"H-m!" grunts cap'n, while he peers under the canopy. "He's growin' rapid. Bet he's a pound heavier'n yestiddy."

This routine of conduct and conversation was always carried out to the letter. From this point, however, proceedings varied. For instance, one afternoon cap'n deliberately deprived nurse of her place as motive-power, and wheeled the cab himself—"just to see if it was hard pushin'," he explained.

After that he always propelled the vehicle.

"But," he cautioned nurse, "don't you never say a word about this to my wife. She just nat'rally despises babies—and so do I. You kin see plain I don't like 'em, can't you? Anybody could. I'm pushin' this cab now for the purpose of observin' their habits, and so armin' myself agin them. You kin never know too much about anything you don't like. But don't you say a word to Mary—she ain't quick to understand some things."

Mrs. Pitistick had her little secret, too. The glimpse she had of the baby when she almost stumbled over it on the porch had the same effect that the first sight of him had on the cap'n. She wondered what he *had* looked like, and what he would have looked like if his eyes had been open, and how it felt to touch him.

Consequently, when cap'n was off downtown, she went below stairs to borrow a cup of sugar—for which she had not the least use, though she persuaded herself that she had. Having secured it, she looked around uneasily, and asked how the baby was.

Of course, it was shown to her, its eyes were open, and it smiled. Mrs. Pitistick sniffed, as was her custom. Baby smiled again, and made an enthusiastic bubbling noise in his throat.

"He wants to come to you," translated Freddie's mother.

"Missis Eldred, I ain't never held a baby in my life, there bein' none in my fam'ly, and us not expectin' one in the down-stairs flat. Babies and violins and ministers wasn't wanted, nor yet looked forward to, as you kin remember, but comin' afterward can't be helped; only if it had been a violin, complaints would have been made because of constant squeakin'."

Mrs. Eldred smiled and held out baby, who smiled again at the old lady, and somehow got over into her arms without her knowing just how it happened.

If you ever saw a man in a new suit of clothes carrying a freshly painted garden bench, you know the expression Mrs. Pitistick wore. She held him as far away from her as she could reach, but clutched him with an agonized grip. Her eyes sought succor, and she moistened her lips.

"I guess," she whispered, "you better take him, or else slam down on the floor in spite of me, him bein' slipperylike."

But, agonizing as the experience was, Mrs. Pitistick climbed down-stairs next day, at the same hour, to return the sugar and sample the sensation again. After that she appeared every day, and soon she grew so expert that she would lift the baby from his crib and hold him on her lap with scarcely a quickened heart-beat.

"Missis Eldred," she exclaimed after a third or fourth visit, "don't you never tell cap'n I been takin' baby in my arms. He ain't got no use for 'em whatever, and no-

body to blame for it. But you keep quiet about me to him, for there's no knowin' what he'd do. Maybe lawyers and bust the lease!"

III

So matters went on, cap'n spending his afternoons in surreptitious and ambulatory proximity to Freddie, Mrs. Pitistick sneaking down-stairs every morning to hold him on her lap and make believe that she was a grandmother. But in the upper layer the child was never mentioned without recrimination. Cap'n and his wife vied with each other in excoriating the sharp practise and fraudulent conduct of the Eldreds in renting a flat childless and afterward becoming the proprietors of a descendant.

"Dishonest!" roared cap'n. "H-m, dishonest *and* malicious, *I* say; then, knowin' all the while we was prejudiced ag'in' babies and wooden laigs and preachers. We'd never 'a' let 'em in if they'd been square with us."

"Never," agreed Mrs. Pitistick, "and nobody would 'a' judged it from their faces. Two fairer and squarer-lookin' folks I never see—which is deceitfuler than ever, because with strangers faces is all there is to git an opinion from."

"Never mind, Mary, the lease'll be up in three months, and we kin git 'em out. My, won't it be a relief!"

The old sailorman looked as if it would be anything but a relief, as he walked over to the window to peer out dolefully.

His wife, not to be thought backward, exclaimed her pleasure, but her tone lacked enthusiasm. She found something to do in the kitchen, where she might have been seen wiping her eyes on her apron.

This was the first reminder they had that the lease would expire and their tenants might leave them. For days the thought cast a gloom over the house, but each was so busy with his own worry that the low spirits of the other passed unnoticed. Each secretly hoped that Mr. Eldred would come up to speak about renewing his tenancy, but there was no sign from him until thirty days before the end of his term. Then he did present himself at the door.

"Cap'n Pitistick," he said, "I want to give you notice that we are going to give up possession next month. The lease expires then, and we have decided to rent a house farther out. We'll be sorry to go, but we'd have to go some time, anyhow."

"Yes," replied cap'n, "you'd 'a' had to go some time, and I guess it's better now than after a while when we got more attached—that is"—he lowered his voice—"when I got more attached to Freddie."

Cap'n went out with Mr. Eldred and took a long walk alone. Somehow, he couldn't bear to make the announcement to his wife and to witness her delight at getting rid of the baby. But it had to be done; so at supper he told her.

The old lady swallowed something the wrong way, and had to run out to the kitchen for a drink. When she came back her eyes were red, because she had coughed so hard.

"When they goin'?"

"Last of next month."

A long silence intervened.

"We'll have to be gittin' in somebody else."

"Yes," agreed cap'n.

Then another silence fell.

"Without a baby."

It was not a question, nor was it a statement, but there was something peculiar in it that made cap'n look at his wife.

"H-m!" he grunted, clearly not desiring to commit himself.

"I thought babies was worse'n they be," she said.

"They ain't," growled cap'n, blinking rapidly to clear a dimness from his eyes. He couldn't see that his wife had half risen and bowed her head against the sideboard, but he could hear a stifled sound very like what he remembered a sob to be. "What's the matter, Mary?" he asked.

His wife did not reply for a time; then she mingled words with sniffles:

"I can't—bear to have him—go!"

"The baby?" Cap'n jumped up so quickly that he almost knocked over his cup of tea. "You mean the baby?"

His wife nodded and sniffled some more.

"You got to—to—*like* him, too?"

Again Mary nodded. Cap'n walked around the table and laid his arm over her shoulders.

"Never mind, Mary, it can't be helped; but"—he banged his fist on the table determinedly—"I know somethin' I'm a goin' to do this very minute."

From a drawer, where it had been preserved carefully, he drew the old "To Rent" sign, and with laborious pen printed on it a further legend. When it was done he read it aloud.

"'To rent—to young couple. *Must have a baby.*' How's that, Mary?"

THE BANDBOX*

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

AUTHOR OF "THE BRASS BOWL," "THE BLACK BAG," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

BENJAMIN STAFF, a successful young American author, is homeward bound for New York on the steamer Autocratic. Taking passage at the last moment, he is obliged to share a small stateroom with a somewhat eccentric fellow traveler who gives his name as William Howard Iff. Part of Staff's baggage is a huge bandbox, containing a gorgeous hat, which was delivered to him just before he sailed—for some friend, he supposes, who wishes him to take it to New York. On boarding the steamer, he sees a steward carrying a precise duplicate of the box, which he claims as his own, but which proves to belong to a Miss Eleanor Searle.

Among the other passengers are Alison Landis, a beautiful and brilliant young actress, to whom Staff is engaged, and for whose next season he is writing a play; Arkroyd, a rich but vulgar New Yorker, who seems to be on rather more friendly terms with Miss Landis than Staff cares to see; and Mrs. Ilkington, a garrulous matron of social pretensions, who insists that Staff shall sit at her table in the dining-room—where Miss Searle, whom Mrs. Ilkington regards as a protégée, is also seated.

On the first night of the voyage, Manvers, purser of the Autocratic, accosts Staff and gives him two startling pieces of information. One is that Miss Landis, while in Paris, purchased a costly pearl necklace, the so-called Cadogan collar, which she presumably has with her on the ship. The other—a significant coincidence—is that Iff, as he calls himself, is an expert thief, also known as Arbuthnot Ismay.

V

WHEN Staff went below, he was somewhat surprised to find his stateroom alight — surprised, because he had rather expected that Mr. Iff would prefer to sleep off his potations in darkness.

To the contrary, the little man was very much awake, propped up in his berth with a book for company. He showed no effects whatever of overindulgence, unless it were a slightly enhanced brightness in the cool blue eyes which he brought to bear upon his roommate as he entered.

"Good morning!" he piped cheerfully. "What on earth's kept you up so late? The bar's been closed an hour and more."

"Is that why you came to bed?" inquired Staff.

"Sure," agreed Mr. Iff complacently.

Staff quietly began to shed his clothing and insert his spare frame into a suit of pajamas. Iff watched him in silence as long as seemed decent, then lay back and stared reflectively at the white-painted girders overhead.

"Got to slip it to you," he observed presently, "for perfect control of the dignified reserve thing! I never knew anybody who could better control his tumultuous emotions."

"Thanks," said Staff dryly, as he wound up his watch.

"Anything special troubling you?"

"Why do you ask?"

"You talk so much."

"Sorry if I'm keeping you awake," said Staff politely.

"Oh, I don't mean to seem to beef about it, only—I was wondering if by any chance you'd heard the news?"

"What news?"

"About me."

"About you!" Staff paused with his fingers on the light-switch.

"About my cute little self. May I look now?" Iff poked his head over the edge of the upper berth and beamed down upon Staff like a benevolent blond magpie.

* *Copyright, 1911, by Louis Joseph Vance. This story began in the October number of* MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

"Haven't you heard the rumor that I'm a desperate character?"

"Just what do you mean?" demanded Staff, eying the other intently.

"Oh, simply that I overheard the purser discussing me with his assistant. He claims to recognize in me a bold, bad man named Ismay, whose specialty is pulling off jobs that would make *Sherlock Holmes* ask to be retired with a pension."

"Well?"

"Well what?"

"Are you Ismay?" pursued Staff steadily.

A broad, mocking grin irradiated the little man's pinched features.

"Don't ask me," he begged. "I might tell you."

Staff frowned and waited a minute; then, receiving no further response to his inquiry, he grunted "Good night," turned off the light, and got into his berth.

A moment later the question came out of the darkness overhead:

"I say—what do you think?"

"Are you Iff or Ismay, you mean?"

"Aye, lad, aye."

"I don't know. It's for you to say."

"But if you thought I was Ismay, you'd shift quarters, wouldn't you?"

"Why?"

"Because I might pinch something of yours."

"In the first place," said Staff, yawning, "I can't shift without going into the second cabin—and you know it, the boat's full up. And secondly, I've nothing you could steal save ideas, and you haven't got the right sort of brains to turn them to good account."

"That ought to hold me for some time," Iff admitted fairly. "But I'm concerned about your sensitive young reputation. Suppose I were to turn a big trick this trip?"

"As for instance—"

"Well, say I swiped the Cadogan collar?"

"Then I'd stand just so much the better chance of catching you red-handed."

"Swell notion you've got of the cunning of the twentieth-century criminal, I must say! D'you for an instant suppose I'd work so coarse that you could feel the grits in it?"

"Then you *are* Ismay?"

"My son," said the other solemnly, "your pertinacity sha'n't go unrewarded; I will be frank with you. You shall know all. I am Iff—the eternal question."

"Oh, go to thunder!" said Staff indignantly.

As he slipped off to sleep he could just hear the man overhead chuckling quietly beneath his breath.

The next few days would have provided him with ample time in which to ponder the question of his roommate's identity, had Staff chosen so to occupy his time. As it happened, Heaven was kind to the young man, and sent a gale of sorts, which, breaking upon the Autocratic the following morning, stayed by her for three days and relegated to their berths all the poor sailors aboard, including the lady with the pink soul and things.

Of Mrs. Whitaker, indeed, Staff saw nothing more until just before the vessel docked in New York. He wasn't heartless, by any manner of means; he was, as a matter of fact, frankly sorry for the other poor passengers; but he couldn't help feeling that there was a lot of truth in the old saw about the ill wind.

Otherwise, the bad weather proved annoying enough in several ways. To begin with, Alison Landis herself was anything but a good sailor, and even Miss Searle, though she missed no meals, didn't pretend to enjoy the merciless buffeting which the elements were administering to the ship. Alison retired to her suite immediately after the first breakfast, and stayed there religiously until the weather moderated, thus affording Staff no chance to talk with her about a number of immediately interesting things that he had in mind. Miss Searle stuck almost as steadily to her quarters—keeping out of harm's way and reading, she told Staff when they met at meals.

Mrs. Ilkington, of course, disappeared as promptly as Mrs. Whitaker. In consequence of all this, Staff found himself thrown back for companionship on Bangs, who bored him to the point of extinction; Arkroyd, whom he didn't like, and Iff, who kept rather out of his way, dividing his time between his two passions and merely leering at the younger man—a leer of infinite cunning and derision—when chance threw them together.

In despair of finding any good excuse for wasting his time, then, Staff took unto himself pens, ink, paper, and fortitude, and surprised even himself by writing his fourth act and finishing his play. Again, an ill wind!

And then, as if bent on proving its integral benevolence so far as concerned Mr. Staff, the wind shifted and sighed and died

—beginning the operation toward sundown of the third day out from Queenstown. The morning of the fourth day dawned clear and beautiful, with only a very moderate sea running—not enough to make an impression on the Autocratic — and no wind worth mentioning; so pretty nearly everybody made a public appearance at one time or another during the morning. People compared notes about their historic sufferings, quoted the stewardess who had been heard to say that this was the worst west-bound passage the boat had ever made, regained their complexions, took notice of the incipient flirtations, and—well, just settled down to enjoy an ocean voyage in the customary fashion.

Staff, of course, was on deck betimes, with an eye eager for first sight of Alison, and another heedful of conversational entanglements which might prevent him from being first and foremost to her side when she did appear. But for all his watchfulness and care, Mrs. Ilkington forestalled him, and had Alison in charge before Staff caught sight of her. Then Arkroyd showed up, and Mrs. Ilkington annexed him. Bangs, too, was rounded up, with one or two others, and made to pay court to Mrs. Ilkington's newly snared celebrity.

Staff went away and sulked like a petulant child. Nor did his humor become more cheerful when he discovered, at lunch, that Mrs. Ilkington had reserved two seats at their table for Miss Landis and Arkroyd. It had been a prearranged thing, of course; it had been Alison with whom Mrs. Ilkington had talked about him in Paris; and evidently Alison had been attended by Arkroyd there. Staff didn't like the flavor of that thought. What right had Arkroyd to constitute himself Alison's cavalier on her travels? For that matter, what right had Alison to accept him in that capacity? Though, of course, Staff had to remind himself that Alison was in reality not bound in any way.

But he had his reward and revenge after lunch. As the party left the table, Alison dropped behind to speak to him; and in the interchange of commonplaces they allowed the others to precede them by a considerable distance.

"You're a dear!" the young woman told him in a discreet tone as they ascended the companionway, alone and together.

Her eyes held his with their smiling challenge, half provocative, half tender; and she pouted a little, very prettily. In this mood she always seemed irresistible to Staff. Almost against his will, his dignity and his sense of injury evaporated and became as if they had never been.

"I'm bound to say," he told her, with a faint, expiring flicker, "that you hardly treat me like one."

"Just the same," she declared, laughing, "you are a dear—if you *don't* deserve to be told so!"

"What have I done?" he demanded guiltily—knowing very well on what counts he was liable to indictment.

"Oh, nothing!" said Alison. "Nothing whatever! You've only been haughty and aloof and icy and indifferent and everything else that men seem to consider becoming to them when they think they're neglected."

"You certainly don't expect me to like seeing Arkroyd at your side all the time?"

"Oh!" she laughed contemptuously. "Arkroyd!" And she dismissed that gentleman with a fine gesture. "Can I help it if he happens to be traveling the same way that I am?"

They halted at the top of the steps.

"Then it was accidental?" he asked seriously.

"Staff!" The young woman made an impatient movement. "If I didn't like you —you know how much—upon my word I'd snub you for that. You are a bear!"

"A moment ago I was a dear."

"Oh, well, I'm fond of almost all sorts of animals."

"Then I advise your future husband to keep you away from zoos."

"Oh, Staff! But wouldn't you want me to come to see you once in a while?"

He jerked up one hand, with the gesture of a man touched in a fencing-bout. "You win," he laughed. "I should have known better!"

But she made her regard tenderly consoling for his defeat.

"You haven't told me about the play—our play—*my* play!"

"It's finished."

"Not really, Staff?" She clasped her hands in a charmingly impulsive way. He nodded, smiling. "Is it good?"

"You'll have to tell me that—you and Max."

"Oh, Max! He's got to like what I like. When will you read it to me?"

"Whenever you say."

"This afternoon?"

"If you like."

"Oh, good! Now, I'm off for my nap—only I know I sha'n't sleep, I'm so excited. But bring the 'script to me at three—or say half past. Come to my sitting-room; we can be alone and quiet, and after you've finished we can have tea together and talk and talk our silly heads off. You darling!"

She gave him a parting glance fit to turn any man's head, and swung away to her rooms, the very spirit of grace incarnate in her young and vigorous body as she swept down the alleyway and disappeared.

Staff watched her with a kindling eye, then shook his head as one who doubts—as if doubting his own worthiness—and went off to his own stateroom to run over the typescript of his fourth act; being fortunate in having chosen a ship which carried a typist, together with almost every other imaginable convenience and luxury of life ashore.

Punctually to the minute, manuscript under his arm, he knocked at the door of the sitting-room of the *suite de luxe* occupied by the actress. Her maid admitted him, and after a moment or two Alison herself came out of her stateroom, in a wonderful Parisian tea-gown, cunningly calculated to render her even more bewilderingly bewitching than ever. Staff thought her so, beyond any question, and as unquestionably was his thought mirrored in his eyes as he rose and stood waiting for her greeting—almost trembling, if the truth's to be told.

Her color deepened as she came toward him. Pausing at arm's length, before he could lift his hands, she stretched forth both her own and caught him by the shoulders.

"My dear!" she said softly; and her eyes were bright and melting. "My dear, dear boy! It's so sweet to see you." She came a step nearer, stood upon her tiptoes, and lightly touched his cheek with her lips.

"Alison!" he cried in a broken voice.

But already she had released him and moved away, evading his arms with a lithe and gracious movement.

"No!" she told him firmly, shaking her head. "No more than that, Staff. You mustn't—I won't have you—carry on as if we were children—yet!"

"But, Alison—"

"No!" Again she shook her head. "If I want to kiss you, I've a perfect right to; but that doesn't give you any license to kiss me in return. Besides, I'm not at all sure I'm really and truly in love with you. Now do sit down."

He complied sulkily.

"Are you in the habit of kissing men you don't care for?"

"Yes, frequently," she told him, coolly taking the chair opposite. "I'm an actress—if you've forgotten the fact."

He pondered this, frowning.

"I don't like it," he announced with conviction.

"Neither do I—always." She relished his exasperation for a moment longer, then changed her tone. "Do be sensible, Staff. I'm crazy to hear that play. How long do you mean to keep me waiting?"

He knew her well enough to understand that her moods and whims must be humored like a—well, like any other star's. She was pertinaciously temperamental—that is to say, spoiled. Beautiful women are so, for the most part—invariably, if on the stage. Temperament is part of an actress's equipment, an asset, an item of her stock in trade—as much so as any trick of declamation or of pantomime.

So, knowing what he knew, Staff took himself in hand and prepared to make the best of the situation. With a philosophic shrug and the wry, quaint smile so peculiarly his own, he stretched forth a hand to take up his manuscript; but, in the very act remembering, held it.

"Oh, I'd forgotten!"

"What, my dear?" asked Alison, smiling back to his unsmiling stare.

"What made you send me that bandbox?" he demanded without further preliminary; for he was convinced that by surprising the author of the outrage, and by no other method, would he arrive at the truth.

But, though he watched the woman intently, he was able to detect no guilty start, no evidence of confusion. Her eyes went blank, and a little pucker of wonder showed between her brows; but that was all.

"Bandbox?" she repeated inquiringly. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," he pursued with a purposeful, omniscient air, "the bandbox you bought at Lucille's the day before we sailed, and had sent to me without a word of explanation. What did you do it for?"

Alison relaxed and sat back in her chair, laughing softly.

"Dear boy," she said, "do you know, you're quite mad—quite!"

"Do you mean to say you didn't?"

"Certainly. I can't any more than surmise what you're talking about."

"That's funny." He pondered this, staring. "I made sure it must have been you. Weren't you in London last Friday?"

"I? No! Why, I thought I told you I didn't leave Paris till Saturday morning. That's why we had to travel all day to catch the boat at Queenstown."

He frowned.

"That's so; you did tell me that. But I wish I could imagine what it all means."

"Tell me; I'm good at puzzles."

So he recounted the story of the bandbox incognito, Alison attending to his narrative with evident interest, animation, and much quiet amusement. But when he had finished she shook her head.

"How very odd!" she said wonderingly. "And you haven't any idea—"

"Not the least in the world, since you've established an alibi. Miss Searle knows, but—"

"What's that?" demanded Alison quickly.

"I say, Miss Searle knows, but she won't tell me."

Since Alison had already met Miss Searle at lunch, there was no need to explain who she was.

"But how can that be?"

"Oh, she says she was in the place when the bandbox was purchased—saw the entire transaction; but it's none of her affair, says she, so she won't tell me anything."

"Conscientious young woman!" said Alison approvingly. "But are you quite sure you have exhausted every means of identifying the true culprit? Did you examine the box yourself? I mean, did you leave it all to the housemaid—what's her name?—Milly?"

He nodded.

"But she may have overlooked something. Why take her word for it? There may be a card or something there now."

Staff looked startled and chagrined.

"That's so. It never occurred to me. I am a bonehead, and no mistake! I'll just take a look, after we've read the play."

"Why wait? Send for it now. I'd like to know, too, if there's anything. You see, you've roused a woman's curiosity; I *want* to know. Let me send Jane." And without waiting for his consent, Alison called the maid. "Jane," said she, "I want you to find Mr. Staff's stateroom—"

"Excuse me," Staff interrupted, "find the steward named Orde, and ask him for the bandbox I gave him to keep for me. Then bring it here, please."

"Yes, sir," said Jane; and forthwith departed.

"And now, while we're waiting," suggested Alison, "the play, if you please."

"Not yet," said Staff. "I've something else to talk about that I'd forgotten. Manvers, the purser—"

"Good Heavens!" Alison interrupted in exasperation. She rose, with a sweeping gesture of extreme annoyance. "Am I never to hear the last of that man? He's been after me every day, and sometimes twice and three times a day. He's a personified pest!"

"But he's right, you know," said Staff quietly.

"Right? Right about what?"

"In wanting you to let him take care of that necklace — the what-they-may-call-it thing—the Cadogan collar."

"But how do you know I have it?"

"You admitted as much to Manvers, and Mrs. Ilkington says you have it."

"But why need anybody know about it?"

"Inquire of Mrs. Ilkington. If you wanted the matter kept secret, why in the sacred name of the great god Publicity did you confide in that queen of press-agents?"

"She had no right to say anything—"

"Granted. So you actually have got that collar with you?"

"Oh, yes," Alison admitted indifferently. "I have it."

"In this room?"

"Of course."

"Then why not be advised, and take no chances?"

Alison had been pacing to and fro impatiently. Now she stopped, looking down at him without any abatement of her show of impatience.

"You're as bad as all the rest," she complained. "I'm a woman grown, in full possession of my faculties. The collar is perfectly safe in my care. It's here, in this room, safely locked up."

"But some one might break in while you're out—"

"Either Jane is here all the time, or I am. It's never left to itself a single instant. It's perfectly ridiculous to suppose we're going to let anybody rob us of it. Besides, where would the thief go with it, if he should succeed in stealing it? Overboard?"

"I'm willing to risk a small bet he'd hide it away so cunningly that it would take the

entire ship's company and a whole lot of good luck to find it."

"Well," said the woman defiantly, "I'm not afraid, and I'm not going to be browbeaten by any scare-cat purser into behaving like a child afraid of the dark. I'm quite competent to look after my own property, and I purpose doing so without anybody's supervision. Now, let's have that understood, Staff; and don't you bother me any more about it!"

"Thanks," said Staff dryly; "I fancy you can count on me to know when I'm asked to mind my own business."

"Oh, I didn't mean that—not that way, dear boy; but—"

At this juncture the maid entered with the bandbox, and Alison broke off with an exclamation of renewed interest.

"There! Let's say no more about this boresome jewel business. I'm sure this is going to prove ever so much more interesting. Open it, Jane, please."

In another moment the hat was in her hands, and both she and Jane were giving passably good imitations — modified by their respective personalities — of Milly's awestruck admiration of the thing.

Staff was conscious of a sensation of boredom. He bent over, drew the bandbox to him, and began to examine the wrappings and wads of tissue-paper which it still contained.

"It's a perfect dear!" said Miss Landis, in accents of the utmost sincerity.

"Indeed, mum!" Jane promptly chimed, antiphonal.

"Whoever your anonymous friend may be, she has exquisite taste."

"Indeed, mum!" chanted the chorus.

"May I try it on, Staff?"

"What?" said the young man absently, absorbed in his search. "Oh, yes; certainly. Help yourself."

Alison moved across to the long mirror set in the door that communicated with her bedroom. Here she paused, carefully adjusting the hat to her shapely head.

"Now, sir!" she exclaimed, turning.

Staff sat back in his chair and looked his fill of admiration. The hat might have been designed expressly for no other purpose than to set off this woman's imperious loveliness. Such was his thought, eloquent in his eyes and expression.

Satisfied with this dumb tribute, Alison lifted off the hat and deposited it upon a table.

"Find anything?" she asked lightly.

"Not a word," said he. "Not a sign of a clue."

"What a disappointment!" she sighed. "I'm wild to know! Suppose," said she, posing herself before him—"suppose the owner never turned up?"

"*Hum!*" said Staff, perturbed by such a prospect.

"What would you do with it?"

"*Hum!*" said he a second time, his tone as non-committal.

"You couldn't wear it yourself; it's hardly an ornament for a bachelor's study. What would you do with it?"

"I think," said Staff, "I hear my cue to say: 'I'd give it to the most beautiful woman alive, of course!'"

"Thank you, dear," returned Alison serenely. "Don't forget!"

She moved back to her chair, humming a little tune, almost inaudibly; and in passing brushed his forehead lightly with her hand—the ghost of a caress.

"You may go, Jane," said she, sitting down to face her lover; and the maid shut herself in the other room. "Now, dear, read me our play," Alison went on, composing herself to attention.

Staff took up his manuscript and began to read aloud. An hour elapsed before he put aside the fourth act and turned expectantly to Alison for her verdict.

Elbow on knee and chin in hand, eyes fixed upon his face, she sat as one entranced, unable still to shake off the spell of his invention; more lovely, he thought, in this mood of thoughtfulness even than in her brightest animation. Then, with a little sigh, she roused, relaxed her pose, and sat back, faintly smiling at him.

"Well?" he asked diffidently. "What do you think?"

"It's splendid!" she said with a soft, warm glow of enthusiasm. "Simply splendid! It's coherent, it hangs together from start to finish; you've got little to learn about construction, my dear. And my part is magnificent; never have I had such a chance to show what I can do with comedy. I'm delighted beyond words. But—" She sighed again.

"But—" he repeated anxiously.

"There are one or two minor things," she said with shadowy regret, "that you will want to change—nothing worth mentioning, nothing important enough to mar the wonderful cleverness of it all."

"Tell me!"

"Oh, it's hardly worth talking about, dear boy. Only—there's the ingénue rôle; you've given her too much to do. She's on the stage in all of my biggest scenes, and you've given her business enough in them to spoil my best effects. Of course, that can be arranged. And then the leading man's part—I don't want to seem hypercritical, but he's altogether too clever. You mustn't let him overshadow the heroine the way he does; some of his business is plainly hers—I can see myself doing it infinitely better than any leading man we could afford to engage. And those witty lines you've put into his mouth — it's only right that I should have them; you won't find it hard, I'm sure, to twist the speeches a bit, so that they come from the heroine rather than the hero."

Staff held up a warning hand, and laughed.

"Just a minute, Alison," said he. "Remember this is a play, not a background for you. And with a play it's much as with matrimony; if either turns out to be a monologue, it's bound to be a failure."

Alison frowned slightly, then forced a laugh and rose.

"You authors are all alike," she complained, pouting. "I mean, as authors. But I'm not going to have any trouble with you, dear boy. We'll agree on everything; I'm going to be reasonable, and you've *got* to be. Besides, we've heaps of time to talk it over. Now I'm going to change and get up on deck. Will you wait for me in the saloon, outside? I sha'n't be more than ten minutes."

"Will I?" he laughed. "Your only trouble will be to keep me away from your door this trip!" He gathered up his manuscript and steamer-cap; then, with his hand on the door-knob, he paused. "Oh, I forgot that blessed bandbox!"

"Never mind that now," said Alison. "I'll have Jane repack it and take it back to your steward. Besides, I'm in a hurry, stifling for fresh air. Just give me ten minutes!"

She offered him a hand. Taking it, he bent and put his lips to it; then quietly let himself out into the alleyway.

VI

When Staff had bade Alison good night at her door, he turned aft to the smoking-room, which he found rather sparsely patronized. This fact surprised him no less than its explanation—it was after eleven o'clock. He had hardly realized the flight of time, so absorbed had he been in argument with Alison Landis.

There remained in the smoking-room, at this late hour, but three or four pairs of friends, smoking and talking over their nightcaps, and one table of bridge players —in whose number, of course, there was Mr. Iff.

Staff nodded abstractedly to the little man, found a quiet corner, and sat down with a sigh and a shake of his head that illustrated vividly his frame of mind. He was a little blue and more than a little distressed. And this was no more than natural, since he was still in the throes of the discovery that one man can hardly play the dual rôle of playwright and sweetheart to a successful actress.

Alison was charming, he told himself, a woman incomparable, tenderly sweet and desirable; and he loved her beyond expression. But his play was also more than a slight thing in his life. It meant a good deal to him; he had worked hard and put the best that was in him into its making; and, hard as the work had been, it had been a labor of love.

He wasn't a man to overestimate his ability. He possessed a singularly sane and clear appreciation of the true value of his work. He harbored no illusions as to his real status, either as a dramatist or a novelist. At the same time, he knew well enough when he had done good work; and "A Single Woman" was a good play, measured by modern standards — not great, but sound and clear and strong.

Staff's plot was of sufficient originality to command attention; his construction was clear, sane, inevitable; he had mixed the elements of comedy and of drama with the deftness of a sure hand; and he had carefully drawn his characters in true proportion to one another and to their respective importance to the action.

Must all this be garbled and distorted and ruined in order to satisfy a woman's passion for the center of the stage? Must he be untrue to the fundamentals of dramaturgic art in order to earn her tolerance? Could he gain his own consent to present to the public as a child of his fancy the misshapen monstrosity which would be the inevitable outcome of yielding to Alison's insistence?

Small wonder that he sighed and shook a doleful head!

While all this was passing through his mind as he sat wrapped in gloomy and profound abstraction, he was disturbed by a voice—Iff's voice.

"Pity the poor playwright!" it said in accents of amusement.

Staff looked up in some surprise, to discover that the little man stood before him, a furtive twinkle in his pale blue eyes. The bridge game had broken up, and they two were now alone in the smoking-room—saving the presence of the steward, yawning sleepily and "wishing to 'Eaven they'd turn in and give 'im a chance to snatch a wink o' sleep."

"Hello!" said Staff, none too cordially. "What d'you mean by that?"

"Hello!" responded Iff, dropping upon the cushioned seat beside him. He snapped his fingers at the steward. "Give it a name," said he.

Staff gave it a name.

"You don't answer me," he persisted. "Why pity the poor playwright?"

"He has his troubles," quoth Iff, cheerfully if vaguely. "Need I enumerate them to you? Anyway, if the poor playwright isn't to be pitied, what right have you got to stick round here looking such a picture of dark despair?"

"Oh!" Staff laughed uneasily. "I was thinking—"

"I paid you the compliment of surmising as much." Iff elevated one of the glasses which had just been put before them. "Chin-chin," said he; "that is, if you've no particular objection to chin-chinning with a putative criminal of the deepest dye?"

"None whatever," returned Staff, lifting his own glass. "At least, not so long as it affords me continued opportunity to watch him in the process of cooking up his cunning little crimes."

"Ah!" cried Iff with enthusiasm. "There spoke the true spirit of sociological research. Long may you rave!"

He set down an empty glass. Staff laughed, sufficiently diverted to forget his troubles for the time being.

"I wish I could make you out," he said slowly, eying the older man.

"You mean you hope I'm not going to take you in."

"Either way—or both; please yourself about it."

"Ah!" said the little man appreciatively. "I am a deep one, ain't I?"

He laid a finger alongside his nose and looked unutterably enigmatic.

At this point they were interrupted. A man burst into the smoking-room from the deck and pulled up short, breathing heavily, as if he had been running, as he raked the room with quick, inquiring glances. Staff recognized Mr. Manvers, the purser, betraying every evidence of haste and a disturbed mind. At the same moment Manvers caught sight of the pair in the corner, and made for them with quick, nervous strides.

"Mr. Ismay—" he began, halting directly in front of their table and staring at Staff's companion.

"I beg your pardon," said the person addressed icily. "My name is Iff."

Manvers made an impatient movement with one hand.

"Iff or Ismay—it's all one to me—to you, too, I fancy!"

"One moment!" snapped Iff, rising. "If you were an older man," he said stiffly, "and a smaller, I'd pull your impertinent nose, sir! As things stand, I'd probably get my head punched if I did."

"That's pure logic," returned Manvers with a sneer.

"Well, sir? What do you want with me?"

Manvers changed his attitude to one of sardonic civility.

"The captain sent me to ask you if you would be kind enough to step up to his cabin," he said stiltedly. "May I hope you will be so good as to humor him?"

"Most assuredly." Iff picked up his steamer-cap from the seat and set it jauntily upon his head. "Might one inquire the cause of all this here fluster?" he went on.

"I dare say the captain—"

"Oh, very well! If you won't talk, my dear purser, I'll hazard a shrewd guess—by your leave."

The purser stared.

"What's that?"

"I was about to say," pursued Iff serenely, "that I'll lay two to one that the Cadogan collar has disappeared."

Manvers continued to stare, his eyes blank with amazement.

"You've got your cheek with you, I must say!" he growled.

"Or guilty knowledge? Which, Mr. Manvers?"

Manvers's reply seemed to tremble on his lips, but to be withheld at discretion.

"I'm not the captain," he said after a slight pause. "Let's go to his cabin, and you can cheek him as far as you like. We're keeping him waiting, if I may be permitted to mention it."

Iff turned to Staff with an engaging smile.

"Rejecting the guilty knowledge hypothesis, for the sake of the argument," said he, "you'll admit I'm the only suspicious personage known to be aboard; so it's not such a wild guess—that the collar has vanished—when I'm sent for by the captain at this unearthly hour. Lead on, Mr. Manvers," the little man wound up with much dramatic effect.

The purser nodded, and turned toward the door. Staff jumped up and followed the pair.

"You don't mind my coming with you?" he asked Manvers.

"No—wish you would; you can bear witness to the captain that I did everything in my power to make Miss Landis appreciate the danger—"

"Then," Iff interrupted suavely, "the collar has disappeared, we're to understand?"

"Yes," said the purser shortly.

They scurried forward and mounted the ladder giving access to the boat-deck, where the captain's quarters were situated in the deckhouse immediately abaft the bridge. From its open door—for the night was as warm as it was dark—a wide stream of light fell across the deck like gold set against black velvet.

Pausing *en silhouette* against the glow, the purser knocked discreetly. Iff ranged up beside him, dwarfed by comparison. Staff held back at a little distance.

"Oh, come in!" barked a voice from within.

Iff and Manvers obeyed. Staff paused on the threshold, bending his head to escape collision with the lintel. Standing thus, he appreciated the tableau — the neat, tidy, little room, commodious for a steamship, glistening with white-enameled woodwork in the radiance of half a dozen electric bulbs; Alison, in a steamer-coat, seated on the far side of a chart-table, her coloring unusually pallid, her brows knitted and eyes anxious; the maid, Jane, standing respectfully behind her mistress; Manvers to one side and out of the way, but plainly eager and distraught; Iff in the center of the stage, his slight, round-shouldered figure lending him a deceptive effect of embarrassment, which was only enhanced by his semiplacating, semiwistful smile and small, blinking eyes; the captain looming over him, authority and menace incarnate in his heavy, square-set, sturdy body, and his heavy-browed, square-jawed, beardless, and weathered face.

VII

MANVERS was speaking:

"This is Mr. Iff, Captain Cobb."

The captain nodded bruskly. His hands were in his coat pockets; he didn't offer to remove them. Iff blinked up at him and cocked his small head critically to one side, persistently smiling.

"I've heard so much of you, sir," he said in a husky, weary voice, very subdued. "It's a real pleasure to make your acquaintance."

Captain Cobb noticed this bit of effrontery by nothing more than a growl deep in his throat. His eyes traveled on, above Iff's head, and Staff was conscious of their penetrating and unfriendly but unprejudiced question. He half bowed, uncertainly.

"Oh—and Mr. Staff!" said Manvers hastily.

"Well?" said the captain without moving.

"A friend of Miss Landis and also—curiously—in the same room with Mr. Iff."

"Ah!" remarked the captain. "How d'you do?"

He removed his right hand from its pocket, and offered it with the air of a man who wishes it understood that by such action he commits himself to nothing.

Before Staff could grasp it, Iff shook it heartily.

"Ah," he said blandly, "h'are ye?"

Then he dropped the hand, thereby preventing the captain from wrenching it away, and averted his eyes modestly, thereby escaping the captain's outraged glare.

Staff managed to overcome an impulse to laugh idiotically, and gravely shook hands with the captain. He had already exchanged an ocular salutation with the lady of his heart's desire.

There followed a pause, as insanely awkward as that which had marked Iff's exhibition of matchless impudence. Each hesitated to speak while the captain was occupied with a vain attempt to make Iff realize his position by scowling at him out

of a blood-congested countenance; but of this Iff seemed wholly unconscious.

When the situation seemed all but unendurable for another second — Staff, for one, was haunted by the fear that he would have to throw back his head and bray like a mule—Manvers took it upon himself to ease the tension, hardily earning the undying gratitude of all the gathering.

"I asked Mr. Staff to come and tell you, sir," he said haltingly, "that I spoke to him about this matter the very night we left Queenstown — asked him to exert what influence he could to make Miss Landis appreciate—"

"I see," the captain cut him short.

"That is so," Staff affirmed. "Unfortunately, I didn't get an opportunity until this afternoon—"

Alison interposed quietly:

"I am quite ready to exonerate Mr. Manvers from all blame. In fact, he really annoyed me with his persistent efforts to induce me to turn the collar over to his care."

"Thank you," said Manvers, bowing.

There was the faintest tinge of sarcasm in the acknowledgment. Staff could see that Alison felt and resented it; and the thought popped into his mind, and immediately out again, that she was hardly proving herself generous.

"It's a very serious matter," announced the captain heavily; "serious for the service, for the officers, for the good name of the ship, for the reputation of the company. This is the second time a crime of this nature has been committed aboard the Autocratic within a period of eighteen months—less than that, in fact. It was June a year ago that Mrs. Burden Hamman's jewels were stolen on the east-bound passage, I believe."

"We sailed from New York June 22," affirmed the purser.

"I want, therefore," continued the captain, "to ask you all to preserve silence about this affair until it has been thoroughly sifted. I believe the knowledge of the theft is confined to those present."

"Quite so, sir," agreed the purser.

"May I ask how it happened?" Staff put in.

The captain swung on his heel and bowed to Alison. She bent forward, telling her story with brevity and animation.

"You remember"—she looked at Staff—"when we met in the saloon, about half past five, and went on deck? Well, immediately after that Jane left my rooms to return to your steward the hat that you were showing me. She was gone not over five minutes, and she swears the door was locked all the time. She remembers locking it when she went out and unlocking it when she returned. There wasn't any indication that anybody had been in the rooms, but one which we didn't discover until I started to go to bed a little while ago. Then I thought of my jewels. They were all kept in this hand-bag" — she lifted from the floor beside her a rather small Lawrence bag of tan leather, and put it on the table before her — "under my bed, behind the steamer trunk. I told Jane to see if it was all right. She got it out, and we discovered that this had happened to it."

She turned the bag so that the other side was presented for inspection, and so disclosed the fact that some sharp instrument had been used to cut a great flap out of the leather, running in a rough semicircle from clasp to clasp of the frame.

"It wasn't altogether empty," she declared with a touch of wonder in her voice; "but that only makes it all the more mysterious. All my ordinary jewels were untouched; nothing had been taken except the case that held the Cadogan collar."

"And the collar itself, I hope?" Iff put in quietly.

The actress turned upon him with rising color.

"You hope?" she exclaimed.

The little man made a quick, deprecatory gesture.

"Why, yes," he said. "It would seem a pity that a crook 'cute enough to turn a trick as neat as that should have got nothing for his pains but a velvet-lined leather case, worth perhaps a dollar and a half—or say two dollars at the outside, if you make a point of that."

"How do you happen to know it was a velvet-lined leather case?" Alison flashed.

Iff laughed quietly.

"My dear lady," he said, "I priced the necklace at Cottier's, in Paris, the day before you purchased it. Unfortunately, it was beyond my means."

"A bit thin," commented the purser in an acid voice.

"Now, listen, Manvers"—Iff turned to face him with a flash of choler—"you keep on that way and I'll land on you once, if it's the last act of my gay young life. You hear me?"

"That will do, sir!" barked the captain.

"I trust so sincerely," replied Iff.

"Be silent!" The captain's voice ascended a full octave.

"Oh, very well, very well! I hear you perfectly!"

With this the little man subsided, smiling feebly at vacancy. Staff interposed hastily, in the interests of peace.

"The supposition is, then, that the thief got in during those five minutes that Jane was away from the room?"

"It couldn't have happened at any other time, of course," said Alison.

"And equally, of course, it couldn't have happened then," said Iff.

"Why not?" the woman demanded.

"The girl was gone only five minutes. That's right, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Jane.

"And the door was locked—you're positive about that?"

"Quite, sir."

"Then will any one explain how any thief could effect an entrance, pull a heavy steamer trunk out from under a bed, get at the bag, cut a flap in its side, extract the leather case—*and* the collar, to be sure—replace the bag, replace the trunk, leave the stateroom, and lock the door, all in five short minutes—and without any key?" Iff wound up triumphantly. "I tell you, it couldn't be done; it ain't human."

"But with a skeleton key—" Manvers began.

"Oh, you!" said Iff, with a withering glance. "The doors to Miss Landis's suite open directly opposite the head of the main companionway, which is in constant use—people going up and down all the time. Can you see anybody, however expert, picking a lock with a bunch of skeleton keys in that exposed position without being caught red-handed? Not on your vivid imagination, my dear young man!"

"There may, however, be duplicate keys to the staterooms," Alison countered.

"My dear lady," said Iff humbly, "there are; and unless this ship differs radically from others, those duplicate keys are all in the purser's care. Am I right, Mr. Manvers?"

"Yes," said Manvers sullenly.

"And here's another point," resumed Iff. "May I ask you a question or two, Miss Landis?" Alison nodded curtly. "You kept the hand-bag locked, I presume?"

"Certainly."

"And when you found it had been tampered with, did you unlock it?"

"There wasn't any need," said Alison. "You can see for yourself the opening in the side is so large—"

"Then you didn't unlock it?"

"No."

"That only makes it the more mysterious. Because, you see, it is unlocked now."

There was a concerted movement of astonishment in the room.

"How do you make that out, sir?" demanded the captain.

"You can see for yourself, to borrow Miss Landis's phrase, if you'll only use your eyes, as I have. The side clasps are in place, all right; but the slide on the lock itself is pushed a trifle to the left, which it couldn't be if the bag were locked."

There was a hint of derision in the little man's voice; and his sarcastic smile was flickering round his thin lips as he put out one hand, drew the bag to him, lifted the clasps, and, pushing back the lock-slide, opened it wide.

"The plot thickens," he observed quietly. "For my part, I am unable to imagine any bold and enterprising crook taking the trouble to cut open this bag when the most casual examination would have shown him that it wasn't locked."

"He might've done it as a blind," Manvers suggested.

"Officer!" piped Iff in a plaintive voice. "He's in again!"

The purser, coloring to the temples, took a step toward the little man, his hands twitching, but at a gesture from the captain paused, controlled himself, and fell back.

For a few moments there was quiet in the cabin, while those present digested Iff's conclusions and acknowledged their logic irresistible. Staff caught Alison staring at the man as if fascinated, with a curious, intense look in her eyes the significance of which he could not fathom.

Then the pause was brought to an end by the captain. He shifted his position abruptly, so that he stood over Iff, scowling down at him.

"That will do," he said ominously. "I'm tired of this! Say what you will, you haven't hoodwinked me, and you sha'n't."

"My dear sir!" protested Iff in amazement. "Hoodwink you? Why, I'm merely trying to make you see—"

"You succeeded in making me see one thing clearly—that you know more about this robbery than you've any right to know."

"Oh, you all make me tired!" complained Iff. "Now, you have just heard Miss Landis declare that this collar of pearls vanished between, say, five thirty and five forty-five. Well, I can prove by the testimony of three other passengers and I don't know how many more, to say nothing of your smoke-room stewards, that I was playing bridge from four until after six."

"Ah, yes," put in the purser sweetly, "but you yourself have just demonstrated conclusively that the robbery couldn't have taken place at the hour mentioned."

Iff grinned appreciatively.

"You're improving," he said. "I guess that doesn't get you even with me for the rest of your life—what?"

"Moreover," Manvers went on doggedly, "Ismay always could prove a copper-riveted alibi."

"That's one of the best little things he does," admitted Iff cheerfully.

"You don't deny you're Ismay!" This from the captain, aggressive and domineering.

"I don't have to, dear sir; I just ain't—that's the answer."

"You've been recognized," insisted the captain. "You were on this ship at the time of the Burden Hamman robbery. Mr. Manvers knows you by sight; I, too, recognize you."

"Sorry," murmured Iff. "So sorry, but you're wrong. Case of mistaken identity, I give you my word."

"Your word!" snapped the captain contemptuously.

"My word," retorted Iff in a crisp voice. "And, more than that, I don't ask you to take it. I've proofs of my identity which I think will satisfy even you."

"Produce them!"

"In my own good time." Iff put his back against the wall and lounged negligently, surveying the circle of unfriendly faces with his odd, supercilious eyes, half veiled by their hairless lids. "Since you've done me the honor to impute to my guilty knowledge of this — ah — crime, I don't mind admitting that I was a passenger on the Autocratic when Mrs. Burden Hamman lost her jewels; and it wasn't a coincidence, either. I was with you for a purpose—to look out for those jewels. I shared a room with Ismay. After the robbery, when you mistook me for him, he naturally didn't object, and I didn't, because it left me all the freer to prosecute my investigation. In fact, it was due to my efforts that Ismay found things getting too hot for him over in London, and arranged to return the jewelry to Mrs. Hamman for an insignificant sum—not a tithe of their value. But he was hard pressed; if he'd delayed another day, I'd have had him. That," said Iff pensively, "was when I was in the Pinkerton service."

"Ah, it was?" said the captain with much irony. "And what, pray, do you claim to be now?"

"Just a plain, ordinary, every-day sleuth in the employ of the United States Secret Service, detailed to work with the customs people to prevent smuggling — the smuggling of such articles as, say, the Cadogan collar."

In the silence that followed this astounding declaration the little man hunched up his shoulders until they seemed more round than ever, and again subjected the faces of those surrounding him to the stare of his pale, impertinent eyes.

Staff, more detached in attitude than any of the others present, for his own amusement followed Iff's example. Captain Cobb was scowling thoughtfully. Manvers wore a look of deepest chagrin. Jane's jaw had fallen, and her eyes seemed perilously protrudent. Alison was leaning gracefully back in her chair—her pose studied but charmingly effective—while she favored Iff with a scrutiny openly incredulous and disdainful.

"You say you have proofs of this—ah—assertion of yours?" demanded the captain at length.

"Oh, yes—surely yes."

Iff's tone was almost apologetic. He thrust a hand between his shirt and waistcoat, fumbled a moment as if unbuttoning a pocket, and brought forth a worn leather wallet, from which, with great and exasperating deliberation, he produced a folded paper. This he handed the captain, his manner, if possible, more than ever self-effacing and meek.

The paper—it was parchment—crackled crisply in the captain's fingers. He spread it out and held it to the light, in such a position that Staff could see it over his shoulder. He was unable to read its many

closely inscribed lines, but the heading "Treasury Department, Washington, D.C.," was boldly conspicuous, as well as an imposing-looking official seal, and the heavily scrawled signature of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Beneath the blue cloth the captain's shoulders moved impatiently. Staff heard him say something indistinguishable, but of an intonation calculated to express his emotion.

"Oh, captain! The ladies!" Iff giggled nervously.

Holding himself very stiff and erect, Captain Cobb refolded the document and ceremoniously handed it back to the little man.

"I beg your pardon," he said in a low voice.

"Don't mention it," begged Iff. He replaced the paper in his wallet, the wallet in his pocket. "I'm sure it's quite an excusable mistake on your part, captain dear. As for you, Mr. Manvers, you needn't apologize to me," he added maliciously. "Make your apologies to Captain Cobb!"

VIII

And then—it seemed most astonishing—nothing happened. The net outcome of all this fuss and fluster was precisely *nil;* at least, as far as Staff was able to discover. With the collapse of the flimsy structure of suspicion in which Manvers had sought to trap Iff, the interest of all concerned seemed to simmer off into apathy. Nobody did anything helpful, offered any useful suggestion, or brought to light anything illuminating. Staff couldn't understand it, for the life of him.

There was a little more talk in the captain's cabin—talk in which the purser took little or no part. As a matter of fact, Manvers kept far in the background, and showed every indication of a desire to crawl under the table and be a good dog. The captain had his say, however, and, in the end, since he was rather emphatic about it, his way.

He earnestly desired that the matter should be kept quiet. It would do no good, he argued, to noise it about among the passengers; the news would only excite them, and possibly, in some obscure and undesignated fashion, impede official investigation. He would, of course, spare no pains to fathom the mystery; drastic measures would be taken toward the detection of the culprit and the restoration of the necklace to its rightful owner. The ship would be minutely, if surreptitiously, searched; not a member of the crew, from captain to stoker, would be spared, nor any passenger against whom there might develop the least cause for suspicion. Detectives would meet the ship at the dock and cooperate with the customs officials in a most minute search of the passengers' effects. Everything possible would be done—trust the captain! In the mean time, he requested all present to regard the case as confidential.

Iff concurred, somewhat gravely, somewhat diffidently. He made no secret of the fact that his presence on board was directly due to the missing necklace. He had been set to watch Miss Landis, to make sure that she did not smuggle the thing into the United States. He hoped she wouldn't take offense at this; such was his business; he had received his orders, and had no choice but to obey them.

As far as discernible, Miss Landis did not resent his espionage; but she seemed interested, and, Staff fancied, considerably amused.

Iff further assured her that he would leave no stone unturned in his private investigation; and that work would be considerably facilitated if the affair were kept quiet. He ventured to second the captain's motion.

Miss Landis offered no objection. Staff and Manvers volunteered to maintain discretion; Jane was sworn to it. Motion seconded and carried; the meeting adjourned *sine die,* the several parties thereto separated and went to their respective quarters.

Staff accompanied Alison as far as her stateroom, but didn't tarry long over his second good night. The young woman seemed excusably tired and nervous and anxious to be alone—in no mood to discuss this overwhelming event; so Staff spared her.

In his own stateroom he found Mr. Iff half undressed, sitting on the transom and chuckling noiselessly, apparently in such a transport of amusement that he didn't care whether he ever got to bed or not. Upon the entrance of his roommate, however, he dried his eyes and made an effort to contain himself.

"You seem to find this business amusing," suggested Staff, none too approvingly.

"I do," laughed the little man. "I do, indeed! It's a grand young joke—clutch it from me, my friend."

"In what respect, particularly, do you find it so giddily entertaining?"

"Oh, isn't that ass Manvers enough?"

Further than this Mr. Iff positively declined to be interviewed. He clambered briskly into his berth and chuckled himself to sleep. Staff considered his conduct highly annoying.

But it was on the following day—the last of the voyage—that Staff found reason to consider the affair astonishing because of the lack of interest displayed by those personally involved. He made no doubt but that the captain was keeping his word to the extent of conducting a secret investigation, though no signs of any such proceeding appeared on the surface of the ship's life. But Alison he could not understand; she seemed to have cast care to the winds, as if she regarded the loss of the necklace as no more than the disappearance of a fifty-cent trinket. She appeared at breakfast in the gayest of spirits; she spent the entire morning and most of the afternoon on deck, the center of an animated party shepherded by the indefatigable Mrs. Ilkington; she dressed herself radiantly for the last grand dinner; she flirted with the assiduously attentive Arkroyd until she had reduced Staff to the last stages of corroded jealousy; and in general, as Staff found a chance to tell her, she seemed to be having the time of her life.

"And why not?" she countered. "Spilt milk!"

"Judged by your conduct," observed Staff, "one would be justified in thinking the Cadogan collar an *article de Paris.*"

"One might think a number of foolish things, dear boy. If the collar's gone, it's gone, and not all the moping and glooming imaginable will bring it back to me. If I get it back—why, that'll be simply good luck; and I've never found it profitable yet to court fortune with a doleful mouth."

"You certainly practise your theory," he said. "I swear I believe I'm more concerned about your loss than you are!"

"Certainly you are, you silly boy. For my part, I feel quite confident the necklace will come back to me."

He stared.

"On what grounds?"

She opened her hands expressively.

"I've always been lucky. Besides, if I never see it again, it'll come back to me this way or that—in advertising, for one."

"Isn't that dodge pretty well worked out with the newspapers? It seems to me that it has come to that, of late; or else the prima donnas have taken to guarding their valuables with greater care."

"Oh, that makes no difference. With another woman it might, but I"—she shrugged—"I'm Alison Landis, if you please. The papers won't neglect me. Besides, Max can do much as he likes with them."

"Have you—"

"Of course—by wireless, first thing this morning."

"But you promised—"

"Don't be tiresome, Staff! I bought this necklace on Max's suggestion, as an advertisement. I meant to wear it in 'A Single Woman'; that alone would help make our play a go. Since I can't get my advertising and have my necklace too, why in goodness' name mayn't I get what I can out of it?"

"Oh, well!"

Staff abandoned the argument. He rested his forearms on the rail and stared somberly out over the darkling waters.

This was at night, during an intermission in a dance on deck which had been arranged by special permission of the weather—the latter holding very calm and warm. Between halves Staff had succeeded in disentangling Alison from a circle of admirers, and had marched her up to the boat-deck, where there were very few people, and less light, aside from that furnished by an obliging moon.

Under any other circumstances Staff would have been enchanted with the situation. They were quite alone, if not unobserved. There was magic in the night; there were mystery and romance in the moonlight, the inky shadows, the sense of swift movement through space illimitable. Alison stood with back to the rail, so near him that his elbow almost touched the artificial orchid that adorned her corsage. He was acutely sensitive of her presence, of the faint, persistent odor of her individual perfume, of the beauty and grace of her strong, free-limbed body in its impeccable Paris gown, of the sheen of her immaculate arms and shoulders, and the rich warmth of her face, with its alluring, shadowed eyes that seemed to mock him with light, fascinating malice; of the magnetism of her intense, ineluctable vitality which she diffused as naturally as the sun its light.

But—the thought rankled—Arkroyd had

won three dances to his two; and all that day Alison had seemed determined to avoid him, to keep herself surrounded by a flattering crowd impenetrable to her lover.

On the deck below, the band began to play again, signaling the end of the intermission. Alison hummed lightly a bit of the melody, her silken slipper tapping the deck.

"Do I get another dance?" he asked suddenly.

She broke off her humming.

"So sorry," she said; "my card is quite full and running over."

"May I see it?"

She surrendered it without hesitation. He frowned over it, endeavoring to decipher the scrawl by the inadequate moonlight.

"You wanted to know—?" she inquired, with a laugh behind her words.

"How many has Arkroyd, this half?" he demanded bluntly.

"Two, I think," she answered coolly. "Why?"

He stared gravely into her shadowed face.

"Is that good advertising, too," he asked quietly, "to show marked preference to a man of Arkroyd's caliber and reputation?"

Alison laughed.

"You're delicious when you're jealous, Staff," said she. "No; it isn't advertising—it's discipline."

"Discipline?"

"Just that. I'm punishing you for your obstinacy about the play. You'll see, my dear," she taunted him. "I'm going to have my own way or make your life perfectly miserable!"

And before Staff could invent an adequate retort, the beautiful Mr. Bangs came tripping across the deck, visible elation in his manner.

"Ah, there you are, Miss Landis? My dance, you know. Been looking for you everywhere."

"So sorry! I was just coming down." Alison caught up the demi-train of her gown, but paused an instant longer, staring Staff full in the face, her air taunting and provocative. "Think it over, Staff," she advised in a cool, metallic voice; and dropping her hand on Bangs's ready arm, moved languidly away.

(To be continued)

ONCE AND FOR ALL

Once hadst thou beauty, Phyllis, to mine eye;
  Once was thy smile a thing so passing sweet
That all the treasures of the earth laid by
  For an exchange for it would scarce be meet.
Once was there music in thy silvery voice,
  The like we get from nature's lavish mood
Wherein she grants her cadences so choice
  To them that dwell in her enchanted wood.

Once did I find deep set in thy caress
  The fullest, rarest, joys of heavenly dreams;
It seemed as if the founts of tenderness
  Were loosened by thy touch to running streams.
Once, did I say? Once only—and no more!
  For I have seen thee only once, my fair,
And since I saw thee first, now years a score,
  I've never turned mine eyes to otherwhere!

Not since the day in that fond long ago
  When first I glimpsed the treasures of thy face
Have they beheld aught other than the glow
  That doth emerge all radiant from thy grace.
Together, or apart—though seas may roll
  Between us, still that vision doth enthrall;
And heart to heart, and soul to very soul,
  It comes but once and then remains for all!

John Kendrick Bangs

THE COURAGE OF FIONA WARD

BY FRANK CONDON

AUTHOR OF "THE GIRL I LOVE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"SHE'S ridin' in, all right," said the Kid, raising himself on a languid elbow and peering through the afternoon haze toward a whirl of dust to the south.

"It's her," answered Tony. "If it ain't her, it's that greasy washerwoman from Sylvania; I can see a white hat with a feather in it."

Iron City had waited three months for a school-teacher—three months of joy for the youngsters. The former school-ma'am had packed her trunk hurriedly one afternoon and departed with an unkind opinion of Iron City, its inhabitants, its climate, and its children. The Kid, being genuinely interested in educational matters, had written East, and in the course of time he was notified that a new teacher was starting for the West. Two days before, he had received a four-line letter, informing him that, if it suited Iron City, school would open on the following Monday. The note was signed by Miss Fiona Ward, who added that she was at North Raleigh, and would leave for Iron City as soon as possible.

Therefore, the approach of the stage was viewed with interest by the crowd in front of John Morgan's saloon, and bets were made on the identity of the lady wearing the white hat with the feather.

The heavy vehicle lumbered into town and drew up before the door of Mrs. Reilly's cottage. A trim little person descended in a single bound, and a trunk rattled out after her.

"That's her," said Tony Jacques positively. "Maybe my eyes are going back on me; if not, the new teacher looks like she might not offend the eyesight of a gazin' gent."

"I saw her first," remarked the Kid, and Tony glanced up at him unpleasantly.

The gang broke up, and one by one the members rode off as if intent upon private matters. Before dusk, each of them had managed casually to canter by the cottage in which the new arrival was to make her home, but none of them was rewarded by a glimpse of her. That edifying event was reserved until the following day.

The Kid was twenty-four years old, and it was his custom to ride abroad in the cool of the morning. He encountered Miss Ward a mile away from town. She was strolling nonchalantly, picking an occasional flower, and sniffing the fresh breeze without any particular interest in the rest of creation.

The Kid pulled his pony up and bowed formally. The new school-teacher smiled in return.

"I'm Mr. James Grant," he began. "I wrote about getting the new teacher out here, and I guess you're the lady. You are hereby made welcome to Iron City and environs, and I voice the sentiments of the population when I say that we all wish you the best of luck. Furthermore, if anybody gets gay and does anything to annoy you, just tell me about it, and the incident will be ended super-immediately. You'll notice a red building down the road from where you're going to stay; that's the school. The pupils will drift in Monday morning, if you're ready to begin educating; and if there's any noticeable lagging, I'm the truant officer of Iron City, self-appointed and automatic."

The girl laughed.

"You're the gentleman they call the Kid, aren't you?"

"It happens that the bad manners of

this community have thrust that infantile title upon me," he responded. "Only the oldest settlers remember my real name."

"Can you get me a horse?"

"Can I? You'll have a pony before tomorrow night. I didn't happen to believe that Eastern school-ma'ams ride, or I'd have it for you now."

"Oh, yes, I ride; I'd be lost without a mount. Just get me a good, serviceable pony, and you don't need to insist upon gentleness; I'm a fair rider."

"I'm glad you do ride," the Kid continued, looking at the diminutive feet of the teacher. "This is a bad country for walking; I do a lot of riding myself, and any time you want an escort I'm ready. I know a few interesting places to see."

"I shall be very glad to have you come with me," Miss Ward replied.

The Kid dismounted. With his bridle over his arm, he sauntered along into town, bestowing what information he thought would be helpful to the stranger. It was a pleasing task. Miss Ward had soft brown eyes and wavy black hair, and when she turned her quick, intelligent smile upon the Kid he could feel little chills run through him.

Half-way in to Mrs. Reilly's, they met Tony Jacques. The Kid introduced him to Miss Ward, without throwing enthusiasm into his speech. Tony sat in his saddle and stared at the pretty teacher in amazed silence until her cheeks began to tingle. Long after the Kid and his charge had passed down the road, he sat immovable. Then he dug his spurs into his pony's flanks and galloped off.

"Tony Jacques is kind of odd, sometimes," the Kid remarked; and Miss Ward looked thoughtful.

II

SCHOOL opened in Iron City promptly at nine o'clock on Monday morning, and the new mistress was delighted with the size of her class. She threw herself into the work with an ardor that provoked admiring comment among the grown-ups; and in no time at all the institution of learning was humming along splendidly.

The Kid frequently rode up to the little red building as school was dismissed, leading the sorrel pony that he had secured for Miss Ward's use; and together they rode away over the dusty road and into the vast silence of the desert. The crowd that haunted Morgan's sample-room discussed the Kid's devotion, and some of its members envied him frankly and openly.

"Looks like a case," Davy Clark ventured. "I never did see the Kid shine up to any one before like this."

"Nothin' to it," Red Dunne corrected him. "I said to myself, the minute I laid my eyes upon this splendid example of Eastern femininity, 'Red, this is your fate.' I ain't goin' to allow the Kid to cut in here and steal this bloomin' lady without makin' a desperate resistance!"

The gang laughed. Tony Jacques smiled thoughtfully, but said nothing. He was thinking of the night before, when he had come upon Miss Ward in the moonlight. She had started upon a solitary gallop, and had lost her bearings. Tony had providentially come to her relief, and they had ridden into town together in a most enjoyable manner. Miss Ward had told him many things about herself, and he had been sympathetic and vastly interested. He was certain she had given him little confidences that she had withheld from the Kid; and she and Tony had arranged for other rides together.

The entire gang began to manifest a lively interest in equestrianism. Individuals who formerly rode for business purposes only togged up in uncomfortable garments and idled about the outskirts of Iron City in the hope of meeting the school-ma'am.

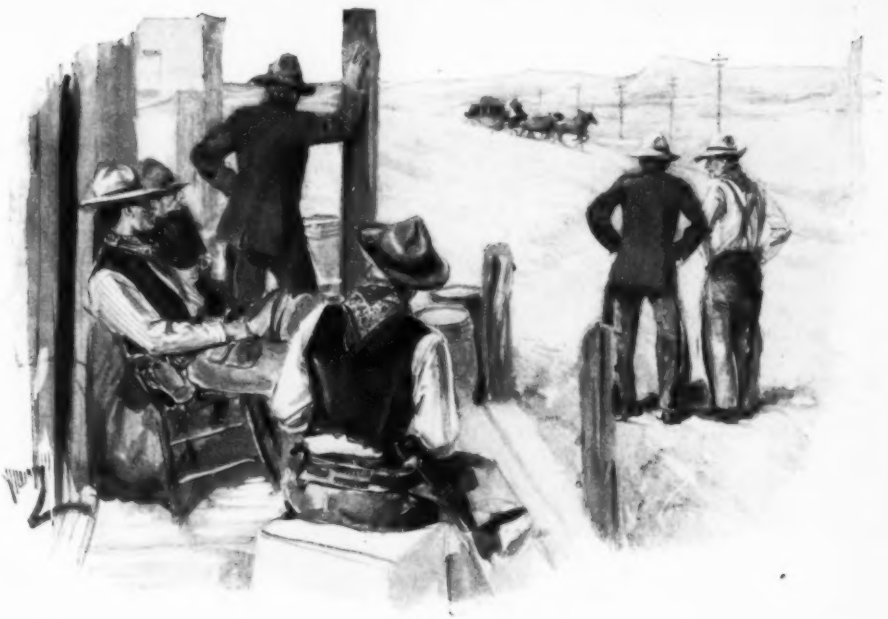
Miss Ward liked them all. Her beauty and charm were no longer a question. What specially interested her admirers was her seeming freedom from the feminine cowardice which they had believed to be a part of every woman. A mouse had no terrors for her, and she regarded a coiled rattler with mild interest. She rode in a style bordering upon the reckless, and she carried a dainty pearl-handled revolver, upon which the eyes of Iron City often rested in solemn inquiry. What did she intend to do with this gun?

One morning, Davy Clark overcame his rising embarrassment.

"I don't like to seem fresh," he ventured, "but I'd like to know what you carry that popper for; and supposin' somethin' happened, what in thunder would you do with it?"

Fiona Ward showed her even white teeth in a queer smile.

"If it were necessary to shoot, I presume I should shoot," she answered lightly.



BETS WERE MADE ON THE IDENTITY OF THE LADY WEARING THE WHITE HAT WITH THE FEATHER

"Pardon me," Davy replied. "I don't believe you'd shoot a fly."

The gang shared Davy's belief thoroughly.

"Ain't a chance in the world of her shootin' anything," Red Dunne contended. "Them Eastern girls is brought up different; they like to fall off things and shriek when anything comes up; most of 'em faint, and you have to sprinkle 'em with water."

"Still," argued a lean, bronzed cowpuncher named Gregory, "this here schoolma'am ain't like most women. I got a kind of a hunch that if she got herself into a scrape she'd shoot off that plaything of hers without any noticeable deliberation, and anybody that happened to be in front of it would likely be peppered considerable."

"It strikes me," remarked Tony Jacques, who had been silent throughout the discussion, "that if anybody's interested in Miss Ward's bravery, or lack of it, there's a mighty good and simple way of finding out."

"Meanin' which?" inquired Red Dunne.

"Put her through something," Tony replied. "Give her a reason to shoot, and see what she does."

"For instance?"

"Well," said Tony reflectively, "hold her up; do a regular wild Western stick-up scene, and if the lady ever has any intention of using her gun, she'll come across then in a hurry!"

"It sounds interestin'," remarked Gregory, "bein' as there's some chance of a gent gettin' his hide punctured; but they say a lady can't throw a potato straight, and it's more'n likely she can't do any accurate business with a gun."

"What do you say?"

Tony tossed the query across the room at the Kid, who was listening with a half smile to the conversation.

"It's a test, all right," replied the Kid. "How would you go about it?"

"This way," Tony continued. "We all get together and start for some good point, and then we wait—"

"Butler's Pass," interrupted Red Dunne. "And speakin' about planned hold-ups, permit me to come over with some timely information. It's lucky that I'm here and in this conclave, because it happens that I met Miss Ward this afternoon just as she quit teachin' the kids.

"'Where you bound for?' I says to her.

"'I'm goin' over to call on Mrs. Barnes and her sick baby,' she says right back.

"'Can't I go along?' I says.

"'No, you can't,' she says, 'because I'll be back at dusk and I don't need you.'

"And that ended it. Now, if she's gone over on some ministerin'-angel business at the Barnes place, she'll come lopin' back through Butler's Pass, won't she? We can all get out there behind the clump of trees on the right side of the road—the whole bunch—and watch the fun. When the little lady comes along, we can begin shootin', all of us—a regular fusillade. We'll make it look like something in a circus; but we ain't goin' to shoot Miss Ward, because we can't spare her as a teacher, and, besides, none of us wants to shoot her."

"Seems to me," Gregory remarked, "that some gent ought to be appointed to be the hero. Somebody ought to hide himself behind one of them masks, and hold the lady up proper, and then the rest of us can yell and shoot as a sort of movin' background."

"I nominate the Kid!" shouted Red Dunne.

"There ain't no doubt of one thing," Gregory continued, "and that is that the Kid seems predestined for this job. He's some spoons on the lady in question, as we all know, bein' of an observin' nature; and in a delicate matter like this, the honor just naturally ought to flow over on him."

"I won't do it!" The Kid was on his feet, glaring about him. "It ain't right, and it's a blamed cowardly thing to play off on a girl!"

"'Fraid of gettin' your tender hide shot with that little gun?" inquired Red Dunne.

"You know that's a lie, Red!" the Kid said angrily.

"Now, look a here, Kid," argued Red. "This ain't no mean trick at all. We're all kind of curious to see what Miss Ward is going to do with her popgun under a middlin' strain. Some people here think she'll scream and quit cold; and some think she'll put up a fight. The mantle falls on your shoulders. If you won't take it, we'll select another man; but it's plainly up to you."

The Kid looked around him. Then a sudden thought struck him, and he changed his mind on the instant. Any one of the others would frighten the girl more than he would; as the chief actor, he could lessen the shock.

"All right," he said. "I agree; I'll be the goat!"

"And if it's goin' to be successful," said Gregory, "we ought to be gettin' under way; it's sundown now."

III

THERE were seven in the group of riders that cantered out of Iron City toward Butler's Pass. The Kid rode in front, with Tony Jacques at his side and Red Dunne close behind him. Once out of town, they quickened their pace. Coming through the pass, the narrow road ran between a series of boulders, and to the right a stunted grove of trees afforded a perfect hiding-place in the dusk.

"You know what to do," Dunne advised the Kid. "A rag around your nose—hands up—all that business. We'll turn loose the artillery just as if we were scared you couldn't do it alone and there was a crowd comin' behind her."

The Kid smiled and glanced down the road. Miss Ward was not in sight, and the bandits secreted themselves in a leisurely fashion.

"If she plugs you," Gregory said comfortingly, "we'll give you a funeral that will date things around this part of the State!"

The dusk deepened; the Kid sat on his pony and twined a handkerchief about the upper part of his face, while the rest of the conspirators lighted cigarettes and smoked in peace. Then came the patter of Fiona Ward's pony, and there was sudden activity behind the trees. The Kid held his mount directly across the road, and as the school-ma'am drew near, he turned toward her.

"Hands up!" he shouted, in what he fancied was a gentle command.

The girl's pony pulled up on its haunches; her breath broke in a sudden gasp, and her hands arose, as ordered; but the right one clenched the famous pearl-handled revolver, and almost instantly, as the victim backed away from the supposed robber, its sharp report rattled through the pass and the fire spurted from its muzzle.

The gang behind the trees whooped, and their bullets sang into the heavens. They saw the startled instructor of Iron City youth empty her gun, and they roared in glee. Then Miss Ward whirled to the right and plunged through the brush; and an instant later the darkness hid her. With unsuppressed laughter, the plotters swarmed into Butler's Pass and found the Kid lying on the ground, shot through the lungs.

He moaned weakly as Red Dunne passed an arm beneath his shoulders, and the crowd became panic-stricken.

"He's shot!" yelled Dunne, staring into the Kid's face in horrified amazement. "The Kid's shot!"

"Get him into town in a hurry," muttered Gregory. "I didn't expect this. Will Doc Richardson be home?"



"IF IT WERE NECESSARY TO SHOOT, I PRESUME I SHOULD SHOOT"

They mounted the Kid on Red Dunne's pony, with Red's arm about the injured man, and rode back as rapidly as possible.

"Now we know," Dunne said, staring into the white face on his shoulder. "Now we know whether the girl is game or not. I hope the Kid ain't finished!"

On a white bed above Morgan's bar, Doc Richardson looked the Kid over, and shook his head. The bullet had plowed straight through the youngster.

"He's got a chance," said the examiner, "and not much more!"

IV

For three weeks the Kid hovered on the edge of the jumping-off place, and then he began to mend. The gang fluttered around the entrance to his room, and implored Doc Richardson to let them in, but he met them with a stern refusal.

"He ain't well enough yet," said the physician.

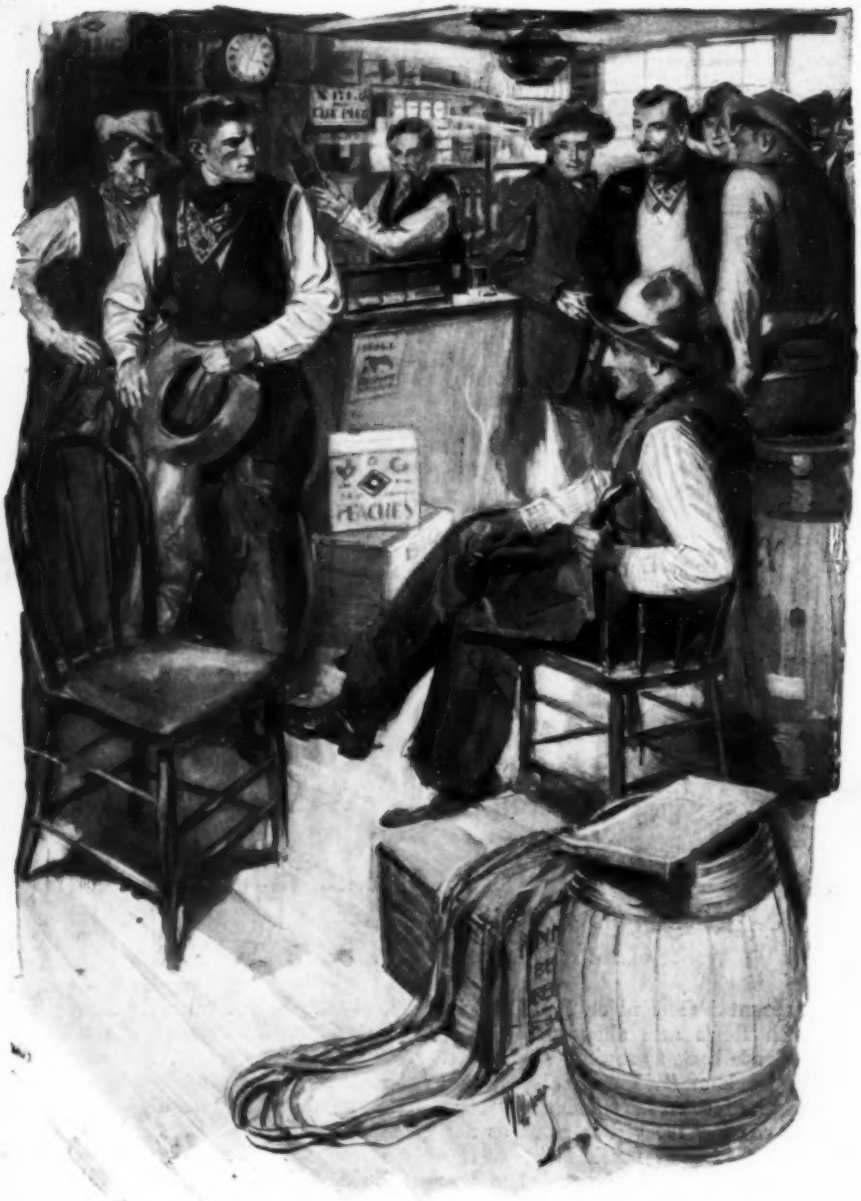
In the fourth week the Kid began to eat solid food, and after the first piece of boiled beef came the first visitor. It was the school-ma'am; and when she stepped inside the room, there were tears in her eyes.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Grant," she whispered.

"I'm all right," said the Kid. "I'm getting better. How's the school?" He tried to raise himself on an elbow, but failed. "I've missed those rides we used to have."

"I have heard all about the hold-up," she said. "You shouldn't have risked yourself; it was foolhardy."

"I had to," he answered weakly. "If I didn't do it, one of the other fellows would; and I couldn't think—anyway, I wanted to make it as easy as possible, but I guess I didn't succeed."



"IT AIN'T RIGHT, AND IT'S A BLAMED COWARDLY THING TO PLAY OFF ON A GIRL!"

"You mean you didn't want to frighten me too much?"

The Kid nodded.

"Why?" she asked.

"You know as well as I do," he answered. "I was a lunatic not to have warned you, but there was no time, and nobody thought it would end seriously. You don't think badly of me, do you?"

There was a note in his voice that made her wince. She looked grave for a moment, and then said:

"Where was Tony Jacques?"

"On the night of the hold-up?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Behind the trees with the rest of them."

"Did you ever hear—did you ever think about Tony being—" She halted in embarrassment.

"You mean, about his being a sort of rival of mine with you?" he said.

She bowed her head.

The Kid sat up in bed by a violent effort. He stared at the girl uncomprehendingly.

"Do you—do you think he shot me?"

She leaned over the bed silently, and lifted her gun out of her ridiculously small wrist-bag. When she broke the weapon, six blank cartridges fell out upon the white coverlet.

"Look!" she said. He picked up the leadless shells wonderingly. "I never shot a piece of real lead in my life," she added gently.

Then she bent over and kissed him on the forehead, a moment before the door opened and Doc Richardson came in.

THEY SELDOM RETURN

BY CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

AUTHOR OF "CARSON AND THE SOLARIPLEX," "THE MULTIPLE MAN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

A MAN sat on the porch of a summer hotel in Connecticut, endeavoring to hypnotize himself into the belief that he enjoyed the stiff, hobby-horse motion of a rocking-chair. The man's age might have been forty-five, and that was exactly his waist measure—a fact which a competent tailor had been at some pains to conceal. A natty straw hat hid a large bald spot and shaded shrewd gray eyes, a nose slightly dimpled upon the end, and a plural chin; yet, in spite of a certain fatty dignity, the man's skin had a healthy, brown tint. In short, he was exactly the type of person one finds in the locker-room of a metropolitan golf club, explaining what befell at the hoodoo hole.

While this lone sojourner was solemnly examining the landscape and wondering what was happening in his office, a second victim of judicious advertising emerged from the interior of the hostelry. The second man was thin, nervous, sandy, and forty, and he was puffing energetically upon a brunette cigar. He, too, sat down in a rocking-chair and began to wonder what was happening in a furnishing-goods store in New Haven.

You may have noticed that a nervous, sandy man who smokes black cigars cannot keep still very long.

"Warm, isn't it?" the second man said, without looking at the other.

"Oh, I don't know, sir," said the man with the chins, in a queer, rumbling voice. "It's a lot warmer in town!"

At the sound of the voice, the thin man started slightly, and turned in his chair until he could study his fellow exile. His eyes narrowed a bit and took on the far-away look of one who tries hard to remember.

A long silence followed, during which the sandy man puffed like a volcano. The other, dimly conscious of the keen scrutiny, stirred uneasily in the chair, and his left hand fell at his side. The first joint of the thumb was much enlarged, the nail thick and heavy, and the second and fourth fingers were likewise deformed.

The thin man made a clicking noise with his tongue.

"It's been—let me see—fifteen years this summer—yes, it's been just fifteen years—but you're Marty Finn, for a thousand dollars!"

The fat man fairly bounced in his chair. It was now his turn to study features.

"You don't remember me," said the sandy man. "Well, I don't blame you, Marty. I joined the team only a few weeks before you quit."

The dignified Mr. Finn smote the arm of his rocking-chair with a sudden ejaculation.

"You must be the kid from Eau Claire —that shortstop. I remember you now. You went to Boston afterward."

"Yes," said the thin man, offering his hand, "you've got me now. I'm Jimmy Powers."

And then, of course, both said it was wonderful, and that nobody would have thought it—two members of the old Chicago baseball team meeting on the porch of a summer hotel in Connecticut after fifteen years.

"Well! Well! Well!" crowed the thin man. "Old Marty Finn! Who'd have thought it? The man that licked every umpire in the league, and paid more fines than any three men that ever lived! Scrappy Mart!"

Mr. Finn wriggled almost imperceptibly.

"That was a long time ago," he said, and any one but a thin, nervous, sandy man would have traced mild reproach in the tone, mingled, perhaps, with apology.

"I guess you did a wise thing when you made up your mind to quit the league," said Powers, with an approving eye upon Finn's Fifth Avenue cravat and the black pearl which skewered it. "I heard you went into real estate, and made a barrel of money."

Mr. Finn coughed deprecatingly.

"Not quite a barrel," he said. "Still, I can't complain. I dealt in real estate for a few years." Here he produced his card.

"A broker!" ejaculated Powers. "And on Broad Street, too! Right down among 'em, eh? Well! Well! Not many ballplayers go *that* far!"

"Baseball," said Mr. Finn heavily—"baseball is all very well when a man is young and thoughtless and hot-blooded; but there isn't any future in it—no permanency. I'm not saying that baseball isn't an excellent thing in the way of physical training; but a man should look ahead. Think of the men we used to play with. Where are they now? What are they doing? Nobody knows. A few of them are managing clubs, but the rest—" Mr. Finn opened his hands and finished the sentence with an expressive gesture. "I quit when I had five good years before me. I didn't stop playing ball because I had to, but because I saw that if I ever intended to do anything for myself, I had to break away. And I haven't had a baseball in my hands for fourteen years."

"And you the greatest catcher of your time!" said Powers half reproachfully. "Say, do you remember the day you punched McCarty in the eye for calling Mike Farson safe at the plate, and how he squealed for the police, and—"

"Have a cigar?" said Finn rather abruptly, producing a seal leather case which bore an intricate monogram in gold. "Have a cigar? I import these myself — from Havana. Mighty hard to get a good cigar these days. By the way, you haven't told me anything about yourself."

Powers plucked a smooth brown weed from the case, tossing his own Connecticut nosegay over the railing as he spoke.

"If you remember, I didn't last long in the big league. Broke this ankle sliding into second base, and after that I couldn't run much. I coached a few college teams, and finally put what little I'd been able to save into a furnishing-goods house up in New Haven. I've been there ever since. If you're ever up that way, drop in and see me."

"Married?" asked Finn.

"*And* three kids," answered Powers. "The wife is up in Maine now with her people."

"My wife is abroad," said Finn.

"Any kids?"

Finn shook his head. Then, rather late to be sure, the man from New Haven issued the conventional invitation.

"No," said Finn, "never before dinner."

"What? You're not in training?"

"No-o-o."

"Oh, just this once!"

"W-e-e-e-ll, this once!"

Powers located a push-button and stabbed it thrice. After the customary lapse of time, a waiter appeared—a tall, cadaverous waiter with thin, black hair and a weary, professional manner, who listened sadly and dragged himself away. When he returned with glasses, a bottle, and a siphon, Powers was headed back on the fifteen-year-old trail, and his conversation was thickly sprinkled with the names of former greats.

"Do you remember, Marty, the day we played New York—you were catching



FINN MADE A BLIND AND FUTILE ATTEMPT TO TAG THE SPIKED THUNDERBOLT

Slats Conroy—and they had us three to one in the eighth inning, and you—"

The melancholy waiter paused with the siphon aimed and cocked, his sorrowful eyes shifting from one to the other. He recovered himself with an effort, discharged his duties mechanically, and retired not too far into the background, where he stood upon one leg like a large black stork, his professional manner strangely overcast with suppressed excitement—a sort of nervous eagerness. He hastened away to fetch more ice—which was not needed—and lingered hoveringly about the table until pointedly tipped by Powers, when he disappeared, regret in every line of his lank figure.

On the way back to the remote regions whence he came, the waiter hung over the hotel register, sliding a damp thumb down the page of recent arrivals. He disappeared at a trot.

II

At nine o'clock that evening, after a generous meal, the reunion continued in Finn's room, and the same cadaverous waiter responded to the electric signal of distress—rather more promptly than before. He was still laboring under some severe mental strain, and several times he opened his mouth as if about to speak, but what he said was:

"Is that all, sir?"

"For the present," said Finn.

The waiter backed toward the door, where he paused and took his courage in both hands.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I believe you mentioned Mike Farson—used to play center field for New York, sir?"

"Well?" said Finn very shortly.

"Did you know he was here, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Here?" ejaculated Powers. "Mike Farson here?"

"Yes, sir. He's the barber at this hotel, sir."

"The *barber!*" said Finn.

"Yes, sir, and I took the liberty of mentioning to him that Mr. Finn and Mr. Powers were in the house, sir, and he's been all upset ever since, sir."

"Old Mike Farson!" said Powers. "Finn, do you remember how you used to talk to him when he came to bat, and he'd get so mad that he couldn't see the ball? Say! We ought to have Mike up here to-night!"

"You see, sir," said the waiter, "he felt a little delicate about intruding himself—"

"Pshaw!" said Powers heartily. "No need for that at all—eh, Finn? Ask him to come right up!"

III

By eleven o'clock the reunion had warmed up to such an extent that an elderly gentleman, whose room adjoined Finn's, entered a vigorous protest. The night clerk communicated with Cullen, the proprietor.

"Old man Nevin, up in forty-three, says he can't sleep because some fellows in the next room are pulling off a wrestling

match or something. What had I better do about it?"

"Do?" said Cullen. "Why, make 'em quit it or get out of the house! What do they think this is—a bear-garden? Who's got that room?"

"Man named Finn, from New York—very quiet-looking chap. I don't understand it."

"Here! Here!" said Cullen. "What's all this row about?"

"No row at all, sir," said the waiter. "Mr. Powers, sir, is showing Mr. Finn how he broke his leg sliding into second base."

"Powers! Finn!" said the tall man in pajamas. "The old ball-players?"

"Yes, sir—a sort of a reunion, sir. Mike



THERE IS ONE WHIRLING MOTION-PICTURE WHICH MUST FOREVER REMAIN FIXED IN THE MINDS OF THOSE WHO WITNESSED THE FINAL DISTRESSING SCENE OF CARNAGE AND RIOT

"I'll go up myself," said Cullen.

As the proprietor mounted the stairs he was met by a tall, trim-built gentleman in pajamas.

"Oh, I say!" began he of the sleeping garments. "This is terrible! The people above me are jarring all the plastering loose in my room!"

"I'm just going up to see about it, Mr. Tanner," said Cullen.

"Just out of curiosity," said Tanner, "I'll go with you."

As they reached the floor in question, a door opened with a bang, and out came the cadaverous waiter, his short jacket ballooning behind him. With him also came a terrific burst of noise—a thudding, jarring sound, followed by cheers.

Farson is up there, too. You remember them, sir?"

"I should say I do!" said the tall gentleman enthusiastically. "Why, when I was at Harvard, we played an exhibition game with the Chicago club, and Finn ought to remember the home run I got off Conroy with two men on the bases! I met Powers when he was in Boston, and Farson I've seen a thousand times when he was with New York. Cullen! You remember Finn and Powers?"

"Certainly!" said the proprietor. "To be sure! I've seen 'em play often enough. Here!" This to the cadaverous waiter. "Go down and tell the night clerk he'll have to move Mr. Nevin into forty-nine for the night."

The waiter galloped away, and proprietor and guest looked at each other and grinned.

"I wonder if they'd mind," said Tanner.

"We'll see," said Cullen. "You'd better go get some clothes."

Thus the reunion became five-handed. Cullen was accepted because of a cousin who used to play on the old St. Louis Nationals, and Marty Finn, in his shirt-sleeves and perspiring freely, immediately recalled the long-legged Harvard first baseman and the home run with two men on the bases.

The fifth member of the party, a stocky, pink-faced man, who grew pinker than ever when he saw the proprietor in the doorway, rose as if to take his departure.

"And you're *the* Farson?" said Cullen. "Why didn't you say so? Sit down!"

At one o'clock Mr. Cullen decided to reopen the bar, in which he was ably assisted by Messrs. Finn, Farson, Powers, and Tanner, the cadaverous waiter trotting joyously in the rear. There was so much more room down-stairs that Finn so far forgot his dignity—and his embonpoint, which is much the same thing, one being often mistaken for the other—that he got down on the floor and gave an exhibition of how he used to "peg 'em out at second without taking a step." Powers, at the other end of the room, caught the imaginary ball and "put it on" the imaginary runner. Every one agreed that Finn and Powers possessed the secret of an art well-nigh lost in the present day.

"What a ball club we could make," said Tanner, "with Finn behind the bat, Powers at short, Farson in the outfield—all big leaguers! I could play first base, and Cullen—well, we could stick *him* in right field, where he wouldn't have much to do. If we only had a pitcher!"

"We ought to have a pitcher!" said Powers.

The cadaverous waiter coughed deprecatingly and stood in their midst, fumbling with an aged leather pocketbook, from which he produced several well-worn newspaper clippings.

"I hope you'll excuse me, gentlemen," he said. "I didn't mean to mention myself, but—" He finished the sentence by placing the clippings in Finn's hand.

"'Shadow Shannon pitches no-hit game; strikes out twenty men,'" read Finn from the clippings.

All looked at the waiter.

"I never was a league player, gentlemen," said he with humility, "but once I pitched against the Kansas City team and let 'em down with two hits."

Of course they gave three cheers for Shadow Shannon, and Tanner read his press notices aloud, being often interrupted by applause.

"That's six players we have!" said Tanner.

"If you really wanted a game, gentlemen," said the cadaverous waiter eagerly, "there's a fine chance to-morrow afternoon. The local club—but I'm afraid you wouldn't consider it!"

"Consider what?" demanded Powers.

"The local club had a game scheduled for to-morrow afternoon," said Shadow Shannon, "but it has been called off by the visitors. That makes an open date. Now, if it could be arranged—"

"Of course it can be arranged!" cried Tanner. "Just the thing! We'll challenge the town team!"

"With six players?" asked Finn. "Impossible!"

"I beg pardon, sir," said the cadaverous waiter, "but the hostler used to be a semi-professional, sir. He could play third base. One of the bell-boys could take second, and then all we should need, sir, would be an outfielder. I think I may say, sir, that we could fill out the team very easily without going outside of the hotel."

"Why not?" urged Tanner. "Just for the fun of the thing! It would be good sport! What do you say?"

IV

SHORTLY after daylight, Martin Finn awoke from troubled dreams, and slowly became conscious of the fact that in promising to play a game of baseball he had made a fool of himself. What? Martin Finn, stock-broker, with an office on Broad Street, going behind the bat against a country team? Ridiculous! Not to be thought of for an instant!

In the first place, it was a most undignified proceeding; and in the second place—hark! What was that noise? Martin Finn sat up in bed; a pulse began to beat in his temples. There it was again! *Plop!* At regular intervals of eight seconds the sound was repeated.

Finn went to the open window and looked down into the back yard of the hotel. Mike

Farson, armed with an ancient catcher's mitt, squatted behind a tray laid upon the grass to serve as a home-plate. At the regulation distance stood the cadaverous waiter, looking a little more cadaverous than ever in his shirt-sleeves and somber trousers. He cuddled a ball under his chin with both hands, held it at arm's length, drew it back again, and with a windmill motion of his right arm sent it whizzing over the tray. *Plop!*

Finn shook his head and went into the bath-room. A cold shower revived him somewhat, and he was astonished to find himself dressing with undignified haste. In the hallway he ran into Jimmy Powers, in a soft shirt and bareheaded.

"That waiter is quite a pitcher!" said Powers. "I saw him from my window."

"Humph!" said Finn.

"I thought I'd go down and limber up a bit before breakfast," said Powers apologetically. "Of course, a game is out of the question, but—"

"Of course!" said Finn. "Couldn't think of it!"

And in fifteen minutes by the watch there were five men out in the back yard, each trying to see who could throw a baseball with the most speed—Finn, Farson, Powers, Tanner, and Shannon.

The hostler produced a bat, and a bell-boy obliged with line drives and grounders to the infield, which Powers, Tanner, and Shannon smothered with ridiculous ease, Finn looking on critically. Other guests of the hotel, waiting to be shaved and fed, and knowing nothing of the miracle which was being performed in the back yard, complained bitterly of the service in summer hotels. But the barber was chasing fly balls and catching them in a hostler's glove, and the waiter was fielding bunts to first base with deadly accuracy. The proprietor was scuttling about the outskirts of the makeshift diamond, making more noise than all the others combined.

"It's a cinch we can lick this town bunch!" said Tanner, as he scooped a low throw at first with one hand.

"To a whisper!" said Jimmy Powers, taking the throw from Finn and returning it like a bullet. "They'll wonder what they're up against!"

"Where are the rest of these players you were going to get?" bellowed Marty Finn. "Trot 'em out!"

Thus, in the dawn of a July morning, the old diamond lust returned, and found none immune.

V

It was a motley aggregation which took the field against the town team—an aggregation clad, for the most part, in borrowed sweaters and flannel trousers, with only one pair of spiked shoes in the entire gathering.

Martin Finn made a neat if somewhat massive figure in knickerbockers of Scotch plaid, with woolen stockings to match, and a golf-cap jammed down over his eyes. The cadaverous waiter was in his glory and a striped sweater, which latter hung upon him in generous folds; Mike Farson wore a tennis blazer; Jack Tanner was trim and slender in imported riding-breeches, and Jimmy Powers displayed a wealth of pink silk underwear.

Murphy, the hostler, appeared at third base in bicycle-trousers. Benson, the hotel porter, and Perkins, a bell-boy, rounded out the team. Cullen begged so hard that he was allowed to play right field—a position in which it was hoped that he might do the least harm—with Farson at center to furnish the needed support.

The local fans, loyal as ever, jeered the volunteers.

"Back to the old soldiers' home!" they shouted, and Finn remarked out of the corner of his mouth to Powers that it felt just like old times.

After a very short preliminary practise, the teams took the field, with the Misfits, as they were at once christened, first at bat.

"What names?" asked the umpire, a short, square-looking man with a red mustache.

"Shannon pitches," said Finn, "and—Smith catches. Smith!"

The game opened with a rush. Powers hit the first ball pitched over second base for a single. Mike Farson, disdaining the bunt sacrifice, smashed a liner over third for a double, and Powers scored a stride ahead of the ball, winded but happy.

Then came the mighty Finn, who swung like a gate at two slow ones, but met a fast one fairly on the seam, and drove it far beyond the center fielder.

"A home run! A home run!" screamed Powers. "Run, you old scoundrel! Run!"

And Finn ran, taking the corners like a moving-van. It was a neck-and-neck decision at the plate, but Finn hurled him-

self forward in a tremendous slide, and the umpire called him safe.

"Good work!" shouted Tanner. "That was a grand slide!"

"Shut up!" snapped Finn. "I've torn the pants off my back, and there ain't a square inch of skin left on me anywhere between the knee and the hip!"

That was the end of the run-getting in that inning, for Tanner was tossed out at first, Murphy flied, and Shannon fanned.

The teams changed sides. Finn grunted with pain as he crouched behind the plate, peering through a borrowed mask.

"Now, then!" he shouted to Shannon. "Come on there, boy! Let's show up these sand-lot bushers! Here's the first one! Don't hit him on the head, whatever you do! Don't hit him!"

"You're pretty fresh for an old guy," said the first local batter, as he waved his bat over the plate. "If that pitcher hits me on the head, I'll soak him!"

"Ah, go lay down!" growled Finn.

In this manner the game opened with proper spirit on both sides. The cadaverous waiter untied himself with a jerk, and sent the first ball whistling up to the plate. The batter jumped away from it.

"Ball—one!" yelled the umpire from the center of the diamond.

Finn leaped to his feet with an inarticulate howl, dashing his mask to the ground.

"What's that?" he bellowed.

The umpire held up his left hand.

"A ball?" bellowed Finn. "Look at him, fellows, look at him! He says that was a ball! Why, you fat-head, that cut the inside corner! Get your eyes open, there! Get 'em open! Call 'm when they're over, you crook!"

Grumbling savagely, he readjusted the mask and dropped into position.

"Who is that feller?" asked the umpire of Shannon. "Darned if he don't talk like a real ball-player!"

VI

For six innings the Misfits held a killing pace; and when the seventh inning opened, the score was nine to three in favor of the veterans. Finn, Farson, and Powers were drenched with perspiration, and even the cadaverous Shannon was showing signs of the unaccustomed exercise.

"All we got to do is to hold 'em, fellows!" panted Tanner. "Tired, are you? I'm dead!"

A growl ran along the bench. Finn was holding his head in his hands; Powers and Farson were at the water-bucket; Shannon was rubbing his right arm and shoulder with horse liniment, which the hostler had been thoughtful enough to furnish.

"I did too much throwing this morning," he said. "I'm beginning to feel it."

"Beginning!" growled Finn. "I'm sore as a boil!"

The Misfits added no more runs in the seventh, and limped to the field positions with no trace of the snap and dash of the opening innings.

"Here we go!" howled the fans. "They're all in! Go after 'em, boys! Now's the time!"

And the boys went after them. Shannon's speed had departed, and he pitched painfully, trusting to cut the plate and depend upon the fielders. Unfortunately, the fielders were leg-weary. The locals began to hit long, slashing drives to the outfield. Finn stopped a foul tip with the end of his thumb, and hopped about in agony, to the cruel applause of the rooters. Powers misjudged a hard bounder, and it struck him full in the face, closing one eye. A runner stepped on Tanner's foot when crossing first base, and the spikes ripped through the leather and found flesh underneath. The score mounted to nine to five, nine to six, nine to seven, with two men on the bases and none out.

Up came the heaviest hitter of the town team, laughing scornfully at Finn, who was blowing upon his thumb and profanely urging Shannon to get 'em over with something on 'em beside the cover.

"Right here goes your old ball-game!" taunted the heaviest hitter.

He swung on a weak offering with fell intent and a mushroom bat. Out over center field went the ball, mounting higher and higher, Mike Farson, gasping like a fish, in vain pursuit. His short, fat legs were staggering under him when the ball struck the ground ten feet in front, and mercifully bounded into the long grass.

With the last expiring effort of the greatest "wing" of the old New York outfield, Farson threw toward the diamond. Jimmy Powers ran forward, made the catch, and whirled to throw to Finn at the plate. The two runs had scored, the heaviest hitter was between third and home, and the umpire was racing forward to judge the play.

Finn, standing well down the base-line and blocking the plate with both legs, took the throw perfectly. At the same instant the heaviest hitter launched himself at the human obstacle, feet foremost. Down went Finn with a crash, making a blind and futile attempt to tag the spiked thunderbolt as he fell. From the cloud of dust which hung over the plate came the umpire with both palms spread downward.

"Safe!" he shouted.

Finn rose from the ground with the snort of an enraged rhinoceros. He seized the umpire by the coat-collar, and yanked him nearly off his feet.

"He's out!" bellowed Finn hoarsely. "I got him a city block!"

"Hah!" sneered the heaviest hitter, crawling away from the plate. "You missed me a mile, you big stiff!"

"Yes," said the umpire eagerly, "you missed him. Leggo my coat, or—woof!"

Marty Finn of the old days, Scrappy Mart, whose very name was a terror to umpires, Fighting Finn of the Chicagos—this man forgot that he was a broker with an office on Broad Street and side-whiskered clients. He stepped back fifteen years in the twinkling of an eye, at the same time stepping forward with a pile-driving right-hander which crashed under the third button of the umpire's coat. Down went the unfortunate judge of play as if struck by lightning.

The heaviest hitter rushed to the rescue. Scrappy Mart met him most cordially with a well-timed right swing, and the heaviest hitter joined the umpire in dreamland.

Immediately thereafter competition increased rapidly, and the situation became somewhat mixed, not to say involved. The local players, who might not have fought for the sake of the umpire, saw the heaviest hitter twitching upon the ground, and charged valiantly with yells of rage. The Misfits rallied to Finn's support.

It was a noble battle while it lasted, but the odds were against age, experience, and forty-five-inch waist-lines. Further complicating matters, the local fans hurled themselves upon the outskirts of the gathering, smiting every alien head as it appeared. One by one the Misfits went down and out. Cullen alone escaped. He found a hole in the right field fence.

There is one whirling motion-picture which must forever remain fixed in the minds of those who witnessed the final distressing scene of carnage and riot—a picture with a fat man as its central figure—a fat man who stood out of the midst of the turmoil like a rock from the surf, his arms flying like pistons, a fringe of Scottish plaid waving gallantly from his waist. One last rush, a whirl of arms, the flash of a high-flung bat—and the picture fades.

Seven men claimed the honor of that knockout.

VII

MR. FINN is back in his Broad Street office. His right eye is slightly puffed, and there is a new gold tooth behind his unsmiling lips. Mr. Finn is listening politely to the inconsequential remarks of a client—an aged gentleman with white side-whiskers and the profile of a rabbit.

"Mr. Finn—er—my son informs me that you were once a ball-player."

Mr. Finn looks up suspiciously, glances out of the window, and rumbles assent.

"Ah!" says the client. "My son—er—my son says he has often seen you—er—perform."

Deep silence from Mr. Finn.

"Mr. Finn," says the client, "I should like to know, do you ever—er—feel any inclination to engage in athletic sports? Say, for instance, to play another game of ball?"

"Never," says Mr. Finn grimly.

"Ah!" says the client. "I presume you—er—stick to golf and all that sort of thing?"

"Yes," says Mr. Finn.

"And," pursues the rabbitlike old gentleman, "what becomes of the old ball-players?"

"They never come back," says Mr. Finn.

"Eh?" says the client.

NOBILITY

How noble he must be
  Who bears the flag of progress to the height;
And not less noble he
  Who, grandly striving, fails to win the fight!

John E. Dolsen

FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY

XXXV—NAPOLEON AND MARIE WALEWSKA

BY LYNDON ORR

THERE are four women who may be said to have deeply influenced the life of Napoleon. These four are the only ones who need to be taken into account by the student of his imperial career. The great emperor was susceptible to feminine charms at all times; but just as it used to be said of him that "his smile never rose above his eyes," so it might as truly be said that in most instances the throbbing of his heart did not affect his actions.

Women, to him, were the creatures of the moment, although he might seem to care for them, and to show his affection in extravagant ways, as in his affair with Mlle. Georges, the beautiful but rather tiresome actress. As for Mme. de Staël, as we have already seen, she bored him to distraction by her assumption of wisdom and deep thought. That was not the kind of woman that Napoleon cared for. He preferred that a woman should be womanly, and not a sort of owl to sit and talk with him about the theory of government.

When it came to married women, they interested him only because of the children they might bear to grow up as recruits for his insatiate armies. At the public balls given at the Tuileries, he would walk about the gorgeous drawing-rooms, and when a lady was presented to him he would snap out sharply:

"How many children have you?"

If she were able to answer that she had several, the emperor would look pleased, and would pay her some compliment, which might or might not smack of the camp; but if she said that she had none, he would turn upon her sharply and say:

"Then go home and have some!"

THE TWO WIVES OF NAPOLEON

Of the four women who influenced his life, first must come Josephine, because she secured him his earliest chance of advancement. She met him through Barras, with whom she was said to be rather intimate. The young soldier was fascinated by her—the more because she was older than he, and possessed all the practised arts of the Creole and the woman of the world. When she married him, she brought him as her dowry the command of the Army of Italy, where in a few months he made the tricolor, borne by ragged troops, triumphant over the splendidly equipped hosts of Austria.

She was his first love, and his knowledge of her perfidy gave him the greatest shock and horror of his whole life; yet she might have held him to the end, if she had borne an heir to the imperial throne. It was her failure to do so that kept Napoleon uneasily thinking of another wife, until he did actually divorce Josephine and marry the thick-lipped, sensuous Marie Louise of Austria. There were times, later, when he showed signs of regret, and said:

EDITOR'S NOTE—This series of articles deals with some of the most interesting personal romances of history, treating them as studies in human nature, and considering the moral and psychological problems which they illustrate. Recent articles in the series have dealt with "The Story of Aaron Burr" (September, 1910); "King Charles II and Nell Gwyn" (October); "Marie Antoinette and Count Fersen" (November); "Lola Montez and King Ludwig of Bavaria" (December); "The Story of Pauline Bonaparte" (January, 1911); "Robert Burns and Jean Armour" (February); "The Story of Richard Wagner" (March); "Honoré de Balzac and Evelina Hanska" (April); "The Story of the Carlyles" (May); "The Story of Mme. de Staël" (June), "Charlotte Corday and Adam Lux" (July); "George IV and Mrs. Fitzherbert" (August); "The Story of Prince Charles Edward Stuart" (September); and "Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester" (October).

"I have had no luck since I gave up Josephine!"

Marie Louise was of importance for a time—the short time when she entertained her husband and delighted him by giving birth to the little King of Rome. Yet in the end she was but an episode; fleeing from her husband in his misfortune, becoming the mistress of Count Neipperg, and letting her son—*l'Aiglon*—die in a land that was far from France.

Napoleon's sister, Pauline Bonaparte, was the third woman who comes to mind when we contemplate the great Corsican's career. She, too, is an episode. During the period of his ascendency, she plagued him with her wanton ways, her sauciness and trickery. It was amusing to throw him into one of his violent rages; but Pauline was true at heart, and when her great brother was sent to Elba she followed him devotedly, and gave him all her store of jewels, including the famous Borghese diamonds, perhaps the most superb of all gems known to the western world. She would gladly have followed him, also, to St. Helena, had this been permitted by the English government. Remaining behind, she did everything possible in conspiring to secure his freedom.

But, after all, Pauline and Marie Louise count for comparatively little. Josephine's fate was interwoven with Napoleon's; and, with his Corsican superstition, he often said so. The fourth woman, of whom I am writing here, may be said to have almost equaled Josephine in her influence on the emperor as well as in the pathos of her life-story.

NAPOLEON AND THE POLES

On New Year's Day of 1807, Napoleon, who was then almost emperor of Europe, passed through the little town of Bronia, in Poland. He was riding with his cavalry to Warsaw, the ancient capital of the Polish kingdom. No wonder that he seemed a very demigod of battle!

True, he had had to abandon his long-cherished design of invading and overrunning England, and Nelson had shattered his fleets and practically driven his flag from the sea; but the naval disaster of Trafalgar had speedily been followed by the triumph of Austerlitz, the greatest and most brilliant of all Napoleon's victories, which left Austria and Russia humbled to the very ground before him.

Then Prussia had dared to defy the overbearing conqueror, and had put into the field against him her armies trained by Frederick the Great; but these he had shattered almost at a stroke, winning in one day the decisive battles of Jena and Auerstadt. He had stabled his horses in the royal palace of the Hohenzollerns, and had pursued the remnant of the Prussian forces to the Russian border.

As he marched into the Polish provinces, the people swarmed by thousands to meet him and hail him as their country's savior. They believed down to the very last that Bonaparte would make the Poles once more a free and independent nation, and rescue them from the tyranny of Russia.

Napoleon played upon this feeling in every manner known to his artful mind. He used it to alarm the Czar. He used it to intimidate the Emperor of Austria, since the Hapsburgs possessed a part of Poland. But more especially did he use it among the Poles themselves, to win for his armies thousands upon thousands of gallant soldiers, who believed that in fighting for Napoleon they were fighting for the final independence of their native land.

Therefore, with the intensity of patriotism which is a passion among the Poles, every man and every woman gazed at Napoleon with something like adoration; for was not he the mighty warrior who had in his gift what all desired? Soldiers of every rank swarmed to his standards. Princes and nobles flocked about him. Those who stayed at home repeated wonderful stories of his victories, and prayed for him, and fed the flame which spread through all the country. It was felt that no sacrifice was too great to win his favor; that to him, as to a deity, everything that he desired should be yielded up, since he was to restore the liberty of Poland.

And hence, when the carriage of the emperor dashed into Bronia, surrounded by Polish lancers and French cuirassiers, the enormous crowd surged forward and blocked the way, so that their hero could not pass because of their cheers and cries and supplications.

A POLISH GIRL'S ENTHUSIASM

In the midst of it all, there came a voice of peculiar sweetness from the thickest portion of the crowd.

"Please let me pass!" said the voice. "Let me see him, if only for a moment!"

The populace rolled backward, and through the lane which they made a beautiful girl, with dark blue eyes that flamed, and streaming hair that had become loosened about her radiant face, was confronting the emperor. Carried away by her enthusiasm, she cried:

"Thrice welcome to Poland! We can do or say nothing to express our joy, in the country which you will surely deliver from its tyrant!"

The emperor bowed, and, with a smile, handed a great bouquet of roses to the girl, for her beauty and her enthusiasm had made a deep impression on him.

"Take it," said he, "as a proof of my admiration. I trust that I may have the pleasure of meeting you at Warsaw, and of hearing your thanks from those beautiful lips."

In a moment more the trumpets rang out shrilly, the horsemen closed up beside the imperial carriage, and it rolled away amid the tumultuous shouting of all who had witnessed this graceful scene.

The girl who had so attracted Napoleon's attention was Marie Walewska, descended from an ancient though impoverished family in Poland. When she was only fifteen —though she had only her beauty for a dowry — she was courted by one of the wealthiest men in Poland, the Count Walewski. He was three or four times her age, yet her dark blue eyes, her massive golden hair, and the exquisite grace of her figure, led him to plead that she might become his wife. She had accepted him, but the marriage was that of a mere child, and her interest still centered upon her country, and took the form of patriotism rather than that of wifehood and maternity.

It was for this reason that the young Countess Walewska had visited Bronia, hoping that her secret might be kept from her husband and her friends. She was now eighteen years of age, and still had the sort of romantic feeling which led her to think that she would keep, in some secret hiding-place, the cluster of flowers which the greatest man alive had given her.

NAPOLEON SEEKS THE FAIR STRANGER

But Napoleon was not the sort of man to forget anything that had given him either pleasure or the reverse. He who, at the height of his cares, could recall instantly how many cannon were in each seaport of France, and could make out an accurate list of all his military stores; he who could call by name every soldier in his guard, with a full remembrance of the battles each man had fought in, and the honors that he had won—he was not likely to forget so lovely a face as the one which had gleamed with peculiar radiance through the crowd at Bronia.

On reaching Warsaw, he asked one or two well-informed persons about this beautiful stranger. Only a few hours had passed before Prince Poniatowski, accompanied by other nobles, called upon her at her home.

"I am directed, madam," said he, "by order of the Emperor of France, to bid you to be present at a ball that is to be given in his honor to-morrow evening."

Mme. Walewska was startled, and her face grew hot with blushes. Did the emperor remember her escapade at Bronia? If so, how had he discovered her? Why should he seek her out and do her such an honor?

"That, madam, is his imperial majesty's affair," Poniatowski told her. "I merely obey his instructions, and ask your presence at the ball. Perhaps Heaven has marked you out to be the means of saving our unhappy country."

In this way, by playing on her patriotism, Poniatowski almost persuaded her, and yet something held her back. She trembled, though she was greatly fascinated; and finally she refused to go.

Scarcely had the envoy left her, however, when a great company of nobles entered in groups, and begged her to humor the emperor and not to run the risk of angering him. Finally, her own husband joined in their entreaties, and actually commanded her to go; so at last she was compelled to yield.

It was by no means the frank and radiant girl who was now preparing again to meet the emperor. She knew not why, and yet her heart was full of trepidation and nervous fright, the cause of which she could not guess, yet which made her task a severe ordeal. She dressed herself in white satin, with no adornments save a wreath of foliage in her hair.

As she entered the ballroom, she was welcomed by hundreds whom she had never seen before, but who were of the highest nobility of Poland. Murmurs of admiration followed her, and finally Poniatowski came to her and complimented her, besides

bringing her a message that the emperor desired her to dance with him.

"I do not dance," she said. "I do not wish to dance."

"But, madam, the emperor will be much displeased if you refuse. The whole success of the ball depends on you."

"I am very sorry," she answered, with a quiver of the lips, "but I really cannot. Be kind enough to ask the emperor to excuse me."

But at that very moment she felt some strange magnetic influence; and without looking up, she could feel that Napoleon himself was standing by her, as she sat with blanched face and downcast eyes, not daring to look up at him.

"White upon white is a mistake, madam," said the emperor in his gentlest tones. Then, stooping low, he whispered: "I had expected a far different reception."

She neither smiled nor met his eyes. He stood there for a moment, and then passed on, leaving her to return to her home with a heavy heart. The young countess felt that she had acted wrongly, and yet there was an instinct—an instinct that she could not conquer.

In the gray of the morning, while she was still tossing feverishly, her maid knocked at the door and brought her a hastily scribbled note. It ran as follows:

I saw none but you, I admired none but you; I desire only you. Answer at once, and calm the impatient ardor of— N.

These passionate words burned from her eyes the veil that had hidden the truth from her. What before had been mere blind instinct became an actual verity. Why had she at first rushed forth into the very streets to hail the possible deliverer of her country, and then why had she shrunk from him when he sought to honor her? It was all clear enough now. This bedside missive meant that he had intended her dishonor, and that he had looked upon her simply as a possible mistress.

At once she crushed the note angrily in her hand.

"There is no answer at all," said she, bursting into bitter tears at the very thought that he should dare to treat her in this way.

But on the following morning, when she awoke, her maid was standing beside her with a second letter from Napoleon. Her anger was enhanced. Refusing to open it, and placing it in a packet with the first letter, she ordered that both of them should be returned to the emperor.

A BATTLE AGAINST HEAVY ODDS

She shrank from speaking to her husband of what had happened, and there was no one else in whom she dared confide. All through that day there came hundreds of visitors, either of princely rank, or men who had won fame by their gallantry and courage. They all begged to see her, but to them all she sent one answer—that she was ill and could see no one.

After a time her husband burst into her room, berated her for her unreasonable conduct, and insisting that she should see them.

"Why," exclaimed he, "you are insulting the greatest men and the noblest women of Poland! More than that, there are some of the most distinguished Frenchmen sitting at your doorstep, as it were. There is Duroc, grand marshal of France, and in refusing to see him you are insulting the great emperor, on whom depends everything that our country longs for. It seems that Napoleon has invited you to a state dinner, and that you have given him no answer whatever. Are you a madwoman, or are you merely giving yourself airs? I order you to rise at once and receive these ladies and gentlemen who have done you so much honor!"

She could not refuse. Presently she appeared in her drawing-room, where she was at once surrounded by an immense throng of her own countrymen and countrywomen, who made no pretense of misunderstanding the situation. To them, what was one woman's honor when compared with the freedom and independence of their nation? She was overwhelmed by arguments and entreaties. She was even accused of being disloyal to the cause of Poland if she refused her consent.

One of the strangest documents of that period was a letter sent to her and signed by the noblest men in Poland. It contained a powerful appeal to her patriotism. One remarkable passage even quotes the Bible to point out her line of duty. A portion of this letter ran as follows:

Did Esther, think you, give herself to Ahasuerus out of the fulness of her love for him? So great was the terror with which he inspired her that she fainted at the sight of him. We may therefore conclude that affection had but little to do with her resolve. She sacrificed her own inclinations to the salvation of her country, and that

salvation it was her glory to achieve. May we be enabled to say the same of you, to your glory and our own happiness!

After this letter came others from Napoleon himself, full of the most humble pleading. It was not wholly distasteful thus to have the conqueror of the world seek her out and offer her his adoration, any more than it was distasteful to think that the revival of her own nation depended on her single will. M. Frédéric Masson, whose minute studies regarding everything relating to Napoleon have won him a seat in the French Academy, writes of Marie Walewska at this time:

Every force was now brought into play against her. Her country, her friends, her religion, the Old and the New Testaments, all urged her to yield; they all combined for the ruin of a simple and inexperienced girl of eighteen who had no parents, whose husband even thrust her into temptation, and whose friends thought that her downfall would be her glory.

Amid all these powerful influences she consented to attend the dinner. To her gratification, Napoleon treated her with distant courtesy, and, in fact, with a certain coldness.

"I heard that Mme. Walewska was indisposed. I trust that she has recovered," was all the greeting that he gave her when they met.

Every one else with whom she spoke overwhelmed her with flattery and with continued urging; but the emperor himself, for a time, acted as if she had displeased him so deeply that he had lost his interest in her. This was consummate art; for as soon as she was relieved of her fears, she began to regret that she had thrown her power away.

During the dinner, she let her eyes wander to those of the emperor, almost in supplication. He, the subtlest of men, knew that he had won. His marvelous eyes met hers, and drew her attention to him as by an electric current; and when the ladies left the great dining-room, Napoleon sought her out, pressed her hand, and whispered in her ear a few words of ardent love.

It was too little to alarm her seriously now. It was enough to make her feel that magnetism which Napoleon knew so well how to evoke and exercise. Again every one crowded about her with congratulations, both personal and patriotic. Some said:

"He never even saw any of *us*. His eyes were all for *you!* They flashed fire as he looked at you."

"You have conquered his heart," others said, "and you can do what you like with him. The salvation of Poland is in your hands."

A SACRIFICE FOR HER COUNTRY

The company broke up at an early hour, but Mme. Walewska was asked to remain. When she was alone, General Duroc—one of the emperor's favorite officers and most trusted lieutenants—entered and placed a letter from Napoleon in her lap. He tried to tell her, as tactfully as possible, how much harm she was doing by refusing the imperial request. She was deeply affected, and presently, when Duroc left her, she opened the letter which he had given her and read it. It was worded thus:

There are times when all splendors become oppressive, as I feel but too deeply at the present moment. How can I satisfy the desires of a heart that yearns to cast itself at your feet, when its impulses are checked at every point by considerations of the highest moment? Oh, if you would, you alone might overcome the obstacles that keep us apart. *My friend Duroc will make all easy for you.* Oh, come, come! Your every wish shall be gratified! Your country will be dearer to me when you take pity on my poor heart.

N.

Every chance of escape seemed to be closed. She had Napoleon's own word that he would free Poland in return for her self-sacrifice. Moreover, her powers of resistance had been so weakened that, like many women, she temporized. She decided that she would meet the emperor alone. She would tell him that she did not love him, and yet would plead with him to save her beloved country.

As she sat there, every tick of the clock stirred her to a new excitement. At last, there came a knock upon the door, a cloak was thrown about her from behind, a heavy veil was drooped about her golden hair, and she was led, by whom she knew not, to the street, where a finely appointed carriage was waiting for her.

No sooner had she entered it than she was driven rapidly through the darkness to the beautifully carved entrance of a palace. Half led, half carried, she was taken up the steps to a door which was eagerly opened by some one within. There were warmth and light and color and the scent of flowers

as she was placed in a comfortable armchair. Her wrappings were taken from her, the door was closed behind her; and then, as she looked up, she found herself in the presence of Napoleon, who was kneeling at her feet and uttering soothing words.

Wisely, the emperor used no violence. He merely argued with her; he told her over and over his love for her; and finally he declared that for her sake he would make Poland once again a strong and splendid kingdom.

Several hours passed. In the early morning, before daylight, there came a knock at the door.

"Already?" said Napoleon. "Well, my plaintive dove, go home and rest. You must not fear the eagle. In time you will come to love him, and in all things you shall command him."

Then he led her to the door, but said that he would not open it unless she promised to see him the next day—a promise which she gave the more readily because he had treated her with such respect.

On the following morning, her faithful maid came to her bedside with a cluster of beautiful violets, a letter, and several daintily made morocco cases. When these were opened, there leaped out strings and necklaces of exquisite diamonds, blazing in the morning sunlight. Mme. Walewska seized the jewels and flung them across the room, with an order that they should be taken back at once to the imperial giver; but the letter, which was in the same romantic strain as the others, she retained.

On that same evening there was another dinner given to the emperor by the nobles, and Marie Walewska attended it, but of course without the diamonds, which she had returned. Nor did she wear the flowers which had accompanied the diamonds.

NAPOLEON CHANGES HIS TACTICS

When Napoleon met her, he frowned upon her, and made her tremble with the cold glances that shot from his eyes of steel. He scarcely spoke to her throughout the meal, but those who sat beside her were earnest in their pleading.

This time again she waited until the guests had gone away, and with a lighter heart, since she felt that she had actually nothing to fear. But when she met Napoleon in his private cabinet, alone, his mood was very different from that which he had shown before. Instead of gentleness and consideration, he was the Napoleon of camps, and not of courts. He greeted her bruskly.

"I scarcely expected to see you again," said he. "Why did you refuse my diamonds and my flowers? Why did you avoid my eyes at dinner? Your coldness is an insult which I shall not brook." Then he raised his voice to that rasping, almost blood-curdling tone, which even his hardiest soldiers dreaded: "I will have you know that I mean to conquer you. You *shall*—yes, I repeat it, you *shall* love me! I have restored the name of your country. It owes its very existence to me."

Then he resorted to a trick which he had played years before, in dealing with the Austrians at Campo Formio.

"See this watch which I am holding in my hand. Just as I dash it to fragments before you, so will I shatter Poland if you drive me to desperation by rejecting my heart and refusing me your own."

As he spoke, he hurled the watch against the opposite wall with terrific force, dashing it to pieces. In terror, Mme. Walewska fainted. When she resumed consciousness, there was Napoleon wiping away her tears with the tenderness of a woman and with words of self-reproach.

The long siege was over. Napoleon had conquered, and this girl of eighteen gave herself up to his caresses and endearments, thinking that, after all, her love of country was more than her own honor.

Her husband, as a matter of form, put her away from him, though at heart he approved what she had done, while the Polish people regarded her as nothing less than a national heroine. To them she was no minister to the vices of an emperor, but rather one who would make him love Poland for her sake, and restore its greatness. And so every day, when she visited the emperor, those who saw her waved her a cordial greeting, and blessed her as the savior of her country.

NAPOLEON'S BROKEN PROMISE

So far as concerned his love for her, it was, indeed, almost idolatry. He honored her in every way, and spent all the time at his disposal in her company. But his promise to restore Poland he never kept, and gradually she found that he had never meant to keep it.

"I love your country," he would say, "and I am willing to aid it in the attempt

to uphold its rights, but my first duty is to France. I cannot shed French blood in a foreign cause."

By this time, however, Marie Walewska had learned to love Napoleon for his own sake. She could not resist his ardor, which matched the ardor of the Poles themselves. Moreover, it flattered her to see the greatest soldier in the world a suppliant for her smiles.

"It is my great privilege," he once said to her, according to Masson, "to be a leader of nations. Once I was an acorn; now I am an oak. Yet when I am the oak to all others, I am glad to become the acorn for you."

For some years she was Napoleon's close companion, spending long hours with him, and finally accompanying him to Paris. She was the mother of Napoleon's only son who lived to manhood. This son, who bore the name of Alexandre Florian de Walewski, was born in Poland in 1810, and later was created a count and duke of the second French Empire. It may be said parenthetically that he was a man of great ability. Living down to 1868, he was made much of by Napoleon III, who placed him in high offices of state, which he filled with distinction. In contrast with the Duc de Morny, who was Napoleon's illegitimate half-brother, Alexandre de Walewski stood out in brilliant contrast. He would have nothing to do with stock-jobbing and unseemly speculation.

"I may be poor," he said—though he was not poor—"but at least I remember the glory of my father, and what is due to his great name."

As for Mme. Walewska, she was loyal to the emperor, and lacked the greed of many women whom he had made his favorites. Even at Elba, when he was in exile and disgrace, she visited him that she might endeavor to console him. She was his counselor and friend, as well as his earnestly loved mate. When she died in Paris, in 1817, while the dethroned emperor was a prisoner at St. Helena, the word "Napoleon" was the last upon her lips.

THE SINGING WIND

To-DAY the singing wind blows straight
From o'er pacific seas;
It wafts a boat with precious freight,
This wonder-laden breeze—
A shallop whose white wings enfold
Dim dreams of argonauts and gold!

To-day the singing wind floats by
In blue and gold and green,
Turquoise of California sky,
The poppy's yellow sheen,
The redwood's tinge, hope's hue divine,
That decks these natal groves of mine!

To-day the singing wind is fraught
With scent of inner shrines,
The incense of a fair love-thought
That round heaven's lattice twines—
Oh, singing wind, my soul you stir
With perfumed memories of Her!

She, whom to know was raptured bliss,
To lose was sorrow sore—
Oh, mother mine, I feel thy kiss,
I feel thine arms once more!
See, singing wind, how thy blest art
Has waked the lute-strings of my heart!

Clarence Urmy

THE DOMESTICATED BIPLANE

BY E. J. RATH

AUTHOR OF "THE MULCAHEYS' BIDDY," ETC.

WHEN Willoughby Prank discovered that his motor had inhaled and puffed away all the gasoline in the tank, he was inclined to be petulant. His temper did not improve when he reflected that he could blame nobody but himself, for he never allowed anybody else to fill the tank. Further, he knew of no place within forty miles or thereabouts where he could exchange money for fluid power. That meant delay in getting home, the missing of a meal, and perhaps, if luck was particularly bad, no place to sleep.

It was mid-afternoon, and his engagement at a cotillion that evening was exceptionally important. If he missed that cotillion, it would be his automatic resignation to any claim upon the attention or consideration of a lady concerning whom he was forming certain opinions that seemed in a fair way to become fixed. So he gave voice to something sturdier than "Piffle!" and more popular than "Jinks!" and began the task of finding a proper place to alight.

For Willoughby Prank was about twelve hundred feet aloft when his engine rested. The problem of descent did not alarm him, for all afternoon the air had been solid and steady; but the country below, for the last twenty miles, had been inhospitable for planes. It was lumpy with hills and wrinkled with valleys, and both hills and valleys were the ideal of forest conservation. Where there was no forest, with mocking pines pointing upward like tacks standing on their heads, there were rock-rent streams, rippling lakes, and pleasant waterfalls. Willoughby's biplane carried no aquatic accessories.

He began descent at the gentlest possible angle, so as to postpone the meeting between earth and plane to the utmost moment. In fact, he slid downward so slowly that there was some risk of losing steerageway, turning over, and descending like a plummet. But Willoughby Prank had air wisdom and air nerve, and also a stupendous quantity of luck.

Friends constantly congratulated him on the fact that his good luck would eventually conclude his career. So, as the plane glided at minimum speed, he watched carefully for an oasis that was not a lake.

He was about half-way down, and was considering the relative resiliency of pine and birch trees, when he observed a round and smooth-domed hill half a mile ahead. Its slopes were thickly wooded, but its crown looked attractively bald. With about five hundred feet of elevation remaining, a descent without disaster was as good as accomplished.

As he neared the hill, he observed the clearing to be about a hundred yards in diameter, and almost circular; it sloped away easily on all sides from a point in the center. He skimmed the tree-tops at the eastern edge, and for the first time beheld scattered stumps and boulders. He sighed as he estimated their effect upon the best plane he ever owned; then there came a crumpling of rubber-tired wheels, a crackle of metal, a couple of futile hops, and the plane stopped.

Willoughby Prank stopped some twenty feet beyond, arose from the coarse stubble, and fingered a scratch on his nose. Then he stepped back to his plane, examined it with commiseration and disgust, and proceeded to extend the remarks that he had begun a mile or so back.

II

IMMEDIATELY cool and placid words reached his ears.

"Please remove it at once; you are in the foreground."

Willoughby's cap was off in a trice, even before he located the voice, for his manners were of the instinctive type.

"I am sure I beg your pardon," he said hastily. "I didn't see you."

"Oh, I overlook what you said," answered a girl in a very large gingham apron. "My father sometimes says the same things. But I must ask you to take that contraption away immediately, because it interferes with my view."

She had stepped out from behind an easel. There was a palette in one hand, a brush in the other, and a semisavage headdress of other brushes thrust into her coiled red hair.

"It is not a contraption," he answered severely, for such a word spoken by a young lady impressed him as uncouth.

"My father says they are all contraptions, nevertheless — fool-killing contraptions; and his judgment is excellent. However, you are alive."

"I built it myself," said Willoughby Prank aimlessly.

"Indeed? You are an inventor?"

"I didn't exactly invent it, I suppose. I improved it."

"You have not improved it by bringing it here," she remarked in a judicial way. "The wheels are in a shocking state. But if you will invent a way to remove it, I shall indeed be obliged." Thereat she resumed her seat behind the easel, dabbed her brush into a splotch of green paint, and added: "Please hurry!"

Willoughby sauntered toward the easel and took a position in the rear of the young lady's left shoulder. She painted obliviously for a couple of minutes; then, without turning her head, she observed:

"Is it quite polite to look without being asked?"

"It happens to be necessary," he answered, studying the coil of polished hair. "I wanted to see how far I should have to take it in order to get it out of your foreground."

"Twenty yards will do, thank you."

"May I make a suggestion?" The young lady's pink ears were getting a trifle pinker at the tips. "Just this," he continued, unabashed by her failure to respond. "Your picture would be immensely improved with my plane painted upon it, in that bare spot in the lower left-hand corner. It would give a sense of action. It's just a suggestion, however."

"Art suggestions are valuable sometimes," she said, with a half turn of her head which enabled him to note that her complexion was excellent. "That is, when they come from artists."

"Oh, but aviators are artists," he replied, pleased to see that her hands were remarkably well shaped, even though somewhat painty.

"Impressionists, I fancy," she remarked evenly, glancing at the furrow plowed by Willoughby's plane. "But as this is not an impressionistic canvas, will you please act on my suggestion at once, and—take—your—contraption—away?"

"Certainly!" As Willoughby hastened to obey, he mentally photographed a profile that had certain positive merits. "But don't forget that I made a good suggestion!" he called back. "Landscapes need life, action, vigor. Mustn't be too peaceful, you know!"

While the young lady went on painting, Willoughby Prank toiled with his wounded plane. Broken wheels and other damaged underpinning made even twenty yards a difficult distance.

"Would you mind lending a hand?" he called presently.

She put down her palette and brushes, and shook out her apron.

"What shall I do?" she asked with a sigh.

"Just come around to this end and help me lift. It only needs a bit more strength."

First at one end of the plane and then at the other they lifted and carried, and by a series of zigzag swings they grapevined it out of the foreground. The first lift enabled Willoughby to discover that her eyes were gray and pleasant. During the second, he silently indorsed the contour of her nose. At the third, he decided that her mouth was well shaped, and that while it was set in firm lines just then, it might easily soften under a different mood.

At the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh lifts he made other notes of equal value, so that when the moving of the machine was finally accomplished he had catalogued and indexed practically everything but the girl's name.

"You're strong," he said, panting.

"Very," she agreed impersonally.

"My name is Willoughby Prank. You will have to accept a verbal card."

She nodded, and started back toward the easel.

"I don't fancy the name very much myself," he continued. "It strikes me as sort of silly."

"Yes," she agreed.

Willoughby jerked himself together, and stared at her retreating figure. He felt his scratched nose thoughtfully, then grinned and followed her.

"May I ask on whose property I am trespassing?"

"Oh, yes, if you like."

"Whose?"

"Mine."

"And—"

She laid down her palette and brushes and looked at him through calm and steady eyes, while she said, slowly and with great distinctness:

"Mary Josephine Brown, age twenty-two, height five feet four, native-born, white, daughter of Zachary W. Brown, banker and broker."

"Never heard of him, I'm sure," murmured Willoughby, somewhat overwhelmed at this flood of information.

And that was perfectly true, for the world of finance and Willoughby Prank had no acquaintance. His father had made some important discoveries there, but Willoughby was familiar only with the product thereof. He passed from college to aviation without a struggle. Being a wizard of the winds, the wherefores of wealth concerned him not.

He seated himself where he could watch the deft hand of Mary Josephine Brown as it put lifelike branches on a painted tree, and wondered if she always shuttled between the extremes of monosyllabic curtness or ironical verbosity. Now and then he swept the country with a calculating glance, seeking to discover a plan for getting his plane out of a preposterous situation. It was going to be difficult to start it on rough and sloping ground, even when repaired; and then it would be impossible to surmount the trees that fringed the clearing.

Suddenly he asked:

"Whose shanty?"

"It's a studio."

"I beg pardon. You work here regularly, then?"

"Yes."

"Landscapes?"

"Yes."

"Live near?"

"Yes."

"Interested in flying?"

"No."

"Oh!"

Silence resumed, and more branches attached themselves to the tree.

"Mary Josephine Brown," said Willoughby Prank, "you are rather difficult to talk to."

"Probably."

He strolled over to the studio and glanced in.

"Utterly feminine," he remarked for the benefit of his own ears.

A few unframed canvases were scattered about. There was a table in one corner, supporting a tea-set and an alcohol lamp. Swinging across the broad porch was a hammock. She kept her books mostly on the floor.

"Is there a wagon road up this hill?" asked Willoughby, returning to the immediate neighborhood of the easel.

"Only a footpath."

"You see, I'm trying to figure a way out of here," he explained. "The trouble is, even if I get the plane in shape, I can't rise out of here because of these trees. There isn't room to start. When I built this machine I didn't allow for taking it apart, because I didn't think it would ever be necessary. I'm just about as well fixed as a frog in a bait-can. I can't get her down a footpath through the woods. I'm afraid I'll have to cut down some trees and dig up some stumps."

"Certainly not," said Miss Brown, leaning back in her camp-chair and eying her work critically.

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that I will not permit any trees to be cut down. I enjoy them, and they are mine."

"But you said you wanted me to get that con—that plane out of here, didn't you?"

"I do. That's your task."

"But why be unreasonable? Why make it impossible?"

She shrugged her shoulders, and then said, as if it was an afterthought:

"If my father sees it, he will be angry. He hates them."

"Does he come up here often?"

"Occasionally."

"Then your house must be near by?"

"Yes."

"How about a village? Does the country afford one?"

"Three miles, over there," replied Mary Josephine Brown, pointing suggestively with her brush. "You'll find the path that way. It leads into the road half a mile

below. The road is almost straight. You can't miss it."

"In that event, good afternoon," said Willoughby with a formal bow. "I am compelled to leave my plane here overnight."

Just a short nod.

"But I'll be back in the morning."

"Good day," said Miss Brown, adding some pink frills to a cloud.

III

As Willoughby reached the edge of the clearing, he looked back. The coil of red hair glowed in the afternoon sun. Now it bent closely over the canvas, now it swung back, while Mary Josephine tested her perspective. Mr. Prank chuckled and strode forward on the path that led down-hill. All the way to the village he had spells of laughter.

The lady in the gingham apron was at work when Willoughby stepped into the clearing the following forenoon. Her "Good morning" was so perfectly noncommittal that he went off and puttered a while with his plane. Eventually he drifted toward the easel.

"It's going to take time, I'm afraid," he said.

"Yes, it will take years at that rate," she assented.

"I perceive," he noted with approval, "that you distinguish the real from the make-believe."

"Sometimes."

"I've wired for my trunk and some clothes," he continued. "Not a bad little hotel down below."

"Will it take as long as that?" demanded Miss Brown, and she almost permitted herself to look startled.

"It may. Besides, these flying clothes are pretty warm for this weather, when you are aviating afoot. I'll be glad of a change."

She frowned as Willoughby lighted a cigar.

"Have you thought any more about my suggestion for the picture?" he inquired.

"Please don't be annoying, and please get that thing off my hill, Mr. Prank."

"Has your father seen it?"

There was no answer to this. As Mary Josephine Brown was palpably averse to conversation, Willoughby sat silent for half an hour and then tracked for the village.

He was sitting in silent contemplation of his plane, next day, when she brought her easel out from the studio.

"I have a scheme," he said, as she noted his change from leather to gray flannels with a dubious look.

"Yes?"

"I'll bring a gang of men up here, with some lumber, and we'll build a runway. I can get a start on that, and probably clear those trees."

"I thought of that yesterday," she said.

"Why in the world didn't you say so?"

"It can't be done."

"Why, yes, it can—easily."

"I won't permit it."

"Indeed! Will you permit anything?"

"I don't propose to have my hill cluttered up with lumber and carpenters and noise," said Miss Brown. "It's bad enough to have a broken aeroplane hanging around."

"But this is ridiculous," protested Willoughby. "You want my machine out of here, and you won't let me get it out."

"You had no business to bring it here in the first place."

"Then, why don't you put up a sign? 'Mary Josephine Brown's hill—keep off' —or something like that. I couldn't help landing here, anyhow. I couldn't deliberately spit myself on a pine-tree, could I?"

Miss Brown puckered her forehead.

"Perhaps not," she ventured doubtfully.

She was studying her canvas now, and soon she astonished Willoughby by stepping off a little way and studying his plane. From all angles she viewed it appraisingly. Then she looked at him with entire and amazing friendliness.

"Too bad it isn't a monoplane, isn't it?"

"Too bad!" he repeated. "Certainly not. Let me tell you something about monoplanes. In the first place, they're—"

"They're more artistic, more beautiful, more poetic."

Willoughby subsided.

"And beauty and poetry are what we seek in pictures."

"What? Do you really mean—"

"Yes; I really mean. I've changed my mind. Isn't that odd?"

"Help me move it back," commanded Willoughby. "I knew you'd see the point."

She smiled inscrutably, but she helped him move it back into the foreground.

"Under the circumstances, I think I have a right to watch you paint," he said, when

she had resumed her camp-chair at the easel, and she did not say him nay.

"May I suggest?" he ventured, at last.

She nodded.

"Those planes—you are getting them a bit too long?"

"But they look better."

"Granting that, they are not correct, you know."

"This is art, Mr. Prank."

After that she could have painted the planes an inch wide and a mile long and Willoughby would have uttered no word of technical protest. As he was bidding her "Good afternoon," she actually asked him a favor.

"Would you mind—to-morrow—wearing that leather suit?"

"Honest? You intend—"

"Honest, I intend."

"I'll wear it if it's a hundred in the shade," said Willoughby.

IV

Now, that was the beginning of days and days of leather, when Mr. Prank would have been far more comfortable in flimsy flannel.

"You want me to sit in the seat and hold the levers, I suppose," he said as he appeared for his first sitting.

Mary Josephine Brown was engaged in measuring off a distance, and did not answer just then; but soon she beckoned.

"It was right here, I think."

"What?"

"Where you arrived."

"Heavens! You don't mean that way?"

"It will give a sense of action, you know," she said. "I think that was what you suggested. Now, if you will kindly get on your knees, put your head on the ground, sprawl your arms forward—"

"Absurd! Impossible! It'll look ridiculous."

"But you did look ridiculous," she answered truthfully. "Utterly foolish. And my picture demands it."

"I suppose you want me to swear, too," said Willoughby. "That was part of it, too, if you remember."

"That will not be necessary, unless it will help you to pose more naturally. I can't paint a noise. Now, please take the pose."

"Never!" said Willoughby, folding his arms. "You are guying me."

"Please!"

"You'll call it 'The Dying Flying Man,' or 'The Aviator's Exit,' or something like that, and I'll never hear the end of it."

"Please!"

"And you'll put it in an exhibition," continued Willoughby accusingly, "and tell everybody how—"

"Please!"

Three "pleases" in a row from the lips of Mary Josephine Brown, accompanied by glances from gray eyes that represent pleading, and gestures that indicate coaxing, and an attitude that plainly bespeaks unhappiness and disappointment, always close a debate.

"Show me where you want me," sighed Willoughby.

"Here—on your knees; that's right. Fall forward. No; that's not natural. Put the other hand out. Better! Now, wait till I study it."

She stepped back a few paces.

"I'll never be able to hold this," he called, screwing his head around. "I'm no contortionist. Can't I lie down?"

"Try it," she assented.

He stretched himself on the hilltop.

"I believe that's better, after all," she said, after a survey. "It's more tragic, anyhow. But your arms and legs need arranging."

She arranged them in compliance with art, and then for one hour and a half she painted a limp likeness of Willoughby Prank on her canvas. He was a wonderfully good model—he was asleep. She poked him in the ribs with a brush handle when the day's sitting was over, and Willoughby blinked at her in dull surprise.

"I beg pardon," he said. "Did I spoil the picture? I'm sorry."

"On the contrary. I'll make you tea, if you like."

Tea in the studio seemed to soften the severities of Miss Brown, for she let him ramble about aviation, and motors, and ailerons, to his own complete happiness.

"But, do you know, I think this is going to be bad for my nerves," he asserted.

"Tea? No, indeed."

"I mean this posing. You see, I dreamed it."

"Dreamed what?"

"That it really happened. That I was—er—smashed."

"Really?" Her eyes opened wide in interest. "That was curious, wasn't it?"

"No, I don't think so. You see, it started when I was awake. I got to thinking about it. You arranged me mighty realistically, you know. I suppose it was the environment — matter over mind, perhaps. When I fell asleep I just naturally dreamed it—falling."

"Hum!" commented Miss Brown, looking thoughtful.

The tea treatment had to be administered to Willoughby's nerves every day he posed, and every day he protested that he was getting worse. Not that he grudged the good flying days that came and went while his damaged plane rested where it fell. There would be plenty more. But he deplored the mental suggestion of his new occupation.

"I'll have to quit, I'm afraid," he said apologetically one afternoon. "If I fall asleep, as I have done three times, I dream it. When I stay awake, I think about it. That's bad. I never had it enter my head before. Now it has wiggled into a corner of my brain and I can't get it out."

Miss Brown looked sympathetic.

"Have some more tea," she suggested.

One morning he found her perched in the aviator's chair, under the shade of the upper plane. She uttered exclamations of delight when he appeared.

"It's famous!" she said. "I just thought of it. These levers are just right for my canvas. The seat is awfully comfortable, and I don't have to bother with my sunshade. Why, it was built for a studio! And I'm glad it isn't a monoplane, after all."

"You have given me a great idea," said Willoughby Prank. "I shall make you famous. You will paint pictures that nobody ever dreamed of."

Miss Brown looked expectant.

"Photographs," continued Willoughby, "have been made from aeroplanes—lots of them. They're common. But nobody ever painted from one. I'll rig up another easel for you and another seat. We'll go up and you will paint yourself immortal. And here's another idea—we'll take the tea-set, and you can make tea in the air!"

Miss Brown shook her head pleasantly.

"Not until I have finished my series, at any rate."

"Series?"

"A series on 'The Tragedy of the Air.' I've been mapping it out for several days. Do you think you could manage to hang it up in that tree—the plane?"

His eyes followed her pointing finger.

"This is to illustrate," she explained, "an aviator dashed into a forest by a gale. He is hurled to the ground, while his machine hangs between earth and sky. There will be gray, scudding clouds. I can put those in on a rainy day."

"But my nerves!" said Willoughby pleadingly. "You certainly do invent the most suggestive ideas."

"Do you think we can get it up there?" repeated Miss Brown.

"I'll see," he grumbled.

"The Tragedy of the Air" was a wonderful conception, and it grew swiftly into execution. But days of torment came to Willoughby Prank. It took strenuous maneuvering with block and tackle to put the plane into a pine-tree at an artistic angle, but they did it. Then it took new persuasion to prostrate Willoughby at the foot of the tree. Miss Brown did that.

"Stop talking about your nerves," she admonished him a dozen times a day.

V

After that one, there were more episodes of disaster. She hung Willoughby Prank from a limb, like a blanket thrown over a line, and painted him. Even in the rain she hung him, to get proper storm lighting and other moist effects, while she, sheltered under the plane, stayed dry and cheerful.

She suspended him in mid air, dangling at a rope's end, to represent "The Falling Flier." Ten minutes at a time in this posture was his physical limit, and when she lowered him to the earth for rests he always discussed his nerves. Once his belt broke, and he descended according to the law of Newton. After that she tied the rope around his body.

Of course, it demanded coaxing and diplomacy and constant praise of his devotion to art. She ordered the biplane to the roof of the studio, and she put Willoughby Prank perilously close to the eaves, crumpled and unhappy, while she fixed him on the canvas. She made him crawl under an overturned machine, where the hill dropped off steeply, for three consecutive afternoons. She bemoaned the fact that there was no lake. Canvas after canvas went into the studio to dry.

Now and then there were days when neither Willoughby nor the plane was needed as a property. On those occasions she swung her hammock between the uprights,

and Willoughby shifted the machine so as to keep her under the shadow of the upper wing. She abandoned her easel for the conveniently arranged levers in front of the pilot's seat.

She even made a suggestion that caused Willoughby to toil back from the village with several gallons of gasoline. After that, when the afternoon was hot and windless, he would start the engine, and she would sit in the wake of the propeller. They dragged the plane at a proper distance from the studio veranda and swept that sheltered spot with an artificial breeze which Willoughby learned to regulate to a nicety.

In fact, she had more uses for a biplane than most girls have for a hairpin. But Willoughby's air nerve was going stale.

"Look here, Mary Josephine Brown," he declared earnestly one afternoon, "I'm in a funk!"

"Nonsense."

"Really, I'm serious—a nasty funk! Here's the championship only two weeks away."

"What championship?" asked Miss Brown, perking her ears.

"The Amateur International — flying, you know. And I haven't been in a machine for weeks." She nodded in confirmation. "And my new machine's finished. Did I tell you I had ordered a new one? Well, I did, just as soon as I saw you needed this one. Instead of flying, I've been playing dead."

"You're not dead in all the pictures, you know," she corrected. "Not where you dangled from the rope, or on the roof. You're only damaged in that one. And in one of those on the ground you're only dying."

"I thank you for that. But do you know what?"

"No," said Miss Brown, sitting up straight in the hammock. "What in the world."

"I'm *afraid!*" His voice was in mourning.

Miss Brown looked incredulous.

"Fact! I'm afraid. My nerve is gone. I get gooseflesh when I think of it."

"Have tea?"

"No; we'll have this out now," said Willoughby grimly. "I've got to fly anyhow; I'm entered. I can't let 'em know that I'm scared. They'll laugh. But if I smash, you'll know who's to blame."

"That isn't fair."

"If I get smashed so they can't identify me—"

"Mr. Prank!"

"And I'm picked up—"

"Stop!"

"And carried off—"

"I won't listen! You're getting ghastly."

"And when they send flowers and—"

Mary Josephine Brown jumped out of the hammock and stamped her foot.

"I forbid you!" she cried wrathfully.

"It's your fault," growled Willoughby. "Many a man, when there was nothing the matter with his plane, went wrong because he lost his nerve."

"Then why do they fly?" she inquired.

"What else can they do?" he demanded.

That seemed to be a poser, for she pursed her lips doubtfully and made no reply.

"Yes, I've got to fly," he said gloomily. "And I don't want to. I shall inevitably get thinking of one of those horrible pictures while I'm about a thousand feet up, and then—"

"I'll burn them," declared Miss Brown promptly.

"That won't help. It's done now. I don't believe you're even decently sorry, at that."

This was ungracious, and Miss Brown turned away to gaze into the sultry mists of the landscape.

"Yes; my nerve's gone, and—Mary Josephine Brown! Are you laughing?"

She shook her head.

"Yes, you are; you're laughing. You don't care a whoop. I think you did it deliberately. You knew what was going to happen. I actually believe you don't *want* me to fly!"

Miss Brown turned a steady pair of eyes at him and said, in a surprised tone:

"I don't."

Then she remembered something, and took to her heels in the direction of the studio. She had covered twenty-five yards when Willoughby Prank also remembered something.

"We'll turn it into a summer-house!" he cried, as he went in pursuit.

Mary Josephine ran faster.

"We'll hang the pictures in our library!" he yelled, gaining a few yards.

Mary Josephine was sprinting.

"And when we get old, we'll tell our—"

At this point it becomes certain that Willoughby Prank will overtake her, so the race is of no further interest.

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE*

BY LEROY SCOTT

AUTHOR OF "TO HIM THAT HATH," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

DR. WEST, who has superintended the erection of a new water-works system for the city of Westville, is accused of accepting a bribe in connection with the installation of a filtering-plant. The doctor is a scientist of high repute, a student and something of a recluse; and the management of his defense falls mainly upon his daughter Katherine, a Vassar graduate, who has studied law, and who has been engaged in legal work for the Municipal League, a New York civic association.

Dr. West's chief accuser is Dr. Sherman, a young clergyman who is the leading preacher in Westville; and so strong is the general sentiment against him that he has difficulty in finding a lawyer willing to appear for him in court. Katherine appeals to Harrison Blake, the leader of the local bar, who was her suitor in her college days; but he also declines the case. In desperation, she determines that she herself will act as counsel for the defense.

In that capacity she investigates every possible source of information, but can find no evidence to rebut Dr. Sherman's charge that her father took money from an agent of the Acme Filter Company. Finally, on the day before the trial, she goes to ask advice from Harrison Blake, telling him that she believes the accusation to be part of a plot to discredit the city water-works and the whole movement for municipal ownership. Blake is so much disturbed by what she says that she becomes convinced that such a conspiracy is afoot, and that he is concerned in it. She has no proof of this, however, and can make no use of her theory when her father's case comes into court: though when she explains it to Arnold Bruce, editor of the Westville *Express*, he is convinced that she is right.

At Dr. West's trial, in spite of all that his daughter can do to assert his innocence, she has no means of breaking down the prosecutor's case, and her father is found guilty. Judge Kellogg sentences him to a fine of one thousand dollars, and to six months' imprisonment.

XII.

ON the following morning Bruce had just finished an editorial on Dr. West's trial, and was busily thumping out another on the local political situation—both the Republican and Democratic conventions were but a few days off—when, lifting his scowling gaze to his window while searching for a word, he saw Katherine passing along the sidewalk across the street. Her face was fresh, her step springy; hers was anything but a downcast figure. Forgetting his editorial, he watched her turn the corner of the square and go up the broad steps of the dingy old county jail.

"Well, what do we think of her?" queried a voice at his elbow.

Bruce turned abruptly.

"Oh, it's you, Billy! D'you see Blake?"

"Yes." The young fellow sank loungingly into the atlas-seated chair. "He wouldn't say anything definite—said it was up to the convention to pick the candidates. But it's plain Kennedy's his choice for mayor, and we'll be playing perfectly safe in predicting Kennedy's nomination."

"And Peck?"

"Blind Charlie said it was too early to make any forecasts. In doubt as to whom they'd put forward for mayor."

"Would Blake say anything about Dr. West's conviction?"

"Sorry for Dr. West's sake, but the case was clear—trial fair—a wholesome example to the city—and some more of that line of talk."

Bruce grunted. The reporter lit a cigarette.

"But how about the lawyer, eh?" He playfully prodded his superior's calf with

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his pointed shoe. "I suppose you'll fire me off your rotten old sheet for saying it, but I still think she made a mighty good showing considering that she had no case—and considering, also, that she's a woman." Again he thrust his toe into his chief. "Considering that she's a woman—eh, Arn?"

"Shut up, Billy, or I *will* fire you," growled Bruce.

"Oh, all right," answered the other cheerfully. "After half a year of the nerve-racking social whirl of this metropolis, I think it would be sort of restful to be back in dear little, quiet Chicago. But seriously now, Arn, you've got to admit she's good-looking?"

"Good looks don't make a lawyer!" retorted Bruce.

"But she's clever—got ideas—opinions of her own, and strong ones, too."

"Perhaps."

The reporter blew out a cloud of smoke.

"Arn, I've been thinking about a very interesting possibility."

"Well, make it short, and get in there and write your story!"

"I've been thinking," continued Billy meditatively, "what an interesting situation it would make if the supermasculine editor of the *Express* should fall in love with the lady law—"

Bruce sprang up.

"Confound you, Billy! If I don't crack that empty little—"

But Billy, tilted back in his chair, held out his cigarette-case imperturbably.

"Take one, Arn. You'll find them very soothing to the nerves."

"You impertinent little pup, you!" He grabbed Billy by his long hair, held him a moment, then grinned affectionately, and took a cigarette. "You're the worst ever!" He dropped back into his chair. "Now shut up!"

"All right. But speaking impersonally, and with the unemotional aloofness of a critic, you'll have to admit that it would make a good dramatic situation."

"Confound you!" cried the editor in exasperation. "Shall I fire you, or chuck you through the window?"

"Inasmuch as our foremost scientists are uniformly agreed that certain unpleasant results may eventuate when the force of gravitation brings a human body into sudden and severe juxtaposition with a brick sidewalk, I humbly suggest that you fire me. Besides, that act will automatically avenge me, for then your yellow old newspaper will go plum to smash!"

"For goodness' sake, Billy, get out of here and let me work!"

"But, seriously, Arn—I'm really serious now"—and all the mischief had gone out of the reporter's eyes—"that Miss West would have put up a stunning fight if she had had any sort of a case. Of course, she had nothing to fight with. They certainly had the goods on her old man!"

Bruce turned from his machine and regarded the reporter thoughtfully. Then he crossed and closed the door, which was slightly ajar, and again fixed his eyes searchingly on young Harper.

"Billy," he said in a low, impressive voice, "can you keep a big secret?"

A look of humility crept into Billy's face.

"Oh, I know you've got every right to doubt me," he acknowledged. "I certainly did leak a lot at the mouth in Chicago, when I was boozing so much; but, you know, since you pulled me out of that wild bunch and brought me down here, I've been screwed tight to the water-wagon!"

"I know it, Billy. I shouldn't for an instant—"

"And, Arn," interrupted Billy, putting his arm contritely across the other's shoulder, "even though I do joke at you a little—simply can't help it—you know how eternally grateful I am to you. You're giving me the chance of my life to make a man of myself. People in this town don't half appreciate you; they don't know you for what I know you—the best fellow that ever happened!"

"There, there! Cut it out, cut it out!" said Bruce gruffly, gripping the other's hand.

"That's always the way," said Billy resentfully. "Your only fault is that you are so infernally bull-headed that a fellow can't even thank you!"

"You're thanking me the right way when you stick to the water-wagon. What I started out to tell you, what I want you to keep secret, is this—they put the wrong man in jail yesterday."

"What?" ejaculated Billy, springing up.

"I tell you this much because I want you to keep your eye on the story. Trouble is likely to break loose there any time, and I want you to be ready to handle it in case I should have to be off the job."

"Good Lord, old man!" Billy stared at him. "What's behind all this? If Dr. West's the wrong man, then who's the right one?"

"I can't tell you any more now."

"But how did you find this out?"

"I said I couldn't tell you any more."

A knowing look came slowly into Billy's face.

"H'm! So that was what Miss West called here about day before yesterday!"

"Get in there and write your story," said Bruce shortly, and again sat down before his typewriter.

Billy stood rubbing his head for a long space, then he slowly moved to the door. He opened it and paused.

"Oh, I say, Arn," he remarked in an innocent tone.

"Yes?"

"After all," he drawled, "it would make an interesting dramatic situation, wouldn't it?"

Bruce whirled about and threw a "Statesman's Year-Book," but young Harper was already on the safe side of the door; and the incorrigible Billy was saved from any further attempt at reprisal by the ringing of Bruce's telephone.

Bruce picked up the instrument.

"Hello! Who's this?" he demanded.

"Mr. Peck," was the answer.

"What? You don't mean Blind Charlie?"

"Yes. I called up to see if you could come over to the hotel to have a little talk —about politics."

"If you want to talk to me, you know where to find me! Good-by!"

"Wait! Wait! What time will you be in?"

"The paper goes to press at two thirty. Any time after then."

"I'll drop around before three."

Four hours later, Bruce was glancing through that afternoon's paper, damp from the press, when there came into his office a stout, half-bald man of sixty-five, with a loose, wrinkled, pouchy skin. The visitor had a drooping nose; his mouth was stained faintly brown at its corners, and its cunning was not entirely masked by a good-natured smile. One eye had a shrewd and beady brightness; the gray film over the other announced it without sight. This was Blind Charlie Peck, the king of Calloway County politics before Harrison Blake hurled him from his throne.

Bruce greeted the fallen monarch curtly, and asked him to sit down. The editor did not resume his seat, but half-leaned against his desk and eyed Blind Charlie with open disfavor.

The old man settled himself and smiled his good-natured smile.

"Well, Mr. Bruce, this is mighty dry weather we're having."

"Yes. What do you want?"

"Well—well—" said the old man, a little taken aback. "You certainly do jump into the middle of things!"

"I've found that the quickest way to get there," retorted Bruce. "You know there's no use in you and me wasting any words. You know well enough what I think of you."

"I ought to," returned Blind Charlie dryly, but with good humor. "You've said it often enough."

"Well, that there may be no mistake about it, I'll tell you once more. You're a good-natured, good-hearted, cunning, unprincipled, hardened old rascal of a politician. Now, if you don't want to say what you came here to say, the same way that brings you in here takes you out!"

"Come, come," returned the old man soothingly. "I think you have said a lot of harder things than were strictly necessary—especially since we both belong to the same party."

"That's one reason I've said them. You've been running the party most of your life—you're still running it—and see what you've made of it. Every decent member is ashamed of it! It stinks all through the State!"

Blind Charlie's face did not lose its smile of imperturbable good nature. It was a tradition of Calloway County that he had never lost his temper.

"You're a very young man, Mr. Bruce," said the old politician, "and young blood loves strong language. But suppose we get away from personalities, get away from the party's past, and talk about its present and its future?"

"I don't see that it has any present or future to talk about, with you at the helm!"

"Oh, come now! Granted that my ways haven't been the best for the party. Granted that you don't like me. Is that any reason we shouldn't at least talk things over? Now, I admit that we don't stand the shadow of a ghost's show this election unless we make some changes. You repre-

sent the element in the party that has talked most for changes, and I have come to get your views."

Bruce studied the loose-skinned, flabby face, wondering what was going on behind that old mask.

"What are your own views?" he demanded shortly.

Blind Charlie had taken out a plug of tobacco, and with a jack-knife had cut off a thin slice. This, held between thumb and knife-blade, he now slowly transferred to his mouth.

"Perhaps they're nearer your own than you think; for I see the old ways won't serve us now. Blake will put up a good ticket—I hear Kennedy is to be his mayor. All the nominees will be respectable, but they'll see that Blake gets what he wants. Isn't that so?"

Bruce thought suddenly of Blake's scheme to capture the water-works.

"Very likely," he admitted.

"Now, between ourselves," the old man went on confidingly, "we know that Blake has been getting what he wants for years—of course, in a quiet, moderate way. Did you ever think of this, how the people here call me a 'boss,' but never think of Blake as one? Blake's an 'eminent citizen'; when the fact is that he's a stronger, cleverer boss than I ever was. My way is the old way; it's mostly out of date. Blake's way is the new way; he's found out that the best method to get hold of the people is to be clean, or to seem clean. If I wanted a thing, I used to go out and grab it; if Blake wants a thing, he makes it appear that he's willing to go to considerable personal trouble to take it in order to do a favor to the city, and the people fall all over themselves to give it to him. He's got the churches lined up as solid behind him as I used to have the saloons. Now I know we can't beat Blake out with the kind of a ticket our party has been putting up. And I know we can't beat Blake out with a respectable ticket, for between our respectables—"

"Charlie Peck's respectables!" Bruce interrupted ironically.

"And Blake's respectables," the old man continued imperturbably, "the people would choose Blake's. Are my conclusions right so far?"

"Couldn't be more right. What next?"

"As I figure it out, our only chance, and that a bare fighting chance, is to put up men who are not only irreproachable, but who are progressive and fighters. We've got to do something new, big, sensational, or we're lost."

"Well?" said Bruce.

"I was thinking," said Blind Charlie, "that our best move would be to run you for mayor."

"Me?" cried Bruce, starting forward.

"Yes. You've got ideas. You're a fighter."

Bruce scrutinized the old man's face, all suspicion.

"See here, Charlie," he said abruptly, "what's your game?"

"My game?"

"Oh, come! Don't expect me to believe in you when you pose as a reformer!"

"See here, Bruce," said the other a little sharply, "you've called me about every dirty word that lay around handy in the Middle West; but you never called me a hypocrite."

"No."

"Well, I'm not coming to you now pretending that I've been holding a little private revival, and that my heart's made over."

"Then what's behind this? What's in it for you?"

"I'll tell you—though of course I can't make you believe me if you don't want to. I'm getting pretty old—I'm sixty-seven; I may not live till another campaign. I'd like to see the party win once more before I go. That's one thing.

"Another is, I've got it in for Blake, and want to see him licked. I can't do either in my way; I can possibly do both in your way. Mere personal satisfaction like this would have been mighty little for me to get out of an election in the old days; but it's better than nothing at all"—smiling good-naturedly—"even to a cunning, unprincipled, hardened old rascal of a politician."

"But what's the string tied to this offer?"

"There is no string. You can name the ticket, write the platform—"

"It would be a radical one!" warned Bruce.

"It would have to be radical. Our only chance is in creating a sensation."

"And if elected?"

"You shall make every appointment without let or hindrance. I know I'd be foolish to try to bind you in any way."

Bruce was silent for a long time, studying the wrinkled old face.

"Well, what do you say?" queried Blind Charlie.

"Frankly, I don't like being mixed up with you."

"But you believe in using existing party machinery, don't you? You've said so in the *Express*."

"Yes; but I have also said that I don't believe in using it the way you have."

"Well, here's your chance to take it and use it your own way."

"But what show would I stand? Feeling in town is running strong against radical ideas."

"I know, I know. But you are a fighter; with your energy, you might turn the current. Besides, something big may happen before election."

That same thought had been pulsing excitedly in Bruce's brain these last few minutes. If Katherine could only get her evidence!

Bruce moved to the window and looked out, that Blind Charlie's one keen eye might not perceive the exultation that he could no longer keep out of his face. Bruce did not see the tarnished dome of the courthouse—nor the grove of broad elms, shriveled and dusty—nor the enclosing quadrangle of droop-necked farm-horses. He was seeing the town shaken as by an explosion; he was seeing cataclysmic battle, with Blind Charlie become a nonentity, Blake completely annihilated, and himself victorious at the front; and—dream of his dreams!—he was seeing himself free to reshape Westville upon his own ideals.

"Well, what do you say?" asked Blind Charlie.

Controlling himself, Bruce turned about.

"I accept, upon the conditions you have named. But at the first sign of an attempt to limit those conditions I throw the whole business overboard!"

"There will be no such attempt, so we can consider the matter settled." Blind Charlie held out his hand, which Bruce, with some hesitation, accepted. "I congratulate you, I congratulate myself, I congratulate the party. With you as leader, I think we've all got a fighting chance to win."

They discussed details of Bruce's candidacy, they discussed the convention; and a little later Blind Charlie departed. Bruce, fists deep in trousers pockets, paced up and down his little office, or sat far down in his chair, gazing at nothing, in excited, searching thought. Billy Harper and other members of the staff, who came in to him with questions, were answered absently with monosyllables.

At length, when the court-house clock droned the hour of five through the hot, burned-out air, Bruce washed his hands and brawny forearms at the old iron sink in the rear of the reporters' room, and wiped them on a towel, whose color suggested that it might have been inherited from old Jimmie Bruce, and that the present editor, from reasons of sentiment, could not bear to see the venerated heirloom absent from its accustomed roller for a single day.

Bruce then put on his coat, and strode up Main Street; but instead of following his habit and turning off into Station Avenue, where was the house in which he and Old Hosie ate and slept and had their quarrels, he continued his way and turned into an avenue beyond. On his face was the flush of defiant firmness that tells of the bold man who finds himself doing the exact thing he had sworn that he would never do.

He swung open the gate of the West yard, went up to the house with firm step, and rang the bell. When the screen swung open, Katherine herself was in the doorway—looking a little excited, trimly dressed, on her head a little hat wound with a veil.

"May I come in?" he asked shortly.

"Why, certainly." And she stepped aside.

"I didn't know."

He bowed, entered the parlor, and stood rather stiffly in the center of the room.

"My reason for daring to violate your prohibition of three days ago, and enter this house, is that I have something to tell you which may prove to have a bearing upon your father's case."

"Please sit down. When I apologized to you, I considered the apology as equivalent to taking down all signs against trespassing."

They sat down, and for a moment they gazed at each other, still feeling themselves antagonists, though allies—she smilingly at her ease, he grimly serious.

"Now, please, what is it?" she asked.

Bruce, speaking reservedly at first, told her of Blind Charlie's offer. As he spoke, he warmed up; when he finished, he was quite excited.

"And now," he cried, "don't you see how this works in with the fight to clear your father? It's a great opportunity—haven't thought out yet just how we can use it; that will depend upon developments, perhaps—but it's a great opportunity! We'll sweep Blake completely and utterly from power, reinstate your father in position and honor, and make Westville the finest city of the Middle West!"

But she did not seem to be fired by the torch of his enthusiasm. In fact, there was a questioning look upon her face.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he demanded.

"I have been given to understand," she said pleasantly but with a sly look, "that it is unwomanly to have opinions upon politics."

He winced.

"This is hardly the time for sarcasm. What do you think?"

"If you want my frank opinion, I am rather inclined to beware of Greeks bearing gifts," she replied.

"What do you mean?"

"When a political boss, and a notoriously corrupt one, offers an office to a good man, I think the good man should be very, very suspicious."

"You think Peck has some secret corrupt purpose? I've been scrutinizing the offer for two hours—I know the ins and outs of the local political situation from A to Z—I know all Peck's tricks—but I have not found the least trace of a hidden motive."

"Perhaps you haven't found it because it's hidden so shrewdly, so deeply, that it can't be seen."

"I haven't found it because it's not there to find!" retorted Bruce. "Peck's motive is just what he told me; I'm convinced he was telling me the truth. It's a plain case, and not an uncommon case, of a politician preferring the chance of victory with a good ticket to certain defeat with a ticket more to his liking."

"I judge, then, that you are inclined to accept?"

"I have accepted," said Bruce.

"I hope it will turn out better than my suspicions."

"Oh, it will!" he declared. "And mark me, it's going to turn out a far bigger thing for your father than you seem to realize."

"I hope that even more fervently than you do."

"I suppose you are going to keep up your fight for your father?"

"I expect to do what I can," she answered calmly.

"What are you going to do?"

She smiled sweetly, apologetically.

"You forget that only one day has passed since the trial. You can hardly expect a woman's mind to lay new plans as quickly as a man's."

Bruce saw nothing suspicious in this remark. She glanced at her watch.

"Pardon me," he said, noticing this action, and rising. "You have your hat on; you were going out?"

"Yes. I'm afraid I must ask you to excuse me." She gave him her hand. "I hope you don't mind my saying it, but if I were you, I'd keep all the eyes I've got on Mr. Peck."

"Oh, I'll not let him fool me!" Bruce answered confidently.

As he walked out of the yard, he was somewhat surprised to see Mr. Huggins's ancient equipage waiting beside the curb; and he was rather more surprised when, a few minutes later, as he neared his home, Huggins drove past him toward the station, with Katherine in the seat behind him. In response to her possessed little nod he amazedly lifted his hat.

"Now, what in the world is she up to?" he ejaculated, and stared after her till the old carriage turned in beside the station platform.

As he reached his gate, the Eastern Express came roaring and puffing into the station. The truth dawned in upon him.

"Well!" he cried. "If she isn't going back to New York!"

XIII

Bruce was incensed at the cool manner in which Katherine had taken leave of him without so much as hinting at her purpose. In offering her his aid, and telling her his plans, he had made certain advances. She had responded to these overtures by disclosing nothing. He felt that he had been snubbed, and he resented such treatment all the more from a woman toward whom he had somewhat relaxed his dignity and his principles.

As he sat alone on his porch, that night, he breathed out along with his smoke an accompanying fire of profanity; but for all his wrath, he could not keep certain questions from arising. Why had she gone?

What was she going to do? Was she coming back? Had she given up her father's case, and had she concealed it from him that afternoon for the simple reason that she was ashamed to acknowledge her retreat?

He waited impatiently for the return of his uncle, who had been absent from supper. He thought that Hosie might answer these questions, since he knew the old man to be on friendly terms with Katherine. But when Hosie shuffled up the gravel walk, he was almost as much at a loss as his nephew. True, a note from Katherine had been thrust under his door, telling him that she wished to talk with him that afternoon; but he had spent the day looking at farms, and had not found the note until his return from the country half an hour before.

Bruce flung away his cigar in exasperation, and the dry night air was vibrant with half-whispered but perfervid curses. She was irritating, erratic, irrational, irresponsible — preposterous, simply preposterous! Confound that kind of woman, anyhow!

But he could not subdue his curiosity, though he fervently informed himself of the thousand and one kinds of an unblessed fool he was for bothering his head about her. Nor could he banish her image. Her figure kept rising before him out of the hot, dusty blackness, as she had appeared before the jury yesterday, slender, spirited, clever —yes, she had spoken cleverly, he would admit that; as she had appeared in her parlor that afternoon, a graceful, courteous, self-possessed home person; as he had seen her in Mr. Huggins's old surrey, with her exasperating, non-committal, cool little nod.

But why, oh, why, in the name of the flaming rendezvous of lost and sizzling souls couldn't a woman with her qualities also have just one grain—only one single little grain—of the commonest common sense?

The next morning, Bruce sent young Harper to inquire from Dr. West in the jail, and after that from Katherine's aunt, why Katherine had gone to New York, whether she had abandoned the case, and whether she had gone for good. But if these old people knew anything, they did not tell it to Billy Harper.

All Westville buzzed over Katherine's disappearance. The piazzas, the soda-water fountains, the dry-goods counters, the Ladies' Aid, were at no loss for an explanation of her departure. She had lost her case —she had found that she was a failure as a lawyer—she had learned what Westville thought of her—so what other course was open to her but to slip out of town as quietly as she could, and return to the place from which she had come?

The Women's Club, in particular, rejoiced at her withdrawal. Thank God, a pernicious example to the rising young womanhood of the town was at last removed!

Perhaps the women's righteous disapproval of Katherine had a deeper reason than was expressed; for who, even the most self-searching, truly knows the exact motives that prompt his actions? Perhaps, far down within these righteously indignant bosoms, unconsciously but potently, there arose this question—if that type of woman succeeds and wins man's approval, then what is going to become of us who have been built upon man's former taste? At any rate, feminine Westville declared it a blessing that "that terrible thing" was gone.

Westville continued to buzz, but it soon had matters more worth its buzzing. Pressing one another's heels, there came two amazing surprises. The city had taken for granted the nomination of Kennedy for mayor, but the convention's second ballot declared Blake the candidate. Blake had given heed to Mr. Brown's advice, and had decided to take no slightest risk; but to the people he let it be known that he had accepted the nomination to help the city out of its water-works predicament.

Westville, recognizing his personal sacrifice, rang with applause of his public spirit. The respectable element looked forward with self-congratulation to him as the next chief of the city—for he would have an easy victory over any low politician who would consent to be Blind Charlie's candidate.

Then, without warning, came Bruce's nomination by the other party, with a splendid list of lesser candidates, and upon a most progressive platform. Westville gasped again. Recovering from its amazement, it was inclined to take this nomination as a joke; but Bruce soon checked the general jocularity. That he was fighting for an apparently defunct cause seemed to make no difference to him.

Perhaps Old Hosie had spoken more wisely than he had intended when he once sarcastically remarked that Bruce was "a cross between a bulldog and Don Quixote." Certainly the qualities of both strains were

now in evidence. He sprang instantly into the campaign, and by the power and energy of his speeches, and of his editorials in the *Express*, he fairly raised his issue from the dead. Bruce did not have a show, people said—not the ghost of a show; but if he maintained the ferocious earnestness with which he was starting out, this certainly was going to be the hottest campaign that Westville had seen since Blake had overthrown Blind Charlie Peck.

People recalled Katherine now and then, to wonder what she was doing and how mortified she must feel over her fiasco, and to laugh good-naturedly or sarcastically at the pricked soap-bubble of her pretensions. But the newer and present excitement of the campaign was forcing her into the comparative insignificance of all receding phenomena, when, one late September Sunday morning, Westville, or that select portion of Westville which attended the Wabash Avenue Church, was astonished by the sight of Katherine West walking very composedly up the church's left aisle, looking exceedingly well and particularly stunning in a tailor-made gown of rich brown corduroy.

Quietly entering a vacant pew, she slipped to a position which allowed her an unobstructed view of Dr. Sherman, and which gave Dr. Sherman an equally unobstructed view of her. Worshipers who stared her way noticed that she seemed never to take her gaze from the figure in the pulpit; and it was remarked, after the service was over, that though Dr. Sherman's discourses had been falling off of late—poor man, his health was failing so!—to-day's was quite the poorest sermon he had ever preached.

The service ended, Katherine went quietly out of the church, smiling and bowing to those who met her eyes, and leaving an active tongue in every mouth behind her. So she had come back! Well, of all the nerve! Did you ever? Was she going to stay? What did she think she was going to do? And so on all the way home to the heavy Sunday dinner on which Westville gorged itself pythonlike—if it be not sacrilege to compare communicants with such heathen beasts—until, toward three o'clock, the church paper sank down upon the distended stomachs of middle age, and there arose from all the easy chairs of Westville an unrehearsed and somewhat inarticulate, but very hearty, hymnal in praise of the bounty of the Creator.

At about the time when Westville was starting this chorus, Hosie Hollingsworth, in Katherine's parlor, deposited his rusty silk hat upon the square mahogany piano that had been Dr. West's wedding-gift to his wife. The old lawyer lowered himself into a rocker, crossed his attenuated legs, and shook his head.

"Land sakes, I certainly was surprised to get your note!" he repeated. "When did you get back?"

"Late last night."

He stared admiringly at her fresh young figure.

"I must say, you don't look much like a lawyer who has lost her first case and has sneaked out of town to hide her mortification!"

"Is that what people have been saying?" she smiled. "Well, I don't feel like one!"

"Then you haven't given up?"

"Given up?" She lifted her eyebrows. "I've just begun. It's still a hard case, perhaps a long case; but at last I have a start. And I have some great plans. It was to ask your advice about these plans that I sent for you."

"My advice! Huh! I ain't ever been married—not even so much as once," he commented dryly, "but I've been told by unfortunates that have that it's the female way to do a thing and then ask whether she should do it or not."

"Now, don't be cynical!" laughed Katherine. "You know I tried to consult you before I went away; but it still is not too late for your advice. I'll put my plans before you, and if your masculine wisdom, whose superiority you have proved by keeping yourself unmarried, can show me wherein I'm wrong, I'll change them or drop them altogether."

"Fire away!" he said, half grumbling. "What are your plans?"

"They're on a rather big scale. First, I shall put a detective on the case."

"That's all right, but don't you underestimate Harrison Blake," warned Old Hosie. "Since you've come back, Blake will be sure you're after him. He will be on his guard against you; he will expect you to use a detective; he will watch out for him, perhaps have him shadowed. I suppose you never thought of that?" he demanded triumphantly.

"Oh, yes, I did," Katherine returned. "That's why I shall get two detectives."

The old man raised his eyebrows.

"Two detectives?"

"Yes—one for Mr. Blake to watch, one to do the real work."

"Oh!" It was an ejaculation of dawning comprehension.

"The first detective will be a mere blind—a decoy to engage Mr. Blake's attention. He must be a little obvious, rather blundering, so that Mr. Blake can't miss him. He will know nothing about my real scheme at all. While Mr. Blake's attention and suspicion are fixed on the first man, the second man, who is to be a real detective with real brains in his head, will get in the real work."

"Splendid! Splendid!" cried Old Hosie, looking at her enthusiastically. "And yet that pup of a nephew of mine sniffs out, 'Her a lawyer? Nothing! She's only a woman!'"

Katherine flushed.

"That's what I want Mr. Blake to think."

"To underestimate you — yes, I see. Have you got your first man?"

"No. I thought you might help me find him, for a local man, or a State man, will be best; it will be easiest for him to be recognized as a detective."

"I've got just the article for you," cried Old Hosie. "You know Elijah Stone?"

"No. But, of course, I've seen him."

"He's Westville's best and only. He thinks he's something terrible as a detective—what you might call a hyper-super-ultra detective. Detective sticks out big all over him—like a sort of universal mumps. He never sees anything except when he looks cautiously out of the corner of his eye; he walks on his tiptoes; he talks in whispers; he simply oozes mystery. Fat-head?—why, Lige Stone wears his hat on a can of lard!"

"Come, I'm not engaging a low comedian for a comic opera."

"Oh, he's not so bad as I said. He's really got a reputation. He's just the kind of a detective that an inexperienced girl might pick up. Blake will soon find out that you've hired him. He'll believe it a *bona-fide* arrangement on your part, and will have a lot of quiet laughs at your simplicity. God made Lige especially for you!"

"All right. I'll see him to-morrow."

"Have you thought about the other detective?"

"Yes. One reason I went to New York was to try to get a particular person—Mr. Manning, with whom I've worked on some cases for the Municipal League. He has six children, and is very much in love with his wife. The last thing he looks like is a detective. He might pass for a superintendent of a store, or a broker. But he's very, very competent and clever, and is always master of himself."

"And you got him?"

"Yes; but he can't come for a couple of weeks. He is finishing up a case for the Municipal League."

"How are you going to use him?"

"I don't just know yet. Perhaps I can fit him into a second scheme of mine. You've heard of Mr. Seymour, of Seymour & Burnett?"

"The big bankers and brokers?"

"Yes. I knew Elinor Seymour at Vassar, and I visited her several times; and as Mr. Seymour is president of the Municipal League, altogether I have seen him a great deal. I don't mean to be conceited, but I really believe Mr. Seymour has a lot of confidence in me."

"That's a fine compliment to his sense," Old Hosie put in.

"He's about the most decent of the big capitalists," she went on. "He was my second reason for going to New York. When I got there he had just left to spend a week-end in Paris, or something of the sort. I had to wait till he came back; that's why I was gone so long. I went to him with a plain business proposition. I gave him a hint of the situation out here, told him there was a chance that the water-works might be sold, and asked authority to buy them in for him."

"And how did he take it?" Old Hosie asked eagerly.

"You behold in me an accredited agent of Seymour & Burnett. I don't know yet how I shall use that authority, but if I can't do anything better, and if the worst comes to the very worst, I'll buy in the plant, defeat Mr. Blake, and see that the city gets something like a fair price for its property."

Old Hosie stared in open admiration.

"Well, if you don't beat the band!" he exclaimed.

"In the mean time, I shall busy myself with trying to get my father's case appealed. But that is really only a blind; behind that I shall every minute be watching Mr. Blake. Now, what do you think of my plans? You know I called you in for your advice."

"Advice! You need advice about as much as an angel needs a hat-pin!"

"But I'm willing to change my plans if you have any suggestions."

"I was a conceited old idiot when I was a little sore, a while ago, because you called me in for my opinion after you had settled everything. Go right ahead. It's fine! Fine, I tell you!" He chuckled. "And to think that Harrison Blake thinks he's bucking up against only a woman—just a simple, inexperienced, dear, bustling, blundering woman! What a jar he's got coming to him!"

"We mustn't be too hopeful," warned Katherine. "There's a long, hard fight ahead. Perhaps my plan may not work out. And remember that, after all, I am only a woman."

"But if you do win!" His old eyes glowed excitedly. "Your father cleared, the idol of the town upset, the water-works saved—think what a noise all that will make!" A new thought slowly dawned into his face. "H'm—this old town hasn't been, well, exactly hospitable to you; it has laughed at you—sneered at you—given you the cold shoulder."

"Has it? What do I care?"

"It would be sort of nice, now wouldn't it," he continued slowly, keenly, with his subdued excitement—"sort of heaping coals of fire on Westville's roofs, if the town, after having cut you dead, should find that it had been saved by you? I suppose you've never thought of that aspect of the case, eh? I suppose it has never occurred to you that in saving your father you'll also save the town?"

She flushed—and smiled a little.

"Oh, so we've already thought of that, have we? I see I can't suggest anything new to you. Let the old town jeer all it wants to now, we'll show 'em in the end—is that it?"

She smiled again, but did not answer him.

"Now, you'll excuse me, won't you," she said, "for I promised to call on father this afternoon?"

"Certainly." He rose. "How is your father—or haven't you see him yet?"

"I called at the jail first thing this morning. He's very cheerful."

"That's good. Well, good-by!"

Old Hosie was reaching for his hat, but just then a firm step sounded on the porch, and there was a ring of the bell. Katherine crossed the parlor and swung open the screen. Standing without the door was Bruce, a defiant look upon his face.

"Why, Mr. Bruce!" she exclaimed, smiling pleasantly. "Won't you come in?"

"Thank you," he said shortly. He bowed and entered, but stopped short at sight of his uncle. "Hello! You here?"

"Just to give an offhand opinion, I should say I am." Old Hosie smiled sweetly, put his hat back upon the piano, and sank into his chair. "I just dropped in to tell Miss Katherine some of those very clever and cutting things you've said to me about the idea of a woman being a lawyer. I've been expostulating with her—trying to show her the error of her ways—trying to prove to her that she isn't really clever, and hasn't the first qualification for law."

"You please let me speak for myself!" retorted Bruce. "How long are you going to stay here?"

Old Hosie recrossed his long legs and settled back with the air of the rock of ages.

"Why, I was expecting Miss Katherine to invite me to stay to supper."

"Well, I guess you won't. You please remember this is your month to look after Jim. Now, you trot along home, and see that he don't fry the steak to a shingle the way you let him do it last night!"

"Last night I was reading your editorial on the prospects of the corn crop, and I got so worked up as to how it was coming out that I forgot all about that wooden-headed nigger. I tell you, Arn, that editorial was one of the most exciting, stirring, nerve-racking, hair-raising—"

"Come, get along with you!" Bruce interrupted impatiently. "I want to talk some business with Miss West!"

Old Hosie rose.

"You see how he treats me," he said plaintively to Katherine. "I haven't had one kind word from that young pup since he was in high school, when he got so stuck on himself because he imagined every girl in town was in love with him."

Bruce took Old Hosie's silk hat from the piano and held it out to him.

"You certainly won't get a kind word from me to-night if that steak is burned!"

Katherine followed Hosie out upon the porch.

"He's a great boy," whispered the old man proudly, "if only I can lick his infernal conceit out of him!" He gripped her hand. "Good-by, and luck with you!"

She watched the bent, spare figure go down the walk, then went in to Bruce. The

editor was standing stiffly in the middle of the parlor.

"I trust that my call is not inopportune?"

"I'm glad to see you, but it does so happen that I promised father to call at five o'clock, and it's now twenty minutes to."

"Perhaps you will allow me to walk there with you?"

"But wouldn't that be—ah — a little dangerous?"

"Dangerous?"

"Yes. Perhaps you forget that Westville disapproves of me. It might not be a very politic thing for a candidate for mayor to be seen upon the street with so unpopular a person. It might cost votes, you know."

He flushed.

"If the people in this town don't like what I do, they can vote for Harrison Blake!" He swung open the door. "If you want to get there on time, we must start at once."

Two minutes later they were out in the street together. People whom they passed paused and stared back at them. Groups of young men and women, courting collectively on front lawns, ceased their flirtatious chaffing and their bombardments with handfuls of loose grass, nudged one another, and sat with eyes fixed on the passing pair. Many a solid burgher, out on his veranda, waking from his devotional and digestive nap, blinked his eyes unbelievingly at the sight of a candidate for mayor walking along the street with that discredited lady lawyer who had fled the town in chagrin after losing her first case.

At the start, Katherine kept the conversation upon Bruce's candidacy. He told her that matters were going even better than he had hoped. He informed her, with an air of triumph which he did not try to conceal, that Blind Charlie Peck had been giving him an absolutely free rein, and that he was more than ever convinced that he had correctly judged that politician's motives.

Katherine meekly accepted this implicit rebuke of her presumption, and congratulated him upon the vindication of his judgment.

"But I came to you to talk about your affairs, not mine," he said, as they turned into Main Street. "I half thought, when you left, that you had gone for good; but your coming back proves you haven't given up. May I ask what your plans are, and how they are developing?"

Her eyes dropped to the sidewalk, and she seemed to be embarrassed for words. It was not wholly his fault that he interpreted her as crestfallen, for Katherine was not lacking in the wiles of Eve.

"Your plans have not been prospering very well, then?" he asked, after a pause.

"Oh, don't think that; I still have hopes," she answered hurriedly. "I am going to keep right on at the case."

"Were you successful in what you went to New York for?"

"I can't tell yet; it's too early. I hope something will come of it."

He tried to get a glimpse of her face, but she kept it fixed upon the ground—to hide her discomfiture, he thought.

"Now, listen to me," he said kindly, with the kindness of the superior mind. "Here's what I came to tell you, and I hope you won't take it amiss. I admire you for the way you took your father's case when no other lawyer would touch it. You have done your best. But now, I judge, you are at a standstill. At this particular moment it is highly imperative that the case should go forward with highest speed. You understand me?"

"I think I do," she said meekly. "You mean that a man could do much better than a woman?"

"Frankly, yes—still meaning no offense to you. You see how much hangs upon your father's case besides his own honor. There is the election, there is the whole future of the city. You see, we are really facing a crisis. We must have quick action. In this crisis, being in the dark as to what you were doing, and feeling a personal responsibility in the matter, I have presumed to hint at the outlines of the case to a lawyer friend of mine in Indianapolis; and I have engaged him, subject to your approval, to take charge of the matter."

"Of course," said Katherine, her eyes still upon the sidewalk, "this man lawyer would expect to be the chief counsel?"

"Being older, and more experienced—"

"And being a man," Katherine softly supplied.

"He would expect to have charge of the case, naturally," Bruce concluded.

"Naturally," echoed Katherine.

"Of course you would agree to that?"

"I was just trying to think what a man would do," she said meditatively, in the same soft tone. "But I suppose a man, after he had taken a case when no one else

would take it, when it seemed hopeless—after he had spent months upon it, made himself unpopular by representing an unpopular cause, and finally worked out a line of defense which, when the evidence is gained, will not only clear his client, but astound the city—after he had triumph and reputation almost within his grasp—I suppose a man would be quite willing to step down and out and hand over the glory to a newcomer!"

He looked at her sharply; but her face, or what he saw of it, showed no sign of dissembling.

"You are not stating the matter fairly," he said. "You should consider the fact that you are at the end of your rope."

"Yes, I suppose I should consider that," she said slowly.

They were passing the court-house now. He tried to study her face, but it continued bent upon the sidewalk, as if in thought. They reached the jail, and she mounted the first step.

"Well, what do you say?" he asked.

She slowly raised her eyes and looked down on him guilelessly.

"You've been most thoughtful and kind—but if it's just the same to you, I'd like to keep on with the case a little longer alone."

"What?" he ejaculated. He stared at her. "I don't know what to make of you!" he cried in exasperation.

"Oh, yes, you do," she assured him sweetly, "for you've been trying to make very little of me."

"Eh? See here, I half believe you don't want my aid!" he blurted out.

Standing there above him, smiling down upon him, she could hardly resist telling him the truth—that sooner would she allow her right hand to be burned off than accept aid from a man who had flaunted and jeered at her lawyership—that it was her changeless determination not to tell him one single word about her plans—that it was her purpose to go silently ahead and let her success, should she succeed, be her reply to his unbelief.

But she checked the impulse to fling the truth in his face. Instead, she continued to smile inscrutably down upon him.

"I hope that you will do all for my father, for the city, for your own election, that you can," she said. "All I ask is that for the present I should be left to handle the case by myself."

The court-house tower tolled five. She held out to him a gloved hand.

"Good-by. I'm sorry I can't invite you in," she said lightly, and turned away.

He watched the slender figure go up the steps and into the jail. Then he turned and walked down the street—exasperated, puzzled, in profound thought.

XIV

THE next morning, Elijah Stone appeared in Katherine's office as requested. He was a thickly, if not solidly, built gentleman, in imminent danger of a double chin, and with that submerged blackness of the complexion which is the result of a heavy and fresh-shaven beard. He kept his jaw clenched to give an appearance of power, and his black eyebrows lowered to diffuse a sense of deeply pondered mystery. His wife considered him a rarely handsome specimen of his sex.

He permitted art to supplement the acknowledged gifts of nature so far as to perfume his glossy black hair, to wear a couple of large diamond rings, and to carry upon the watch-chain that clanked heavily across the broad and arching acreage of his waistcoat a begemmed lodge emblem, in size a trifle smaller than a paper-weight.

He was an affable, if somewhat superior, being, and he listened to Katherine with a still further lowering of his impressive brows. She informed him, in a perplexed, helpless, womanly way, that she was inclined to believe that her father was "the victim of foul play"—the black brows sank yet another degree—and that she wished him privately to investigate the matter. He, of course, would know far, far better what to do than she, but she would suggest that he should keep an eye upon Blake.

At first, Mr. Stone appeared somewhat skeptical and hesitant, but after peering darkly out for a long and ruminative period at the dusty foliage of the court-house elms, and after hearing the comfortable fee Katherine was willing to pay, he consented to accept the case. As he left, he kindly assured her, with manly pity for her woman's helplessness, that if there was anything in her suspicion, she "needn't waste no sleep now about gettin' the goods."

In the days that followed, Katherine saw her *Lecoq* shadowing the movements of Blake with the lightness and general unobtrusiveness of a mahogany bedstead ambling about upon its casters. She soon

guessed that Blake perceived that he was being watched, and she imagined how he must be smiling up his sleeve at her simplicity. Had the matters at stake not been so grave, had she been more certain of the issue, she might have put her own sleeve to a similar purpose.

In the mean time, as far as she could do so without exciting suspicion, she kept close watch upon Blake. It had occurred to her that he might possibly have an unknown accomplice whose discovery would make it a simple matter to gain the rest of the evidence. There was a chance that he might let slip some revealing action. At any rate, till Mr. Manning came, her rôle was to watch with unsleeping eye for developments.

Her office window commanded the entrance to Blake's suite of rooms, and no one went up by day whom she did not see. Her bedroom commanded Blake's house and grounds; and every night she sat at her darkened window till the small hours, watching for possible suspicious visitors, or possible suspicious movements on the part of Blake.

Also, she did not forget Dr. Sherman. On the day of her departure for New York, she had called upon Dr. Sherman, and in the privacy of his study had charged him with playing a guilty part in Blake's conspiracy. She had been urged to this course by the slender chance that, when directly accused as she had dared not accuse him in the court-room, he might break down and confess. But he had denied her charge, and had clung to the story that he had told upon the witness-stand. Since Katherine had counted but little on this chance, she had gone away not greatly disappointed.

But she did not now lose sight of the young minister. Regular attendance at church, of late years, had not been one of Katherine's good habits, but after her return it was remarked that she did not miss a single service at which Dr. Sherman spoke. She always tried to sit in the very center of his vision, seeking to keep ever before his mind, while he preached God's Word, the sin that he had committed against God's law and man's.

The clergyman visibly grew more pale, more thin, more distraught. The changes inspired his congregation with concern; they began to talk of overwork, of the danger of a breakdown; and seeing the dire possibility of losing so popular and pew-filling a pastor, they began to urge upon him the need of a long vacation.

Katherine could not but also give attention to the campaign, since it was daily growing more sensational, and was completely engrossing the town. Blake, in his speeches, stood for a continuance of the rule that had made Westville so prosperous. He dwelt especially upon an improvement in the service of the water-works, though as to the nature of the improvements he confined himself to language that was somewhat vague.

Katherine heard him often. He was always eloquent, clever, forceful, with a manly grace of presence upon the platform—just what she, and just what the town, expected him to be.

But the surprise of the campaign, to Katherine and to Westville, was Arnold Bruce. Katherine had known him to be a man of energy; now, in her mind, a forceful if not altogether elegant phrase of Carlyle attached itself to him—"a steam-engine in trousers." He was never clever, never polished; he never charmed with the physical grace of his opponent; but he spoke with a power, an earnestness, and an energy that were tremendous. By the main strength of his ideas and his personality he seemed to bear down the prejudice against the principle for which he stood. He seemed to stand out in the mid-current of hostile opinion, and hurl it back into its former course.

Bruce's efforts were nothing less than herculean. He was a bigger man, a more powerful man, than Westville had ever dreamed. His spirited battle against such apparently hopeless odds had a compelling fascination. Despite her defiantly critical attitude, Katherine was profoundly impressed; and she heard it whispered about that, notwithstanding Blake's great popularity, his party's certainty of success was becoming very much disturbed.

Both Katherine and Bruce were fond of riding—Dr. West's single luxury, his saddle horse, was ever at Katherine's disposal—and at the end of one afternoon they met by chance out along the winding River Road, with its border of bowing willows and mottled sycamores, between whose browned foliage could be glimpsed long reaches of the broad and polished river, steel-gray in the shadows, a flaming copper where the low sun poured over it its parting fire.

Little by little Bruce began to talk of his

ideals. Presently he was speaking with a simplicity and openness that he had not yet used with Katherine. She perceived, more clearly than before, that whereas he was dogmatic in his ideas and brutally direct in their expression, he was a hot-souled idealist, overflowing with a passionate and even desperate love of democracy, which he feared was in danger of dying out in the land—quietly and painlessly suffocated by a narrowing oligarchy which sought to blind the people to its rule by allowing them the exercise of democracy's dead forms.

His square, strong face, which she watched with a rising fascination, was no longer repellent. It had that compelling beauty, superior to mere tint and molding of the flesh, which is born of great and glowing ideas. She saw that there was sweetness in his nature, that beneath his rough exterior was a powerful, all-inclusive tenderness.

Now and then she put in a word of discriminating approval, now and then a word of well-reasoned dissent.

"I believe you are even more radical than I am!" he exclaimed, looking at her keenly.

"A woman, if she is really radical, has got to be more radical than a man. She sees all the evils and dangers that he sees, and in addition she suffers from injustices and restrictions from which man is wholly free."

He was too absorbed in the afterglow of what he had been saying to take in all the meanings implicated in her last phrase.

"Do you know," he said, as they neared the town, "you are the first woman I have met in Westville to whom one could talk about real things, and who could talk back with real sense!"

A very sly and pat remark upon his inconsistency was at her tongue's tip. But she realized that he had spoken impulsively, unguardedly, and she felt that it would be little short of sacrilege to be even gently sarcastic after the exalted revelation he had made of himself.

"Thank you," she said quietly, and turned her face and smiled at the reaches of the river, now steel-blue in the pale light.

After this, on several evenings, he dropped in to see her. When he was in an idealistic mood, she was warmly responsive. When he was arbitrary and opinionated, she met him with chaffing and raillery, and at such times she was as elusive, as baffling, as exasperating as a sprite. On occasions when he rather insistently asked about her plans and her progress in her father's case, she evaded him and held him at bay. She felt that he admired her, but with a grudging, unwilling admiration that left his fundamental disapproval of her quite unshaken.

The more she saw of this dogmatic dreamer, this erratic man of action, the more she liked him, the more she found really admirable in him; but mixed with her admiration was an alert and pugnacious fear, so big was he, so powerful, so violently hostile to all the principles involved in her belief that the whole wide world of action should in justice lie as much open to woman as to man.

(To be continued)

WITH FALLING LEAVES

My love kissed me and rode away—
  Let him go!
He and I kept holiday
  A week ago.

Laughed and danced and played awhile—
  He and I;
Kissed, and watched with careless smile
  Love pass by;

With no sadness said good-by
  At the end;
Glad I am he did not try
  To be my friend.

Thus our love has smiled and died—
  Merrily;
But oh, my heart, if he should ride
  Back to me!

Kate Kelly



ANNE MEREDITH, WHO IS SALLY FISHER IN THE NEW FARCE, "WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED"

From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York

THE STAGE

THE RETURN OF MELODRAMA

FOR the past two seasons we have heard much about the passing of the thrill drama—the play in which the villain smoked multitudinous cigarettes, while the hero bided his time to rescue *Bertha*, the sewing-machine girl, or *Nellie*, the beautiful cloak model, from a buzz-saw that really moved, or a torrent composed of genuine wet water.

"We laid it on too thick; Third Avenue has sickened of the stuff," said managers of the A. H. Woods brand, who had grown wealthy on this type of theatrical provender, and they forthwith turned their energies into the so-called two-dollar field, authors like Owen Davis following suit. Meantime Third Avenue was left to the picture and burlesque houses, while high-brow writers on the drama patted themselves complacently on the back and exclaimed:

"Behold what we have done! We have trained the public to appreciate a better type of play. Melodrama is dead—peace to its ashes!"

But is melodrama dead? If it ever was defunct, it has most assuredly come to life again, and now flourishes amid much more luxurious surroundings than those with which it was wont to exist when the thrills of Third and Eighth Avenues were not confined to the dumb shadowings on a white screen. It is the region of Broadway and

Forty-Second Street in New York, the Loop district in Chicago, where melodrama now reigns supreme — disguised under another name, to be sure, and listed at two dollars a seat, but melodrama, nevertheless. It is melodrama not only disguised, but vastly improved over the old type, for it is written by leading authors, and acted by some of the best players.

The sweeping success scored by "Paid in Full" paved the way for the new order of things. The famous third act of this play, wherein the wife comes to the sea-captain ready to pay any price to secure her husband's freedom from arrest, went even a step farther than Blaney and Owen Davis had ever dreamed they dared go.

In his very next play, "The Wolf," Eugene Walter boldly called the piece melodrama on the bills, but he made a mistake. The critics roasted it when it reached Broadway, but the people loved it, and there are two companies still giving it on the road. Sugar-coat your thrill piece with another classification—be it comedy, drama, or what you like, anything but what it really is—and if it has a reasonble amount of strength, if it is mounted well and acted



VERA FINLEY, LEADING WOMAN IN LEW FIELDS' NEW PRODUCTION, "THE NEVER HOMES"

From a photograph by Matzene, Chicago



MARGARET ANGLIN, STARRING IN HER NEW PLAY, "GREEN STOCKINGS"

From her latest photograph by Moffett, Chicago



CAROLINA WHITE, A YOUNG AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA SOPRANO IN THE CHICAGO GRAND OPERA COMPANY

From a photograph by Matzene, Chicago

by a first-class company, you stand a better chance of making good, just now, than with any other brand of theatrical goods.

Look at the record of successes. There is "Alias Jimmy Valentine," with a jail-bird for a hero and a safe-breaking scene for its big effect. That is surely melodrama. Consider "The Deep Purple," peopled with crooks galore. What keeps "Ben-Hur" alive in this, its twelfth season, but its melodramatic atmosphere? The same may be said of "The Round-Up."

Take the very actor who once laid himself in the path of a buzz-saw in the Fourteenth Street thrill play, "Blue Jeans"—never in all his career has Robert Hilliard had so successful a vehicle as "A Fool There Was," which is packed with melodramatic incidents. "Mme. X" succeeds wholly on account of this element in its make-up, and even "Everywoman," morality play though it be called, won chiefly because of its exciting moments.

The trend of popular taste in the direc-

tion of disguised melodrama has been even more marked since the opening of the present season. Last month I mentioned the one dramatic offering that came up for notice before I went to press — "The Real Thing," a weak reflex of domestic infelicities with which Henrietta Crosman had handicapped herself.

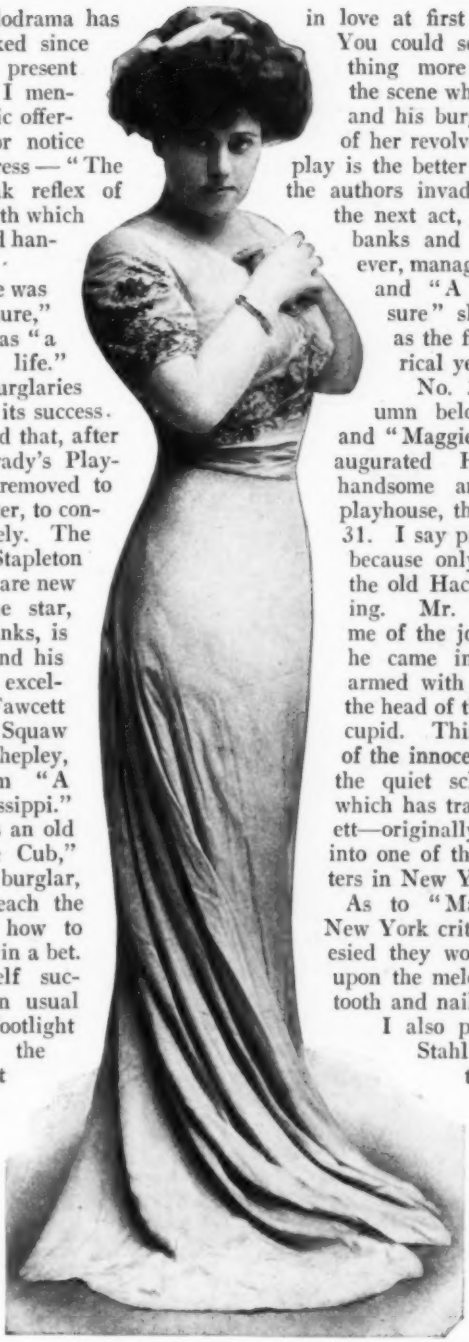
The next play in line was "A Gentleman of Leisure," listed on the program as "a comedy of American life." But there are three burglaries and a fight in it, and its success has been so pronounced that, after two weeks at Mr. Brady's Playhouse, the piece was removed to the larger Globe Theater, to continue the run indefinitely. The two authors, John Stapleton and P. G. Wodehouse, are new to Broadway, but the star, young Douglas Fairbanks, is a big favorite there, and his support includes such excellent timber as George Fawcett —the *Big Bill* of "The Squaw Man" — and Ruth Shepley, the pretty girl from "A Gentleman of Mississippi." Elmer Booth, who was an old mountaineer in "The Cub," scored heavily as the burglar, who is supposed to teach the gentleman of leisure how to "burgle" in order to win a bet. Mr. Fairbanks himself succeeds even better than usual in tossing aside the footlight barrier and making the audience believe that they are actually spectators of the real thing, so consummately natural is he.

The scheme of the play is *Robert Pitt's* endeavor to win a bet that he can rob a house without being caught. He fails, being surprised by the owner's daughter —the very girl with whom he has fallen in love at first sight on shipboard. You could scarcely ask for anything more melodramatic than the scene where she holds up *Pitt* and his burglar pal at the point of her revolver. This half of the play is the better part, for as soon as the authors invade a house-party, in the next act, interest sags. Fairbanks and Elmer Booth, however, manage to pull it up again, and "A Gentleman of Leisure" slid neatly into place as the first hit for the theatrical year of 1911-1912.

No. 2 in this lucky column belongs to Rose Stahl and "Maggie Pepper," which inaugurated Henry B. Harris's handsome and practically new playhouse, the Harris, on August 31. I say practically new house, because only the outer walls of the old Hackett were left standing. Mr. Harris himself told me of the joy it gave him when he came into possession, and, armed with an ax, chopped off the head of the first Hammerstein cupid. This was his slaughter of the innocents to make way for the quiet scheme of decoration which has transformed the Hackett—originally the Lew Fields—into one of the most artistic theaters in New York.

As to "Maggie Pepper," the New York critics, just as I prophesied they would in August, fell upon the melodrama in the thing tooth and nail; but the people, as I also predicted, took Miss Stahl and the play to their hearts.

The drama itself, however will entwine no new laurels on the brow of its author, Charles Klein, whose "The Gamblers," by the way, might be added to the list of hits that are strong in melodramatic tinge. The latter, in



VEDA STEELE, WITH THE SOTHERN MARLOWE COMPANY IN SUCH PARTS AS PHŒBE IN "AS YOU LIKE IT"

From a photograph by White, New York

construction, was a far better piece of work than "Maggie Pepper," but in that case Mr. Klein was not handicapped by having



ANNA PAVLOWA, OF THE IMPERIAL RUSSIAN BALLET, NOW ON HER THIRD TOUR OF AMERICA

From her latest photograph

a star to fit. Nevertheless, I should not be surprised to find that "Maggie Pepper" will have a longer career than "The Gamblers." It will attract Miss Stahl's personal following, who care not a jot what the critics say, as long as they can laugh and weep with this woman who is able to open the tear-ducts or to evoke a smile with equal facility.

H. B. Harris has provided a support as carefully picked as if he did not realize



ANN MURDOCK, LEADING WOMAN IN THE NEW YORK COMPANY PRESENTING RUPERT HUGHES'S SUCCESSFUL RAILROAD FARCE, "EXCUSE ME"

From her latest photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York



HALINA SCHMOLZ, CHARACTER DANCER WITH THE PAVLOWA-MORDKIN RUSSIAN BALLET

From a photograph

that Miss Stahl in and of herself was quite capable of filling a theater on the old-time system of one star and a bundle of sticks. Her leading man, Frederick Truesdell—the original hero in "The College Widow"—carries off the simulation of slight intoxication in the last act with an art that is wholly admirable. Almost any sort of an actor can do a drunken scene. In fact, it is much easier to reproduce an intoxicated person than a gentleman; but Mr. Truesdell's stopping short at just the right point has brought him the highest encomiums in his career.

J. H. Benrimo, of the Belasco forces, was induced to lend his sterling ability to the brief appearances of the arch villain, and Beverley Sitgreaves, late of the New Theater, is another high-salaried player who makes a small part stand out. A newcomer, Eleanor Lawson, as *Mrs. Thatcher,* the store detective, is one of the most remarkable exponents of histrionic realism that have lately come under my eye. The Jew salesman of Lee Kohlmar can be counted on for innumerable laughs brought about by just the opposite method—that of being true to all the old traditions.

This brings me back again to the proposition that there is more money for the managers in melodrama just now than in

anything else aside from comedy. We may deplore the fact, if we will; but admit it we must. And why should we deplore it, if it means an end to the problem play and to the flaunting of filth? There is only one Augustus Thomas at a time; we should be thankful for him, and make the best of what his younger fellow craftsmen turn out while they are feeling their way to the heights.

A very good example of what New York does not want just now is the study in domestic relations supplied by "Thy Neighbor's Wife," with which Daniel Frohman reopened his Lyceum Theater. Elmer Harris wrote the comedietta, as it was called, and an exceedingly capable company of four interpreted the muddled relationships of two couples who thought they were ill-mated, and who essayed a week's trial of trading wives and husbands. But long before the experiment came to execution the audience wearied of the insistent harping on the points wherein *John* differed from *Gerty* and *Harry* from *Alice*.

In a word, the play was tedious, and lasted less than a fortnight in Manhattan. In Philadelphia, however, with Arthur Byron featured, it pleased the critics in no small measure, and it promises to have high road value.

"Passers-By," the Haddon Chambers play on which the critics and the public are of one mind, while not melodramatic in action, possesses in its *dramatis personæ* such old-time accessories of the thrill piece as a derelict from the London Embankment, a night-hawk cabby, a disdainful lady of title who tosses letters addressed to another into the fire, and a small child who is practically kidnaped. In the matter of strangers being called in from the street by a well-to-do householder, the play bears a striking resemblance to "The Impostor," used by Annie Russell last winter. But "The Impostor" failed, while "Passers-By" is one of the hits of the season here, just as it was in London, where it registered more than one hundred and fifty performances.

In "The Impostor," the visitant from the street was of the same class as her host, and most of the play was given over to sentiment. In "Passers-By," the contrasts are sharply defined and the rôles so well acted as to become little gems of characterization. This is notably so in the case of *Samuel Burns*, the tramp, impersonated by Ernest Lawford, happily released from captivity as the *Blackbird* in "Chantecler." Richard Bennett, who achieved such big things with Maude Adams in "What Every Woman Knows," accomplishes the feat of looking and acting utterly unlike himself in another "straight" rôle, like that in "The Hypocrites." Louise Rutter, leading woman with William Gillette last season, brings youth, beauty, serious purpose, and a fine speaking voice to the interpretation of a part which in other hands might easily fall into the rut of the maudlin.

In short, that long-suffering adjective "charming" may for once find legitimate use in describing "Passers-By," the fourth Charles Frohman offering for the season.

Most of the critics did not like "The Rack," the new play of "social inquisition" by Thompson Buchanan, author of "A Woman's Way" and "The Cub." If the public follows suit, it will be because the rendezvous business was overemphasized. We have grown weary of the handsome home-destroyer, who, after all, belongs more to the problem play, now a back number, than to the high-class drama of thrills.

But there is much good work in "The Rack" that I should be sorry to see banished to the shelf. Mr. Brady, too, has shown a keen sense of the fitness of things in staging the piece. For example, at the end of the second act, when *Freeman* staggers back from the hallway, mortally wounded, *Mrs. Gordon* closes and locks the door, bends over him in horror for an instant, then flees, leaving the dead body lying there, while there come blows on the door and loud demands for admission. But the curtain descends before the portal is beaten down, and Mr. Brady refused to have it lifted for a call on this act, although Conway Tearle—son of Osmond Tearle, of the old Wallack days, and Minnie Conway—scored fine work as *Freeman*.

Katherine Grey was too sophisticated for *Mrs. Gordon*. For the full effect of the grueling examination to which she is subjected in the court-room scene a younger woman, one less apparently confident of herself, is needed. With much of the roué business cut out and a new leading woman put in, "The Rack" might be polished to the smoothness of polite melodrama, which is the only sort that goes nowadays. As it stood, the play lasted barely a week.

THE SCHOOL OF RUSSIAN DANCERS

Those who during the past two seasons have applauded the dancing of the Russian

...nders, Pavlowa and Mordkin, at the Metropolitan Opera House and elsewhere in this country, may not be aware that this very applause is helping to undermine an imperial institution which has existed for a century and a half in the realm of the Czar. This is the Mariensky Institute in St. Petersburg, where boys and girls are trained for the ballet at government expense. Children are taken into the school at the age of seven or eight, and there are usually from a hundred and fifty to a hundred and sixty pupils under tuition at a time. They become wards of the government in the same sense as our middies and cadets at Annapolis and West Point, and are entitled to a pension on retirement.

It is the prolonged absences from Russia of such state-trained dancers as Pavlowa and Mordkin that is said to have threatened the very existence of the school. When they first went abroad, they obtained permission to do so; but after scoring big hits in London and in America, they have prolonged their absence, paying heavy fines, and even giving up their rights to pensions, in preference to returning for the meager pay that awaits them in Russia. The enforced retirement at a fixed age is also a bugbear in the path of duty. The years of activity in the ballet number only about fifteen, when the dancer must step aside and make room for a younger graduate of the institute. The pension varies from five hundred and fifty to twelve hundred and fifty dollars a year. By spending the summer in London and the winter in the United States, they obtain in two or three seasons more pay than they could earn in a lifetime at home.

THREE BRANDS OF COMEDY

John Drew's daughter is now his sister-in-law. In "A Single Man" Louise Drew plays a married woman for the first time in her career, I think, and plays it well, too.

This latest comedy by Hubert Henry Davies, author of "The Mollusc," while by no means so clever as that brilliant work, ran for more than a hundred performances at the Playhouse in London last season, and promises to serve Mr. Drew well for the coming winter. Comment has been made on its resemblance in one respect to his last year's vehicle, "Smith," by Somerset Maugham, another of the younger British playwrights. In both plays the hero loses his heart to an inferior in social position. In "Smith" it was the maid; in "A Single Man" it is the typist and secretary.

Otherwise, the two pieces are totally dissimilar. In the former, Mr. Drew enacted a sturdy colonial on a visit to England; in the second, he is a successful novelist living at his own place in Surrey, where his brother and the latter's wife are visiting him. *Isabella* (Louise Drew) conceives the idea of marrying him off to an old schoolmate of hers, for whom she sends; but just as the latter arrives, *Robin*—it is rather a trifling name that Mr. Davies has bestowed on his hero—announces his engagement to a flyaway girl still in her teens. But *Robin* is forty-three, and soon tires of the merry dance his *fiancée* leads him with her penchant for tennis and romping, so the friend, *Louise*—played by Thais Lawton, late of the New Theater—has hopes, and angles for the bachelor in so shameless a fashion as to bring Mr. Davies's comedy not infrequently within the border-line of farce.

The outcome I have already indicated. *Robin* finds that he has been in love with his secretary (Mary Boland) without knowing it, while she has long since lost her heart to him. The best scene in the play occurs in the last act, when *Louise* announces to the others that she has discovered *Robin* kissing the typist. She is really telling the truth this time, but nobody will believe her.

There is no "punch" in the play, as will be easily apparent from the foregoing outline, but it holds one's interest in a neat, tea-party way, and gives Mr. Drew opportunity to do many things that he can do well. As long as the theater is well filled by his admirers, and good plays of real weight are so hard to come by, I suppose we should be grateful for the harmless, clean comedies by men like Maugham and Davies, which, although written for the London market, happen to suit our John Drew so nicely.

When it comes to the measure of an actor being well taken, a perfect piece of play-tailoring has been done by George Bronson-Howard in fitting Frank McIntyre—late the *Traveling Salesman*—with "Snobs." And yet I happen to know that this satirical farce was not written with Mr. McIntyre in mind. Oddly enough, too, it was never turned down, an experience which almost invariably falls out in the placing of plays that make any sort of success.

Mr. Bronson-Howard's output has been

seen on the metropolitan stage once before —two years ago, when he collaborated with Wilson Mizner in that somber drama with powerful moments, "The Only Law." In "Snobs" he has done a promising piece of work. His construction is logical, the fun persistent and never forced, and many of the lines cleverly turned. It is a pity, to be sure, that he could not have found a fresher theme than these international marriages with a title for the bait, but he has managed to inject new life into this old stalking-horse, and with so popular a player to help out "Snobs" ought to do well.

To my mind, it is a play that one will probably like better if one does not first hear its story—wherein it differs from "A Single Man." If I should tell here what occupation *Henry Disney* (Frank McIntyre) follows at curtain-rise, I fear most of my readers would not be filled with an overweening desire to see the play. It would suggest knockabout rather than satirical farce.

McIntyre is capital throughout. Willette Kershaw—last season with "A Country Boy"—seems to be a big favorite. Certainly she has a very grateful rôle in "Snobs"; but she talks as if she had a marble under her tongue.

Like Mr. Bronson-Howard, another young American playwright came under the wire in the early season with his second bid for popularity, also a light affair. This was Lee Wilson Dodd, whose "Return of Eve," for Bertha Galland, had a checkered existence on the boards two years since. In "Speed," a comedy of the automobile, he has written for no star, and has found a new theme—oddly enough, too, for the motor-car has so long been ubiquitous that it seems strange no one has hitherto thought of making it the subject of a play. It remains to be proved, however, whether these others who refrained, or Mr. Dodd who dared, were the wiser.

"Speed's" first act is bright and refreshing in its novelty. The breezy advent of *Carolyn Taylor,* who does for the automobile what *Lady Gay Spanker* did of old for the horse, causes the audience to sit up and take notice, admirably played as the rôle is by Elise Scott. The *Jessups,* who have been blissfully content in their new Long Island home, are fired with motor madness, and a very pretty first curtain finds them planning to take the savings put aside for their little boy's education to invest in a machine. So absorbed are they in their new idea that they are deaf to *Wizzy's* cries of repentance for the naughty deed on account of which he has been banished up-stairs. Indeed, this first act would not make a bad play in itself.

Later on, however, another man's attentions to the wife are dragged in, to say nothing of ceaseless harpings on a mortgage, and the play loses its grip. It pulls itself together again only in the very final episode, when the mania for speed has once more seized the parents, its gratification being made possible by a lucky investment. Poor *Wizzy,* the "automobile orphan" as he is called by *Martha,* the maid, is left standing desolate on the stage, neglected for the ten-thousand-dollar machine which a fortunate speculation has enabled "papa and mama" to buy.

There is a needed lesson here, perhaps, but people are not paying two dollars for theater seats to learn it. As I have said in another place, just now they prefer to be thrilled, and "Speed" gives them neither this on the one hand nor the opportunity for uproarious laughter on the other. It is mild, pleasant entertainment, but in these nights of fierce competition on Broadway much more than such qualities must go to the winning of the long-run stakes.

THE HAPPY LURE OF "THE SIREN"

Speaking of long runs, he would be no rash prophet who predicts one for "The Siren," the musical play in which Charles Frohman stars Donald Brian. It is gratifying to be able to say so, for the piece is distinctly good in its line. The music is by Leo Fall, composer of "The Dollar Princess," which had an all-winter career at this same Knickerbocker Theater two years ago. Mr. Brian, it will be remembered, had a leading part in that production, and in "The Siren" he finds opportunity to do just those things which he does best, and which the public takes most delight in seeing him do.

I say "seeing" advisedly, for it is Brian's dancing, rather than his singing, which has captivated audiences ever since they took him to their hearts as the prince in "The Merry Widow." In the second act of "The Siren" he executes a waltz caprice, first with Julia Sanderson, his altogether charming leading woman, then with other members of the efficient cast; and near the close he dances on a table, not rowdyishly, but

in the graceful style for which he is famous. The first act is slow, but the two others amply atone for its shortcomings, and with people like Frank Moulan, Alan Mudie, and Will West in a cast, the public is sure to get its money's worth.

"DISRAELI" IS A DELIGHT

If taking liberties with history means such an enjoyable evening as George Arliss gives us in Louis N. Parker's "Disraeli," let no stickler for accuracy seek to limit the imagination of the playwrights.

Here is another case where the detailing of the plot in advance would not act as a lure toward attendance. Disraeli's purchase of the Khedive Ismail's Suez Canal shares does not sound like a promising theme for a popular play. But from the moment when the prime minister walks into the room with a quip about the peacocks he has been feeding, until the close of the piece, when we see him turn toward the door that leads to the queen whom he has just made an empress, Mr. Parker's audience is closely held in thrall. A note on the program conveys the author's apologies for any distortion of history of which he has been guilty, but people can easily forgive such a fault where neither dulness nor obscurity accompanies it.

The flesh-and-blood picture that Arliss gives us of the famous English statesman is his finest achievement, and I am not forgetting his *Cayley Drummle* in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," his *Zakkuri*, the war minister, in "The Darling of the Gods," or his *Devil* in the Molnar drama. The period of the play shows "Dizzy" in his sixties, a much older man than Arliss is himself, but his make-up is wonderful in its likeness to the portraits of Disraeli, and his carriage true to the life in its suggested effort to simulate a jauntiness that shall disguise the approach of old age. Nearly every speech is an epigram, with its point sharpened by the staccato Arliss method of delivery.

In the tense moments of Act III, where he is required to pass from exultation at his success in purchasing control of the canal against the bids of Russia, to the anguish of finding that there is no money with which to make good the check drawn to pay for it, and thence, in turn, to the subtle maneuvers necessary to outwit the Russian spy—all these phases of his rôle Arliss denotes with those delicate touches that prove his possession of the art which conceals art.

He has efficient help from a competent cast, in which Elsie Leslie does the best work since her childhood celebrity as *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Ian Maclaren, imported from England for the messenger to Egypt, does as well as could any one with the least convincing part in the play—that of a young man whose character is transformed in the twinkling of an eye.

The reader may recall that in the September MUNSEY I quoted the bulletined opinions of the Drama League of America on "Disraeli," based on its performance in Chicago, where it ran from February to May. I also noted the fact that the league's indorsement aided materially in shifting the production from near-failure to success.

In this connection I may add, on the authority of the league's president, Mrs. A. Starr Best, that it was not Mr. Donaghey, of the Lieblers, who provided the money to pay for the society's first bulletin, but the Western representative of the Shuberts, of whose offerings that season only one was bulletined. I should also explain that the views of non-resident members of the play-going committee are taken into account only in considering productions which they have seen in their own cities, and of which they have forwarded accounts to their Chicago confrères.

FINE ACTING IN A GOOD PLAY

It is good to believe that heredity played its part in enabling William C. De Mille to write so fine a play as "The Woman," to which David Belasco gave a splendidly complete production at his Republic Theater on September 19. For it was Mr. De Mille's father who collaborated with Belasco on "The Wife" and "The Charity Ball," and who wrote "The Lost Paradise" for Charles Frohman's first stock company, housed at Proctor's Twenty-Third Street Theater in the nineties.

"The Woman" is remarkable not only for being that *rara avis*, a really good play, but also because its author has taken the difficult subject of political "graft"—which usually spells failure on the stage—and has woven out of it a drama that appeals strongly to all sections of his audience. Young Mr. De Mille succeeds where even so skilled a dramatist as Augustus Thomas once came to grief—for I have not forgotten "The Capitol."

De Mille has won out by concentration. There are only nine people in his cast, and but two of them are women. The nature of the bill which five of the men are trying to get through the House is mentioned only once in passing. Thus we are spared dry disquisitions not at all pertinent to the story. We are not told to which political party any of the cast belong; so no toes in the audience are trodden on. The play is absolutely modern, having no side story not directly connected with the main issue. There is no so-called "big scene," where a man roars out invective and a woman hammers on the panels of a door, even as De Mille himself required his heroine to do in "The Warrens of Virginia." But for tense, cumulative interest, no drama equal to "The Woman" has been shown here in many seasons.

It was brought out first in Washington, last spring, when Helen Ware acted the telephone-girl who refused to reveal the number of a certain important call. Miss Ware being under contract to star in "The Price," this part now falls to Mary Nash, late of "The City," who is really great in it. Simply to hear her say "I won't tell!" in the last act, as she resummons all her courage after a feminine outbreak, is to realize how admirably Belasco succeeded in finding the very person for the part.

But then he made no mistakes anywhere in the roster. John W. Cope—the *Sonora Slim* of "The Girl of the Golden West" and last season *McGinnis* in "The Concert"—is true to type as the Congressman from Illinois, who declares that the public is responsible for political dishonesty, because people tolerate its existence and even admire its most successful practitioners. Jane Peyton is excellent in the other feminine part—that of the woman around whose identity the story revolves.

The nature of this story I have purposely refrained from telling, lest I should spoil the thrill you will get with the first curtain when you see the play. You will have ample time to do this, even if you delay your trip to New York until next spring, for "The Woman" will easily run the season out. As Charles Klein remarked to me between the acts, to see so admirably constructed a drama is enough to dismay any man who sets out to write one of his own.

I must not leave consideration of "The Woman" without mentioning the fine work of Cuyler Hastings as the man whose past has been raked up at an ill-timed moment. Confined by his author to facial play in moments of stress, he did not exaggerate his pantomime in order to make sure of getting credit for it. *Matthew Standish*, the insurgent legislator, is a remarkable rôle, remarkably well played.

HEROICS OF A PAST ERA

It is a bending of the melodramatic style to new dramatic methods that makes "The Woman" a success. It is neglect to do this that perils the career of "A Man of Honor," the play by the Jewish rabbi, Isaac Landman, which Edmund Breese elected to take as his second starring vehicle. Ten years ago he might have made a sweeping success with it, but, luckily for the playwrights, nothing except fashions in millinery gets out of style so quickly as drama.

This *Man of Honor* is an upright judge, with a son who has gone wrong. The erring youth is threatened with jail by a man who has purposely put temptation in his way.

"You persuade your father to render his decision in our favor on that bill," he says to the lad, "and you go free."

The judge refuses, the son pleads, his sister adds her persuasions, and there is the "big scene" of the nineties, with at least two of the actors roaring at the top of their lungs and having a beautiful time. But this very scene, on which the management counts for the popularity of their play, belongs to a past era in melodrama. Audiences of to-day realize that human beings do not stop to choose high-sounding words to hurl at one another in the stress of life.

Far more effective, to my mind, is the last act in "A Man of Honor," where a very ingenious method is employed to circumvent the villain. There is real drama here, when the judge passes from his chambers into the court-room, ready to make the exposé with which the attorney has threatened him. Breese is admirable at this point, as indeed he is throughout. The sooner he realizes that the last act is better than the second, the sooner he may contrive to whip the play over into the winning column of box-office receipts.

FAMILY JARS FOR THE DRAMATIC SHELF

What is the matter with our comedy writers this season? First we have "The Real Thing," in which wearisome repetitions drive the critics desperate. Next there

was "Thy Neighbor's Wife," with an everlasting twanging of alternate strings; and now comes "What the Doctor Ordered," which A. E. Thomas skilfully evades classifying on the program by terming it a "diagnosis."

It is farce, if it is anything, with a bad-tempered heroine of whom we are heartily sick before the first curtain falls. There are two mothers-in-law, and each of the *Carr* household has his or her perfectly deodorized affinity. Indeed, the piece is a regular Noah's ark of pairing off in couples. To borrow the medical metaphor from the house-bill, I may say that the plot is a homeopathic dilution of a vaudeville skit. To stretch its slender story out over three acts is cruelty.

This is Mr. Thomas's second play, his first, "Her Husband's Wife," a real delight in comedy, having achieved success season before last. Wagenhals & Kemper, a firm that has fathered such hits as "Paid in Full" and "Seven Days," outfitted "What the Doctor Ordered" in unstinted style. The cast included Fritz Williams, replacing the late Jacob Wendell, Jr., who died after the first performance of the play, last spring. The reviews of the new farce were varied, many of the next-day critics striving to be as kind as they could, while two or three were outspoken in pronouncing it hopeless. At this writing it looks as if the remark of a mother-in-law in the piece, "This will never do," might turn out to be prophetic of the play's fate.

"Modern Marriage"—a very poor title, by the way—is yet another comedy involving marital snarls which New York theatergoers plainly do not want, despite the fact that the popular Cyril Scott is its star. His part is a "fat" one, to speak in the jargon of stageland, and this is where the management was misled. The fact that the leading rôle fits the star like a glove will not atone, in the minds of a modern audience, for lack of interest in the play.

Harrison Rhodes, co-author of "A Gentleman from Mississippi," acknowledges indebtedness to the German "Moderne Ehe" for the main idea of "Modern Marriage." For my part, I greatly prefer Mr. Rhodes's original work. His "Old New Yorker," in which Tom Wise starred briefly last spring, was a much better piece in every respect.

It is to be hoped that after this third Broadway fiasco of conjugal infelicities treated in comedy vein, playwrights will desist from the attempt to make them popular.

"THE ARAB" A MERE MARIONETTE

Just what is the matter with "The Arab" it is not easy to see at first glance. Henry B. Harris, the manager, who has staged it with sufficient splendor to clothe a comic opera, counts on the novelty of its setting to draw the crowds. Edgar Selwyn, who wrote it after a trip to the country where the scene is laid, doubtless took far more trouble with the manuscript than with his last previous work, "The Country Boy," which two companies are now playing. He is himself excellent as the dragoman *Jamil*, who "has been Christian four times," and who falls in love with the missionary's daughter.

Somehow, in spite of its elaborate workmanship, the characters of "The Arab" seem like puppets devised to answer to the pull of the playwright on the strings, and in consequence their answer doesn't ring true across the footlights. Mr. Selwyn found his background first, and then invented his story to fit it. One cannot imagine a dragoman who is such a thorough rascal as his supposed letter of recommendation, which he cannot read, makes him out to be, and who would be so intensely devoted to a milk-and-water woman like *Mary Hilbert*. In fact, not one of the characters does what he or she naturally would do under the given circumstances were it not for the mandatory behest of the man behind the script.

A REAL MAN IN SKIRTS

The only saving quality of female impersonation by a man is that the audience should never be allowed to forget for one instant that, no matter how realistically feminine the simulation seems, there is a man behind it. A portrayal of this character that merely puts behind the footlights an individual who would be just as effeminate in front of them, minus the costume, is a disgusting sight.

Every year the colleges give entertainments in which all the female parts are taken by young men, without offense. Julian Eltinge is the one professional who has succeeded along these same lines, because of the strongly sensed masculinity that makes his work an art, not a mere transference of an unhappy personal handicap to the stage.

In "The Fascinating Widow," the three-act comedy with music in which he is now appearing, we see him as *Hal Blake,* a junior at a co-ed institution, who in a fit of rage strikes a man wearing glasses, and then disguises himself as a woman in order to escape arrest. It is a pity that the book is not as clever as the idea and the star, but Otto Hauerbach is nothing if not conventional, and he keeps his characters in the beaten track of farce until the people in front would cry for mercy were not the whole set forth by such excellent interpreters as Mr. Eltinge himself; Lionel Walsh, the drawling Englishman of "The Fair Co-Ed," with Elsie Janis; James E. Sullivan, famous as the lunatic detective of "The Belle of New York"; Winona Winter, who does such ventriloquial wonders in vaudeville. The music is "selected," which means that it is catchy, and there is enough of movement and go to the piece to make one understand why it has brought a fortune to its producer. The novelty of Eltinge's work alone would satisfy most audiences.

ANOTHER VIENNESE WINNER

Personally I was disappointed in "The Kiss Waltz." I was not able to see it at my usual time, on the second night, and possibly in the interim I had heard its praises sung so loudly that I expected too much. The story seems weak in the extreme—it may be described as a faint reflex of "The Concert"—and I do not wonder that no one seems willing to father the libretto to the extent of having his name appear on the program. The operetta is another of those things from Vienna, rendered into English by Edgar B. Smith. It is C. M. Ziehrer's music, however, that has made the production a Casino success, which will probably be an all-winter neighbor to "The Siren," at the near-by Knickerbocker.

"The Kiss Waltz" also owes much to its cast and its staging. The former includes Flora Zabelle, a favorite in "The Yankee Consul"; Elsa Ryan, last in "Marriage à la Carte"; Martin Brown, the nimble young dancer out of "He Came from Milwaukee"; Robert Warwick, Charles Bigelow, and Eva Davenport.

NOVELTY IN PURPOSE DRAMA

Three people, two women and a man, are ushered by a Japanese valet into the luxurious bachelor quarters of a rich New Yorker. We see at once, from their dress and demeanor, that they are unaccustomed to such surroundings. Who are they, why are they there, and what is the author, George Broadhurst going to do with them?

Stafford, self-made millionaire, feels the need of a home and a wife. He has no time for romance, so makes short work of his courtship of *Virginia Blaine,* a hotel telephone-girl—quite a different type from the one we met in "The Woman." He puts the case frankly to her in the opening scene, having invited her, her sister *Fanny,* and the latter's fiancé, *James Gilley,* to dinner. She no less frankly tells him that she does not love him now, but might learn to do so.

It is not another woman for the husband nor another man for the wife, but the demon of drink that enters in and spoils an otherwise happy home. Two years have elapsed before the next act. *Virginia* has all the material things that heart could wish; *Jimmy* is promoted from a fourteen-dollar-a-week job as shipping clerk to a post at five thousand a year in his brother-in-law's office; but *Stafford* is a brute when he drinks. Unfortunately, Mr. Broadhurst is not content with telling us this in *Virginia's* confession to her sister, but must needs show it in a most repellent scene of maudlin love-making, which I hope has been eliminated. *Stafford* informs his wife that she was bought and paid for, having admitted that she did not love him when she married him.

In the third act, though he is now sober and repentant, *Virginia* tells him that her self-respect will not allow her to live longer with such a man, and leaves him. The fortunes of the *Gilleys* drop with hers, and the last act finds them all in a cheap flat, *Jimmy* back to a thirteen-dollar salary; but he is always optimistic, with the big ideas that teem in his little brain. One of these actually causes the reconciliation of the *Staffords,* and brings the play to an ingenious and satisfactory ending.

"Bought and Paid For" has in it abounding elements of popularity. It is extremely well acted by Charles Richman, who is remarkable in the dexterity with which he shows the two contrasted sides of *Stafford;* by Julia Dean, late of "The Lily," as the wife; and by Frank Craven—*Chris McKnight,* the persistent lawyer in "New York's" brief career last winter—who makes of the loaves-and-fishes-seeking *Jimmy* a distinct comedy creation that illumines the entire play.

Matthew White, Jr.

EVERY POET HAS HIS DAY

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "PROVEN," "THE FATHERS," ETC.

"WHAT are you staring at? Do you see a ghost?" demanded Mr. Bilkett.

"Yes—no—I mean, go on, please," gasped Crake.

He raised his bewildered eyes from the blue manuscript which he was reading, and stared helplessly at a corner of the room.

The room was the shabby office of the Vulpynn Press, Limited, in New York. The Vulpynn Press, Limited, was Mr. Bilkett. Mr. Bilkett's half-inch advertisement lurked like a patient spider in the columns of many rural weeklies, and proclaimed to obscure genius that the Vulpynn Press made unknown writers famous. Obscure genius, applying to Mr. Bilkett, found that he published books upon an arrangement whereby genius shared the expense according to a sliding scale. The slide, however, was afterward performed solely by the author; financially speaking, he, or more often she, might as well be on a toboggan as sign a contract with the Vulpynn Press.

"Listen, Crake," resumed Bilkett, stretching his arm to tap the blue manuscript. "I want you to throw a strong talk into this guy. I judge from his letter that he's good for more stuff. It's poetry, ain't it?"

Mr. Crake, the literary representative of the Vulpynn Press, seemed to be incapable of speech. He nodded vaguely.

"Then the sucker will be a cinch," decided Bilkett. "All poets are a cinch. I remember what a cinch you were, Crake. So you take a blank contract with you, and land this farmer—this Zenas Vicary, whoever he is. Land him! Jerk his leg off! Wear your silk hat, and—you know. He lives at Lawfield, on Long Island, about an hour's run; and I've bought a round-trip for you. You can't hock it."

The publisher giggled unpleasantly, but Crake did not respond. As if in a daze, he pocketed the manuscript and the ticket, and moved toward the door.

"And, my son," added his employer with much emphasis, "just recollect that you haven't put a job across for me in a dog's age. If you don't get a contract out of this Vicary, you'll get the bounce P. D. Q.! Think that over, Mr. Augustus Crake, Esquire!"

Crake, with an abstracted air of condescension, entrusted his tall, portly figure to an elevator, and emerged upon Broadway. His frock coat dated from a time when tailors called the garment a "Prince Albert." Like a shored-up building, his silk hat was plainly maintained by a stout black band. Nevertheless, he was an impressive sight. Passers-by took him for a distinguished-looking Southerner who had seen better days.

During a varied experience of forty years in New York, Mr. Crake had been an actor, a school-teacher, a poet, an insurance-solicitor, a reporter, a book-agent, and a cigar-stand cashier, but he had never been a Southerner. Undoubtedly, however, he had seen better days—and worse. His irregular salary from Bilkett enabled him once a month to gratify the landlady of his boarding-house by a partial liquidation; to rescue temporarily certain articles of personal adornment from a financier on Third Avenue; and finally, as a glorious and golden climax, to steep himself for exactly four days in the German beer provided at the Hotel Bismarck, a small but excellent tavern conducted by his friend Herr Max Rauptner. On the whole, Augustus Crake, whose morality was not inelastic, was satisfied with life.

This morning, as Mr. Crake hurried to his lodgings, he seemed indeed to be more than satisfied. His bewilderment in the office had now evidently given place to elation; he smiled, and whistled, and twirled

his cane. It was apparent that Mr. Bilkett's parting menace had not terrorized him.

He bounded up the stairs of the seedy boarding-house with astonishing agility, darted into his hall bedroom, and threw open his trunk. Neatly arranged on the bottom of the trunk were two hundred and eighty-nine small paper-covered books, the unsold portion of the first and only edition of three hundred copies of Mr. Crake's poems, published for him anonymously several years ago by Mr. Bilkett, whose press was then called the El Dorado.

Crake pulled out Zenas Vicary's blue, pen-written manuscript, picked up one of the books, and compared the contents of the two with anxious solicitude. At last he jammed manuscript and book into his pocket, and departed in triumph for Lawfield, Long Island.

"I never heard of Zenas Vicary, but if he's got any fat, I'll fry it out of the robber for this!" ejaculated Mr. Crake joyously.

II

HALF reclining upon a seat in the smoking-car, Augustus invited his soul to rosy visions.

"It only depends upon how Vicary is fixed," Mr. Crake soliloquized. "He's stolen my poems, word for word, and now, by jinks, he'll settle to keep my mouth shut! Hush-money, hey? It'll be worth a week at Rauptner's, sure!"

Mr. Crake lit a cigarette happily. He hastened to visualize a week at Rauptner's —the cozy back room, from which the rest of New York seemed so remote; the creaming steins; the jolly, wholesome, German company; and old Max himself, with his mighty laughter, and thunderous songs, and tearful recitations from Heine. Poetry and sentiment were on tap at Rauptner's, as well as beer; and a sojourn there was harmless, perhaps, except in the sad judgment of a precisian.

"Lawfiel'!" yelled the brakeman.

Augustus disembarked with elaborate dignity. A group of rustic loungers was on the platform of the little station; and he knew the theatrical value of an effective entrance. He approached the station-agent ponderously.

"Can you—ah—inform me of the address—ah—of a resident here named—ah —Vicary?"

"Do you mean Deacon Vicary," said the station-agent, "or Doc Vicary, or Cap'n Vicary? Or Lizzie Q. Vicary, the dressmaker?"

"I mean Mr. Zenas Vicary," intoned Crake.

"Well, he's the deacon. That's his store, across yonder."

Mr. Crake had difficulty in concealing his exultation. A deacon and a country store-keeper! He could hardly wish for a more vulnerable target.

Zenas Vicary's general store was the only mercantile establishment on the village street. Behind an open front window, a small, thin man with a gray beard was bending over a ledger. Mr. Crake tilted his silk hat at a belligerent angle, and crossed the street deliberately, like a dangerous, somber battle-ship bearing down on a disabled pirate.

III

"THAT's me, Zenas Vicary. You're the book-printer, are you, sir?" said the man at the desk; and he studied Crake's card.

Augustus majestically nodded.

"I didn't expect to—I thought this business could be done up by letter," said Vicary. "Let's step over home."

He changed his coat, roused a sleepy clerk, and ushered his visitor to a rear door. Crake followed in a portentous silence, with which he designed to alarm the criminal's conscience in the deacon's breast.

A short foot-path through a meadow led them toward a low-roofed, motherly farmhouse. It was a hot day, and the corpulent ambassador of the Vulpynn Press walked cautiously; he had not walked through a meadow since he was a youth. He observed with some surprise that flowers grew wild in the grass.

The hospitable porch of the farmhouse was pleasantly sheltered by vines. Mr. Crake leaned back in a comfortable chair, and frowned. The stage-setting, somehow, seemed inappropriate to the drama. Vicary, who had disappeared indoors, presently returned with a great earthenware pitcher of cold cider.

Augustus drained a glass, looked at his criminal, and frowned again. If the stage-setting was inappropriate, the make-up of the villain was impossible. Old Vicary had the innocent eyes of a confiding child; and Diogenes would have thrown away his lantern had he seen the deacon's face. But—

"I'm real glad you liked the poetry I wrote out," said Zenas tentatively.

Mr. Crake deposited his glass on the floor, and braced himself to a militant attitude both of body and of mind.

"Quite so," he grimly answered. "Is this your first acquaintance with the Muse, Mr. Vicary?"

"How?"

"Your first poems?"

"My first," assented the deacon. "It's the only poetry I ever wrote out. It took me a long time, off and on, and I'd rather get it printed than—than 'most anything."

Augustus produced the blue manuscript.

"And, I suppose, Mr. Vicary," said he, in a caressing tone, "that these exceedingly fine verses, which you offer to the Vulpynn Press, are yours, and belong to you?"

"Yes, sir, that's my writin'."

"But how," exploded Crake, "do you account for this?" And he banged the paper-covered book on Mr. Vicary's knee.

For nearly a minute the deacon did not move or speak. He gazed at the book. Then he shivered, and rubbed his hands together feebly, as if to warm them.

"Well, mister, I—I guess you've found it out!" he sighed.

"That's right!" grunted his tormentor.

There was another pause, before Vicary raised his gray head and strained his lips into the wavering semblance of a smile.

"But I don't guess," said he wistfully, "that there's any harm done, is there?"

"Any harm?" stormed Crake. "Any harm in forgery? Do you call robbing another man of his brains any harm? Do you call trying to get money under false—"

"I wasn't trying to get money," Vicary interposed. "I've got enough money. I'd 'a' paid for the printin' of my books, and I wouldn't 'a' tried to sell one of 'em."

"So you claim—now!" Crake jeered. "Well, do you know what I can do? I can make an example of you as a sneaking crook. What'll your folks say? What'll your neighbors say? What'll your church say? I've the legal proof here that will give this village something to talk about, Mr. Zenas Vicary! You—a rich deacon, and a cheap thief!"

"But I warn't a thief—not for money—I—"

"For what else?" taunted Crake.

Vicary turned away, as if talking to himself.

"For to make her think better of me," said he softly. "Persis, I mean—my wife."

Crake grinned, but he was not altogether pleased. The deacon tremulously tore a leaf from the vine and picked it to shreds.

"That's why I done it," he said in an almost inaudible voice. "I didn't get married, sir, till six year ago. She's a young woman, compared to me. There was younger men after her—better men, and better learned, and her a school-teacher; but I love her true, and she married me. Maybe her mother kind o' persuaded her—they were dreadful poor—but there, I vowed I'd make her happy, and she believed me."

"Why, look here!" grumbled Crake, stirring uneasily. "Your family affairs—"

"It's all a part of your calling me a thief," Vicary protested. "You're bound to listen, mister." He poured the bits of leaf from one trembling hand to the other. "So we was married," he resumed, "and she was happy, too—almost. Almost, but there was something, sort o' like a speck of dust in your eye that you can hardly feel, but you know it's there. I thought, and thought, wondering what it was.

"Well, one day, thinking about this, I was uncrating china, over to the store, and I found a poetry-book that had been used for packing. I ain't no hand for books, but one o' them poems sort o' hit me, feeling the way I was. 'Love in Darkness'—that was it. I wanted Persis should see it, too. But the book was all smouched, and she likes everything clean and pretty, so I copied out them verses, and laid 'em alongside her dinner-plate that noontime."

The author of "Love in Darkness" removed his silk hat and blinked at it excitedly. In all Crake's career of failure, no one before now had attached the slightest importance to anything that he had done.

"What did she say?" he murmured.

Vicary let the fragments of the woodbine trickle to the floor.

"She read the paper, and she came around the table and just kissed me. 'Zenas,' she said, 'I love you all the more for this dear song that you've made up in your tender, timid heart.' And I looked into her face—it was almost a new face to me, so proud and glad—and I see that the speck of dust was gone. And the temptation was too strong for me!"

IV

CRAKE pulled himself together with a brusk cough.

"Well, you didn't have to steal the whole book, did you?" he demanded gruffly.

"That's how it got started," rejoined the deacon. "It seemed sort o' predestinated, because the gentleman who had wrote the poems hadn't given his name, and the printer's name was only El Dorado. I knew now how to make Persis glad and proud; and I must have been crazy, I expect, but I took and wrote out one poem more for her, and then another, and then another. Last year I finished what there was of the book. I couldn't fetch myself to—to steal anywheres else. That sounds crazy, too. But I come to think that book was what the boys call a mascot—kind of a blessing, sir. 'Tain't many books, I reckon, that can bless a home the way that book did mine, and make a woman happy."

There was a long pause. Vicary half closed his troubled eyes, as if they pained him; but Mr. Augustus Crake smiled very queerly.

"Oh, well!" groaned old Zenas. "That's all, except that she has been at me to get all them verses printed. 'Just two or three copies, only for my keepin',' says Persis. And I thought it wouldn't be so bad as this, sir, and—don't you see?"

"Sure!" muttered Crake.

A gate clicked, and Augustus, bending forward thoughtfully, observed that a woman was walking up the garden path. She was a tall, graceful woman, with a singularly bright and winning and honest face. A little girl danced gaily beside her; and when the woman picked a flower from an overhanging bough the child clapped her chubby hands and laughed. The woman, laughing too, stooped down, tucked the flower in the girl's brown curls, and kissed them lightly.

Crake gazed with odd gravity at the simple picture; he had not seen such pictures often.

"If those are his wife and kid," thought Crake impulsively, "he had a right to steal, to make 'em happy!"

"There's Persis now," whispered Vicary.

His visitor laid a restraining hand on the deacon's arm.

"She'd better not notice me," Crake suggested, and he drew a long breath. "Just pay attention to me for a minute, Mr. Vicary. The author of those poems was—was a friend of mine. He wasn't much of an author, really. He left me in charge of his writings."

"He's dead?" queried Zenas.

"A dead one," declared Crake solemnly. "So there's nothing to hinder—no, wait! I'm only doing what that author would have done, Mr. Vicary. He was a silly-headed Indian. He'd have sent you a few of his books, as I will, to do what you blame please with. There's no date on 'em, no name, and the El Dorado Press has passed out, like he has."

Mr. Vicary, open-mouthed and confounded, rocked himself weakly to and fro.

"It's terrible wrong," he faltered; "but nobody will ever see that book but Persis—and the Vulpynn—the Vulpynn people—"

"Here, take back your manuscript," interposed Crake, jumping up. "The Vulpynn Press is a skin and a fraud. Don't you ever bother with it—it's all bunco. I have a license to tell you that, because my resignation is as good as in!"

V

In the evening, Augustus Crake sat beside Herr Max Rauptner at a table in the barroom of the Hotel Bismarck.

"So, Owgoost!" chuckled Max. "You take job as my cashier, do you? Fine! And you quit the reading of poetry for Bilkett? Fine also! For why? There is not new poetry to-day, Owgoost. Where to-day is poet like Heine, what? Like Heine, with his songs to make happy the home and the woman's heart! Show me such a poet, Owgoost, and you show me a great mans. But where is he, mine friend?"

"I wonder!" said Crake, and winked contentedly at his glowing pipe.

AT TWILIGHT

The naked branches stroke the twilight sky,
  As loving fingers a dear face caress;
Ah, come, and soothe this saddened face with thy
  Soft touch; these eager lips with thy lips press!

The silver crescent sails above the trees,
  The first white star now trembles in the blue;
I fall before such beauty, on my knees,
  And thrill with silent prayer to Heaven and you!

W. I. Lincoln Adams.

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

BY JOHN GRANT DATER, SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF THE MUNSEY PUBLICATIONS

IN ANSWER TO A CRITIC

I HAVE been taken to task by a correspondent writing from Franklin, Pennsylvania, who accuses me of having "scared" capital to such an extent that "a good, clean, honest industrial cannot raise a dollar to move along with." In the writer's opinion, the financial department of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, in urging readers to confine their investments to established properties, and in warning them against undeveloped undertakings and prospectus companies, is pursuing a mistaken course.

"It has clogged the wheels of progress," he picturesquely asserts.

Personally, I do not think that the wheels of progress have been clogged by anything which has appeared in this department. From its very inception, sound investment and constructive enterprise have been encouraged, while speculative undertakings and illegitimate promotions have been condemned. This is a policy which, so far as any established industrial company or meritorious proposition is concerned, is calculated to allay fear and to encourage capital, not to "scare" it.

If, however, my correspondent has undertakings of a different class in mind, I have no doubt that some things published in this department have made it more difficult for concerns of the fiscal agency and prospectus type to sell their dubious wares. If such is the result, it is assuredly no clog but a benefit to industry, for it has prevented, to some extent, the dissipation of funds in visionary undertakings, doubtful propositions, or out-and-out swindles.

My critic continues:

> Your comments on investments have set me thinking what the world would be if everybody had followed recommendations such as yours. No man could have raised a dollar for any new thing. Where would the telephone, telegraph, typewriter, adding machine, electric light, electric power, cash register, air-brake, and hundreds of other labor-saving devices be, had men confined themselves to your ideas of investment?
>
> If you get a clear view of the question, you should say to your readers:
>
> "If some really meritorious industrial offers itself, you might make a small investment in it; not more than you can stand to lose."
>
> Or you might suggest to them:
>
> "If some good patented device comes along, be sure to investigate and see if it has merit, and then go in for a small amount."
>
> By such a course you would encourage legitimate projects.

I am in accord with my correspondent in his assertion that had no one ever ventured a dollar in a new undertaking, we should have no development. That is self-evident; but in writing as he does he has certainly lost sight of three things:

First, the reason why this department confines its recommendations to established properties.

Second, the fact that we exercise no restraint over our readers, but leave it optional with them to form their own conclusions concerning untried and hazardous things.

Third, the fact that there is no evidence whatever that the utilities he mentions were promoted along the lines which this department has criticized and will continue to criticize.

I will not go so far as to say that the telegraph, the telephone, and the typewriter would never have come into general public use if the inventors of these wonderful devices had resorted to outrageous lies and gross misrepresentations in endeavoring to secure capital for their undertakings at the outset; but I am convinced that their commercial development would have been long deferred if their promoters had resorted to the methods employed by most of the concerns which seek capital from the public through misleading prospectuses, flamboy-

NOTE—*All matter in this department was written before the end of September.*

ant advertisements, and irresponsible stock salesmen.

Without doubt, some propositions controlling patented devices which have died a borning possessed an element of merit. Under different handling, they might have developed into profitable enterprises; but they have been killed outright, or languish beyond hope of revival with their credit wholly destroyed, and all because of faulty or dishonest promotion. It is idle to look for a healthful development from any company if out of each dollar of stock sold some fiscal agent or stock-pusher receives fifty or seventy or ninety cents, leaving but a pittance for the company's treasury.

Even when brought out in a legitimate manner by responsible banking houses or banks, which supply full information, new undertakings are things which an investor must study with great care. An element of uncertainty enters into all untried enterprises. A speculator may take a chance, but those who count on the safety of their principal, and an income therefrom, can assume no excessive risks.

As to advising a person to go into any company to the extent of what he can safely lose, I cannot undertake to work on that basis. Many persons write to me of very heavy losses already incurred through buying stock in such companies as I have in mind, and none of them express a desire to lose anything more. In fact, they are insistent in asking for safe things, so that their money, which is so hard to earn and so hard to save, will be of some benefit to them, or to their wives and children.

I feel sure that if left to a vote, the readers of this department, by a large majority, would indorse its policy of recommending safe investment rather than hazardous venture. I have no doubt, on the other hand, that if submitted to the get-rich-quick men, the suggestions made by my correspondent—that I should favor purchases of shares in undeveloped enterprises to the extent of what a man can safely lose—would be heartily approved. Such is ever the argument of the fiscal agency and prospectus company men — "nothing risked, nothing gained." As a result, until recently, they have scooped in about one hundred million dollars annually from victims all over the country.

The number of corporations formed to exploit industrial undertakings, patented devices, mines, and oil-wells, which pass out of existence in the country each year, is simply appalling. Some estimates bearing upon this feature have been compiled recently by R. M. Smythe, of New York, a recognized authority on dead and forgotten companies, and the author of the standard work on the subject, entitled "Obsolete American Securities."

The second volume of Mr. Smythe's book contains a ghastly mortuary list, spread over nearly twelve hundred pages, giving the names of approximately twenty-eight thousand dead corporations. It supplements a list published a few years ago in a first volume, which devoted almost a thousand pages to the necrology of more than twenty-five thousand companies. Moreover, this catalogue of fifty-three thousand defunct concerns is by no means complete, for so lax are some of the States in the matter of corporation records that they have no reports whatever showing companies incorporated and those going out of existence.

Mr. Smythe's list of dead corporations —including honest companies which have met disaster, fakes, swindles, visionary enterprises, repudiated securities, and the like —constitutes probably the most shameful record in all financial and commercial history. Bearing this tremendous mortality in mind, and realizing how many millions of money have been sunk in these enterprises by inexperienced persons, does it not appear clear that there is ample justification for this department in urging its readers to go slow with undeveloped undertakings?

GEESE AND GOLDEN EGGS

THOSE who contemplate putting their savings into the shares of some undeveloped, non-reporting undertaking, which promises "big money," will do well to compare its prospective profits with those that may be derived from a goose farm. The "prospectus" of such an undertaking has for some time been in circulation in the financial district of New York. It is vouched for as the result of a careful and conservative estimate, fully as careful and conservative as that made by any "fiscal agency" company which takes eighty per cent of an investor's money and puts it into its own pocket, turning over twenty per cent to the company to starve on.

The "prospectus for a goose farm," based upon an investment of three hundred dollars to test the proposition, is as follows:

Number of stockholders, 3; shares of stock, 3 at $100 par value; 300 geese at $1 each; 3 eggs per week per goose, 900 eggs per week—900 times 52 equals 46,800 eggs a year, and 3 times 46,800 equals 140,400 eggs in 3 years; 140,400 eggs incubated, allowing for 40,400 bad eggs, means 100,000 geese; 3 pounds of feathers per goose, at $1 per pound, will bring $300,000; 100,000 pairs of goose livers, at 60 cents per pair, will mean $60,000; 2 buttons from each goose bill, at 1 cent each, means $2,000; 100,000 dressed geese at $1.50 each would bring $150,000, and the estimated operating expenses total $190,000.

Here is the balance-sheet:

EXPENSES	
Capital invested	$ 300
Operating expenses	190,000
Total	$190,300

INCOME	
Feathers	$300,000
Goose livers	60,000
Buttons	2,000
Dressed geese	150,000
Total	$512,000
Expenses	190,300
Net profit	$321,700

Each shareholder in the original company will thus receive a net return of $107,233 from his three years' venture, or an annual income of $35,744 from his hundred-dollar investment. There can be no flaw in the estimated profits. In fact, it is believed that if they err, it is on the side of conservatism; for instance, the estimate of bad or unproductive goose-eggs is very large. Perhaps the geese may be trained to lay better eggs, and thus increase the company's profits.

Aside from this, due attention does not appear to have been paid to quill toothpicks as a possible source of added revenue.

It is well known that the practise of using quill toothpicks is growing in favor in fashionable European society. In polite circles in America, the wooden variety has hitherto had the call. This country, however, is confronted with the problem of conservation, and it seems likely that in the near future fewer forests will be hewn down to provide wooden toothpicks than in the past. Imitative as Americans are in their social manners and customs, it is but natural to expect that they will follow Europe's lead and turn to quills. The revenue from toothpicks, therefore, may largely enhance future earnings of the goose farm.

To the investor in "fiscal agency" companies, the object-lesson is clear. The prospectus shows that the "goose farm" is the thing. As Colonel Mulberry Sellers said: "There's millions in it!"

Why, therefore, should anybody put his money into the things offered by other prospectus men, which promise comparatively trifling rewards of perhaps two or three hundred dollars for each dollar invested?

Wait for the formal launching of the "goose farm." Its prospectus is just like the others; it is clean-cut, it is concise, its estimates are conservative, and its profits are beyond the dreams of avarice. Read it, compare it with other prospectuses, and judge for yourself. If convinced of the great profits to be derived from geese, your course is clear. Turn a cold shoulder upon all other propositions; put all your hard-earned savings into the "goose farm."

In other words, be a goose; be just as big a goose as you can.

AN OFFICIAL WARNING.

THE Secretary of the Interior, through the Reclamation Service, has issued a tardy but none the less important warning against the misrepresentation of certain irrigation propositions. This has been called forth by many complaints received from settlers who have been induced to purchase lands which were afterward found to be without the rights to water from the government canals.

In referring specifically to the Rio Grande Project, in New Mexico and Texas, the official statement says, in part:

> All persons are warned against accepting any statements concerning this project, without inquiry from the officers of the Reclamation Service. Experience has shown that some warning of this kind is necessary, because misleading statements have been issued regarding the project and the conditions existing upon it.
>
> The project has many advantages, and would not have been taken up and pushed unless it was considered feasible and worthy of development. These facts, however, do not warrant certain exaggerated statements which have been made.

In particular, attention is directed to the requirements of the Reclamation Act regarding residence and cultivation. The act prescribes that no right to the use of water for land in private ownership shall be sold for

a tract exceeding one hundred and sixty acres, and that no such sale shall be made to any landowner unless he is an actual resident on such land. It is also required that the landowner shall reclaim at least one-half of the total irrigable area of his land before any right to the use of water shall permanently attach. Ignorance of these and similar requirements has resulted in great embarrassment to purchasers.

Of the Rio Grande Project, the Secretary of the Interior says:

> It is not known how many years will be required for the construction of the storage dam, nor is it safe to make predictions as to when water will be available, in view of the many uncertainties existing.
>
> The amount of available water-power has been grossly exaggerated in many current discussions. It is not definitely known that there will be any power available for sale, and there is no assurance that it will produce dividends reducing the cost of water rights.

Although the above warning specifically concerns the Rio Grande Project, the Secretary goes on to say that it is "equally applicable to other projects containing large areas of private lands." This bears out what was said of irrigation projects in an article on the subject published in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE nearly a year ago. At that time attention was directed to the highly extravagant statements which are, unfortunately, to be found in the literature of so many irrigation enterprises.

The warning issued by the Interior Department is, of course, not directed against irrigation as a general proposition, or against sound enterprises, but against a fraudulent misrepresentation of conditions.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

DEAD OR UNKNOWN COMPANIES

From among a very large number of inquiries bearing upon mining companies and miscellaneous corporations I select the following for reference, either because of some special feature contained in the correspondents' letters, or because information concerning the propositions has been requested by two or more readers.

Correspondents should bear in mind that because stock is offered them for sale, it is no proof that a company has an actual existence. One very common form of swindling is for a dishonest stock salesman to buy up shares in dead companies as waste paper, and then palm them off at a few cents or so a share upon inexperienced persons.

L. T. S., of New York, desires information of the Calista Mining Company, incorporated in New York in 1880. According to Smythe's work on "Obsolete American Securities," this company maintained an office in New York in 1882. Its stock is now reported as worthless.

J. F. C., of Salem, Massachusetts, holds certificates for two hundred and sixteen shares in the Utah Amalgamated Copper Company. Many inexperienced persons bought shares in this concern thinking they were acquiring an interest in the well-known Amalgamated Copper Company. The imitation of the name of an established enterprise by a doubtful or worthless concern is a familiar trick with certain promoters. Stevens's "Copper Handbook" reports the Utah Amalgamated Copper Company as dead.

C. G. W., Jr., of Philadelphia, inquires as to the investment status of the American Monorail Company of New York. So far as I am able to ascertain, the company, after selling a considerable quantity of stock, undertook the construction of a section of line for the purpose of demonstrating its device and selling more shares. Neither turned out well, and it is said that the company has passed into a condition of "innocuous desuetude." The stock is not and never was an investment.

From Grandview, Washington, comes a letter from E. O. W., who writes to inquire if the Universal Metallic Tie Company of Salt Lake City, Utah, is "a wildcat scheme," or a desirable investment, at $1.50 a share. The recognized authorities on miscellaneous corporations—"Poor's Manual of Industrials," "Moody's Manual," the "Manual of Statistics," and the like—contain no mention of the Universal Metallic Tie Company; in consequence I cannot determine whether it is "a wildcat scheme," or express any opinion about the proposition. Companies in the development stage are always speculative.

E. J. K., of New York, desires information regarding the Honduras Rubber Company. I cannot locate a company of that precise name. I find, on reference to "Obsolete American Securities," that a concern known as the Honduras Rubber and Trading Company, organized in New Jersey, was proclaimed void in 1904 for nonpayment of taxes. I cannot determine whether the Honduras Rubber Company and the Honduras Rubber and Trading Company bear any relation one to the other. Countless corporations, dead and alive, in this country bear similar names—in some cases, identical names. In consequence, correspondents making inquiries must transcribe

the names of the concerns precisely as they stand on the stock certificates, giving the State of incorporation and full information.

For lack of sufficient information, and in the absence of reports, balance-sheets, or other essential details, I cannot undertake to answer the questions of L. T. C., Hagerstown, Md., or Physician, Shenandoah, Pa., on the Flannigan Coal Company; of H. E. L., Indianapolis, Ind., on the United Mercantile Agency; of O. L. D., Unionville, Conn., on Adrondack (*sic*) Gold, and the Waverly Reduction Company; of C. J. T. Y., San Francisco, on the Round Mountain Mining Company; of G. M. G., Minersville, Pa., on the Red Mountain Mining and Railroad Company; of Miss E. C., Boston, Mass., on the Laurentian Mining Company, the Golconda Mines, or the Great Golconda Mining Company, Ltd.; of Mrs. R. P. G., Newark, N. J., on the Palm Borax Mines or the Mohawk Duluth Mining Company; of Miss M. H., Providence, R. I., on the Caribbean Fruit Company; or of W. M. D., of Riverton, Wyo., on the Telautoprint Company.

DIVIDEND-PAYERS PREFERRED

What do you think of buying outright Missouri Pacific common stock at the present price and holding it for an advance or of buying Pennsylvania Railroad common stock?

E. D. H., St. Louis, Mo.

The purchase of a non-dividend-paying stock is essentially a speculative transaction, and one which this department cannot recommend. A purchase of Pennsylvania Railroad stock is far preferable. Around present prices, a shade below 120, it returns a little more than five per cent. The issue is a favorite among people who, knowing all that is implied in the purchase of a stock—that is, that prices fluctuate, and that dividends are not fixed quantities—invest in securities of this class. The company has paid dividends for fifty-five consecutive years.

AMERICAN MALTED FOOD

I am sending you some literature of the American Malted Food Company, which is offering stock in limited amounts at $1 a share. What is your opinion of the stock as an investment?

W. C. P., Minneapolis, Minn.

This company in its literature invites full investigation. In consequence I suggest, as a condition precedent to any one's putting money into the enterprise, that he should write for a balance-sheet, an inventory, and an income account. The company asserts that it is a going concern, and as such it must be prepared to supply a financial statement. The concern has an authorized capital of $1,000,000, but through some oversight the prospectus omits the name of the State of incorporation.

The prospectus-writer of the American Malted Food Company has found his inspiration in some stock-selling literature with which I am familiar. Individuals are invited to purchase Malted Food stock because quite a variety of concerns, in no way related to this company and engaged in enterprises of a different character, have been highly successful. Personally, I have never been able to grasp the logic of the argument that because, for instance, a coffee-roasting plant has been a great commercial success, therefore a concern formed to exploit popped corn must of necessity coin money. Yet the prospectus-writers use this argument continually when they compare non-related things.

I cannot undertake to express an opinion upon the advisability of investing in a concern unless I know something about its operations and earnings, and I don't know how any one can act intelligently in buying shares in any company unless he has a financial statement before him.

The stock of the American Malted Food Company has advanced, according to the prospectus, one hundred per cent within a year, and the company extends the hope of future increases in the same ratio. The concern would share these great profits with total strangers—preferably with physicians, dentists, druggists, and druggists' clerks. For such purchasers the limit of two hundred shares which one may buy in this company seems to have an elastic interpretation, for additional shares may stand in the names of their sisters, their cousins, their aunts, and other relations.

The desire thus to enrich strangers places the promoters of the American Malted Food Company in the realm of philanthropists. If investors have similar promptings of generosity, they should leave the stock alone, in which case the promoters will be under no necessity of parting with any of the great wealth over which their imagination runs riot.

SOME GOOD PREFERRED STOCKS

I have been saving a little money, and for the past few months I have been looking for the best investment I could make. I have about a thousand dollars, and my friends have been urging me to buy a good preferred stock, one that pays a dividend, and where the principal is practically secure. They reckon stocks are cheap now, so I would like to leave myself in your hands, knowing that you will advise me for the best.

N. McH., Wilmington, Del.

It is a very high compliment that this correspondent pays me, a total stranger, when he expresses a willingness to leave the selection of his investments entirely in my hands. I am afraid that it is precisely such confidence carried to an extreme that is responsible for many losses suffered by inexperienced persons in the matter of investment. They leave too much to others; they believe too much of what they see in print, or too much that is told them; they do not investigate sufficiently for themselves.

An individual must always determine something about an investment for himself. This correspondent is better advised, however, than many others, for his friends have recommended a purchase of preferred stocks. I do not think that I

should assume the responsibility of selecting investments for him, but I may assist him by indicating a few good, listed preferred stocks from among which he can make his selection. They are as follows:

Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé preferred, at about 102, return 4.87 per cent.

Baltimore and Ohio preferred, at 86, return 4.65 per cent.

Reading first preferred, at 89, return about 4.50 per cent.

Union Pacific preferred, at 89, return about 4.50 per cent.

American Beet Sugar preferred, at 97, return 6.19 per cent.

American Smelting and Refining preferred, at 102¾, return 6.81 per cent.

International Harvester preferred, at 116, return 6.04 per cent.

United States Steel Corporation preferred, at 110, return 6.36 per cent.

This correspondent, and others, should bear in mind that it is never well to put all one's eggs in one basket. A man may diversify an investment of a thousand dollars as well as one of a larger sum, for he can purchase as small an amount as five shares of stock, or even a single share. Many persons feel that there is greater safety in having their money distributed among several companies than in having it all in one concern.

NOT INDORSED BY US

I should like to ask if you stand sponsor for the company mentioned in the enclosed letter, and if the extract from MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE of September, 1910, which accompanies this stock-offering, is an indorsement of the proposition?

H. G. C., New York.

The letter which this correspondent encloses is an imitation typewritten affair bearing the imitation signature of H. L. Barber, of Chicago. It is affectionately addressed "Dear Correspondent," and deals with an offering of stock in Consolidated Midway Chief Oil Company.

The extract to which reference is made is taken from an article dealing with the developments in the California oil-fields. It contains many interesting figures, which, for the most part, are to be found in the official publication "Mineral Resources of the United States," issued by the Geological Survey of the Department of the Interior.

I cannot see how an extract snipped from a general article in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE can be construed into an indorsement of any specific property; but to avoid any possible misapprehensions in the matter, I may say that we do not stand sponsor for the Consolidated Midway Chief Oil Company, and that the republished paragraph has no reference whatever to that company.

This department does not advise the purchase of stock in oil companies for investment, as it believes that all such undertakings are speculative and hazardous. Our correspondent will find some reference to the stock-offerings of H. L. Barber & Co. in the October issue, in an article entitled "Investing for Profit, or Loss?" page 137.

GOOD FIVE-PER-CENT BONDS

Will you kindly advise me as to the merits of American Smelting and Refining six-per-cent bonds, selling at about 101¼? Also Virginia-Carolina Chemical five-per-cent bonds, selling at about 99½?

In addition to this information I should be pleased to have you name a few other bonds netting five to five and one-half per cent, which, in your opinion, would prove a good investment.

W. A. M., Calumet, Mich.

The six-per-cent bond of the American Smelters' Securities Company is not a mortgage bond, but an unsecured or debenture issue of a subsidiary of the American Smelting and Refining Company. The bond is convertible after a certain period, and under certain conditions, into the common stock of the American Smelting and Refining Company. The issue ranks as a semi-speculative security.

Virginia-Carolina Chemical five-per-cent first mortgage and collateral trust bonds, maturing in 1923, are secured by a first lien on the real estate and plants owned by the company, and also by deposits of stock of subsidiary companies. While not ranking as a security suitable for savings or trust funds, the issue is regarded as one in which a business man may invest.

From W. A. M.'s selection of industrial corporation bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange, I assume that this correspondent favors securities of that character. Among such issues returning between five and five and one-half per cent I believe that Central Leather fives, at 97, Pacific Telephone and Telegraph fives, at 98½, Corn Products fives, at 96, American Cotton Oil fives, at 96, and International Steam Pump fives, at 94, will fulfil the requirements of the inquiry.

TO AN ANXIOUS STOCKHOLDER

An article in your September issue, entitled "A Life Meal Ticket," has set me thinking about my own life meal ticket, concerning which I should like your opinion. I have enough stock, made up of Northern Pacific, Great Northern, and Pennsylvania, to give me a return of $350 per year at present dividend rates. This stock represents a life's work, and was bought with hard-earned, honest money, at a much higher range than present market quotations.

Do you think the dividends on these stocks will be reduced? If so, will the stocks ever advance to the prices I paid for them? Any information that you can give will be thankfully received.

J. T. M., Hartford, Conn.

This department has repeatedly called attention to the fact that securities fluctuate in price, and that common-stock dividends are not fixed quantities. A shareholder in a corporation is a partner in the enterprise. If he abides with the company, he must take the bitter with the sweet, and must participate in its ill fortune as well as in its good fortune.

No one should purchase a stock for investment without a full appreciation of all that stock-ownership implies. If you cannot grasp the idea that prices may decline as well as advance, and

that dividends may either be increased or be reduced, you should leave stocks severely alone, and confine your investments to first mortgages on improved real estate, or to bonds of the highest grade. In fact, these latter, with few exceptions, are the only safe forms of investment for dependent and inexperienced persons.

The stock-market, recently, has undergone a period of depression—a thing to which, it may be said, it is no stranger. At such times the question asked by J. T. M.—"Do you think dividends will be reduced?"—always arises. I cannot undertake to answer it in regard to the three properties which this correspondent indicates, or to any other properties. I do not know any one, at this time, who can give a definite answer. I could make a guess, which might be a lucky guess and turn out right; but the actual determination of the question rests wholly with the future, and with contingencies which no man can foretell.

Possibly, as a result of political uncertainties, tariff agitation, and the like, industrial revival may be deferred for a longer period than careful observers only recently thought likely. In that event, extreme business conservatism may result in diminished railway and industrial corporation earnings, and possibly in some scaling of dividends; but markets sometimes change quickly, and it is never wholly safe to indulge in prophecies concerning them. Some unforeseen development may alter the entire current of events, and falsify one's predictions overnight.

There are, however, some points concerning industrial depression and dividend reductions of which an investor should never lose sight. One is that it is far better for a company to reduce a dividend than to declare and pay one that has not been earned in full. The former course implies business prudence; the latter, reckless management, evidenced by straining a company's credit and by incurring an unjustifiable debt. Far better it is for an investor to be in a company that husbands its resources in times of stress than in one which dissipates the shareholders' money through unwarranted dividend distributions.

Again, a stock-market usually "discounts," or anticipates, future events. Hence it frequently happens, when a company reduces its dividend, that the decline in the stock which has already taken place has measured the full influence of that reduction, and the formal action of the company is followed by no further recession in the price of the security.

If J. T. M., owning his securities outright, retains his holdings, I do not believe that he is likely to lose the hard-earned money which he has invested in Northern Pacific, Great Northern, and Pennsylvania stock. These are good issues, such as a conservative business man, possessing full knowledge of what stock-ownership implies, might purchase. They may be depressed by circumstances which depress all securities, but that depression will probably be but a temporary matter.

Naturally, no one likes to see a security selling in the market below the price one has paid for it; but the man who owns good, standard issues outright loses no actual money through temporary recessions in their selling prices. If he has additional money, the decline affords an opportunity to purchase more stock to advantage, and thus to obtain a low average price on his total holdings.

Similarly, it is unfortunate when, through circumstances over which corporations have no control, dividend reductions become necessary; but it is with corporations as with individual commercial enterprises—profits are greater in some years than in others. When a merchant's business does not come up to expectations, he must economize, and the same is true of the corporations and the shareholder. It is unpleasant, no doubt, but one can do nothing else, for the abundant earnings and profits are not there. An investor in stocks should regard dividends just as a merchant regards business profits, which must of necessity vary as the business varies. A dividend reduction loses much of its terror when the theory of its disbursement is viewed in the proper light.

A shareholder should bear in mind that if there is nothing inherently wrong with a company, a dividend reduction due to general causes, such as business depression or political uncertainty, is usually a temporary affair. When the disturbing influence is removed and business improves, the dividend will be restored, or even advanced. I feel quite certain that, averaged over a series of years, the dividend disbursements of the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, and the Pennsylvania, as well as those of practically all other high-grade American corporations, will prove satisfactory to the shareholders, whatever temporary reverse the country or the properties may experience.

CAUTION RECOMMENDED

Some time ago I was induced to invest some hundreds of dollars in a concern called the American Cinephone Company, which claimed to have a patent that would "make moving pictures talk and sing"—a combination of phonograph and cinematograph. I have written repeatedly for a statement of its condition, but now I cannot get a word in reply. Have I a right to demand a statement? If so, how can I enforce it? If I have no rights in the matter, then it seems to me a simple case of obtaining money under false pretenses, and it must be an extraordinary law which permits such things.

Also I have some investments in the so-called Dan Patch Electric Railway, and am thinking of increasing my holdings. What is your opinion of the stock as an investment?

C. S., Cleveland, O.

The American Cinephone Company is incorporated under the laws of Arizona, a State which requires no periodic statement of indebtedness or other statement of any kind of the corporations organized under its statutes. As C. S. remarks, this is an extraordinary law, or lack of law; but numerous other States in the country require no reports from their corporations. That is one reason why, to our shame and disgrace, the United States of America is probably the most dishonest

country in the world in the matter of swindling promotions.

The laws of Arizona, however, do provide that corporate books are at all times subject to inspection by a shareholder; and in consequence, if our correspondent can locate the books, he can examine them personally.

The American Cinephone Company is a talking-picture scheme, which has probably made more progress in selling stock than in developing its enterprise. Prospective investors are treated to "demonstrations" of the talking and singing qualities of the machine, and these demonstrations have impressed some persons; but the device seems to be little more than a toy so far as utility is concerned. The company was originally controlled by J. J. Bamberger, who does not enjoy an enviable reputation as a company-promoter, and the enterprise has never inspired confidence.

C. S. will find some reference to the Dan Patch Electric Railway in the July issue of this magazine, under the caption "Mixing Medicines and Railroads," page 579, and again in the October issue, page 137. This department does not recommend the purchase of shares of companies in the development stage, as such securities are essentially speculative.

WHY PRICES RISE AND FALL

What makes the market price of a stock? I understand the number of shares bought and sold, but as what is bought is sold and what is sold is bought, it seems to be about even.

F. F. W., Lynn, Mass.

Sometimes, when the speculative security market is experiencing a sharp advance or a sudden decline without any clearly defined cause, you will hear the amusing theory advanced that securities have enhanced because there are more buyers than sellers, or that they have declined because there are more sellers than buyers. This, of course, is preposterous, for in order to sell stock one must find a buyer, and in order to buy stock you must find some one willing to sell.

But it is true, upon occasions, when speculative stocks are declining, that the necessity or desire of the owner to get rid of them is greater than the eagerness of a prospective purchaser to buy. The reverse is sometimes true when stocks are advancing; then the buyer is eager to acquire the security, while the seller shows reluctance in parting with the security.

It is not very difficult to see why this should happen. There is a certain psychology about markets, and the subject of price changes has been considered by many eminent writers. John Stuart Mill, for instance, in his famous work on political economy, in a chapter devoted to "Prices," refers to the matter to illustrate why it is that when a buying movement is on, during a speculative mania in stocks, commodities, dry-goods, tea, coffee, rubber, sugar, pepper, tulip-bulbs, cotton, copper, wheat, lard, or anything else, prices will advance to a point far transcending actual values.

Conversely when realization comes that prices are above real value, a contrary movement sets in. Very few persons feel disposed to buy in a declining market. That is wholly natural, for when a man sees prices receding he thinks they may decline still further. Therefore he holds aloof, and buys sparingly; or, if he can do without the article, he will not buy at all until he believes prices have struck bottom.

Through this working of the mental processes of individuals Mill shows—illustrating his point by citing a tremendous English speculation in tea in the early part of the last century—that markets almost always work to extremes. What justifies some advance will, through excessive optimism, carry the article to an unwarrantedly high level. In the correction of this, as above outlined, prices are likely to be unduly depressed, and are frequently carried to a point far below intrinsic worth.

Of course, there is always some impelling cause in a price movement in stocks, or commodities, or real estate, or anything else that is bought and sold. It would take a volume to catalogue the possibilities of what the influence may be. For a broad generalization it may be said that good news or favorable developments—actual, prospective, or merely rumored—influence advances, while unfavorable features influence declines. There are some exceptions to this, however, for happenings which may have a stimulating effect on one group of things may have a contrary influence on others. For instance, the prospect of a big crop will enhance the price of securities and depress the price of cereals and meat products; a short crop will work the reverse of this.

Great business activity is a highly stimulating influence, but it makes a heavy demand on capital and credit. In time, bank loans become extended and money rates advance. The first effect of this is a declining stock-market. One often sees the spectacle of stocks declining when everything else seems smiling and prosperous. It is never well to ignore this warning sign, which is indicative of credit strain or of some other unpleasant impending development.

Again, when business is very much depressed, when factories are working half or three-quarters time, and when railway and industrial earnings are falling, one not infrequently sees the security markets improving. At such times, the country at large is lost in amazement over the asininity of the financial leaders; but this is another sign. Dull business has relaxed the strain on credit; money has become easy; investors and investing institutions have grown weary of doing nothing. They decide to put their money at work again. They resume investing in a timid way, purchasing only the safest of securities, and loaning only to the strongest corporations; but gradually they gain confidence. Their activities broaden, price recessions cease, and business shows signs of awakening. In due course, men who were be-

wailing the prevalent depression are complaining of the overstimulation of industry.

It is a way of the world—that is, of the business and financial world.

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY

Be kind enough to let me know your candid opinion of Southern Railway common stock.

A. R. G., Atlanta, Ga.

The common stock of the Southern Railway Company is a non-dividend-paying issue, and, as such, a purchase of its shares is wholly speculative. The Southern Railway passed through a very trying period as a result of the panic and depression of 1907; but since that time the Southern States have been blessed with abundant crops, and with satisfactory prices for their cotton and produce, and they are growing steadily and rapidly in wealth and importance. This has been reflected in improving earnings for their transportation companies, including the Southern Railway. In course of time, if the improvement continues, it will greatly strengthen the credit of the company as measured by the price of its junior bonds. This, in turn, should inure to the benefit of the stocks of the road, but at present both the preferred and common must be regarded as speculative issues.

THE PROGRESS MAGAZINE FAILURE

About two years ago I bought with my savings one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of stock in the Progress Company of Chicago. On May 1 the company sent me a circular showing the business in a most promising condition, but now it is in the hands of a receiver. What is the reason for the failure, and shall I lose my hard-earned savings? What can I do?

P. M., Pueblo, Col.

The Progress Company of Chicago published the *Progress Magazine*. Its recent failure adds one more to the ever-increasing list of periodicals, including the *Circle*, *Human Life*, the *Woman's Magazine*, and the *Woman's National Daily*, which, after having sold large quantities of stock to the public, have met with disaster.

I regret that I cannot enlighten this correspondent on the causes of the failure, or explain why the officials sent out glowing reports of business conditions in May and followed them up with an announcement of a receivership a few weeks later. As I have stated on numerous occasions, however, the periodical publishing business is a hazardous undertaking, and does not return the huge profits that the stock-peddling concerns promise in their literature.

I have seen it stated that the Progress Company was engaged, last spring, in a campaign to secure additional capital through stock sales; and possibly that explains why promising business conditions were reported to the unfortunate shareholders in May.

I very much regret that I cannot advise this correspondent on what he should do, or determine whether or not his hard-earned savings are a total loss. I have been informed that the unfortunate shareholders have been asked to contribute additional capital to assist a former official in purchasing the *Progress Magazine* at the receiver's sale; but I have seen no balance-sheet or other financial statement, and I do not know whether the company has tangible assets or not. In consequence, I can express no opinion on the merits of the proposed reorganization. On general principles, however, I may remind P. M. that it is foolish to throw good money after bad.

ANOTHER NON-DIVIDEND-PAYER

I intend to buy two hundred shares of Denver and Rio Grande common stock as an investment, to be held for two or three years. Will you kindly advise me as to the wisdom of doing so?

D. S., New York.

The purchase of a non-dividend-paying, low-grade stock, even though it is bought and paid for outright, is not an investment in the proper sense of the term. The shares are not bought for income, but in the hope that they may enhance in price, and by so doing return a profit on the purchase. A consideration such as this makes the transaction essentially speculative. Though it differs in form from a speculation upon a margin, it does not differ much in effect.

Dividends do not play an important part in the considerations of a margin trader. He has purchased the security with borrowed money, and he hopes that it will advance, so that he may sell at a profit. In accomplishing that purpose, rumors of dividends or dividend increases, or any stock-jobbing reports that may raise the price of the security, are as welcome, and may be just as effective, as actual developments.

It is true that if the hopes of a margin trader are not realized—that is, if an advance does not take place speedily—it is very much better for him if his stock is a dividend-payer. In that case, the carrying charges—the interest which the speculator pays his broker for the money he has borrowed—will be reduced by the dividends. Apart from this, a margin trader would buy a poor stock as readily as a good stock, if he thought it would go up, for his chief concern is an advance in price.

The man who buys a low-grade, non-dividend-paying common stock outright secures an immunity from a call for additional margin, such as might arise with a margin trader from a severe break in prices. There is some advantage in this; but one must not lose sight of the fact that in buying a stock which sells at a few dollars a share, he has bought a poor security. Because the price of a stock is quoted in small figures, it is not necessarily cheap. Price is one thing, value another, and a so-called cheap stock may turn out to be the dearest thing a man can buy.

It is true that one who buys a low-grade stock outright, hoping for a profit "in two or three years," through an advance in price, has no carrying charges to pay a broker, as in the case of

a margin speculator; but he has locked up a certain sum of money—about $4500, in the case in point — without interest. That is a costly operation.

Personally, I see no advantage in buying two hundred shares of a low-grade stock outright, taking the chances of an improvement in price. At times of depressed markets, good stocks—that is, assured dividend-payers — may be bought at bargain prices. Assuredly, when an improvement comes, the standard issues—well-managed properties and concerns in good credit—will feel the earliest effects. In my opinion, it is far better to determine this matter by quality than by quantity. I should prefer a few shares of a good stock, rather than many shares of a poor stock.

A DISAPPOINTED FORTUNE-SEEKER

Will you kindly furnish me with some information concerning the National Boat and Engine Company, of which I am a small shareholder? In all the so-called bulletins I have never read a word about the amount of stock sold, the amount of bonds issued, or the amount of receipts and expenditures. Is there no way in which I can obtain this information?

When the company sent me a receipt instead of cash for my preferred stock dividend, I tried to sell my stock, but no one would buy it. Then the company established a department to sell stock for shareholders, but I was never able to sell mine. Would you advise me to sell at a loss?

H. O. S., Pueblo., Col.

Since the above letter was written, the National Boat and Engine Company has been placed in the hands of a receiver. Doubtless, as a result of receivership proceedings, this inquirer will secure a full report of the amount of stocks and bonds sold, and of the receipts and expenditures of the company during its brief existence of about one year. A corporation, in some States, does not have to make any report during active life, but it cannot avoid a show-down when it becomes insolvent. This does not help investors or shareholders, however, unless they are called upon to contribute more money in a reorganization, when it may serve as a guide or warning.

Experienced persons, of course, are well aware of the reason why this inquirer could not sell his National Boat and Engine stock. The concern was a prospectus company; it advertised its own shares for sale, and sent out an elaborate booklet and much enthusiastic literature. It was a comparatively small affair. I don't know which is the best comparison — the jackdaw strutting in peacocks' plumes, or the frog which rent itself asunder in trying to blow up to the size of a bull; but anyhow, this small and struggling company announced itself as "one of the big, important businesses of the United States."

Some of the literature made a great virtue of the fact that the stock of the National Boat and Engine Company was not listed, because "we have kept entirely free from Wall Street and its methods." This is unquestionably true, for I can recall no company promoted in a legitimate manner, and listed on the New York Stock Exchange, that has "blown up" before a year had passed over its head. The methods of Wall Street are not always above criticism, but they are not those of companies of the prospectus type.

As there was no public market for the National Boat and Engine securities, the company announced that "we ought to have an exchange of our own." Accordingly, the officials organized some sort of a bureau to deal exclusively in their own securities. Somehow buyers held aloof, while would-be sellers clamored to dispose of their holdings, but without success. Perhaps this was due, in part, to one of the company's advertisements, which read:

If you can secure a block of stock without the cost of a cent that is likely in a short time to be worth ten dollars a share, would you be interested?

Attention was called to the National Boat and Engine Company, and to this advertisement, in our May number, in an article entitled "What the Vintners Buy," page 239, in the course of which we said:

In these days one is not likely to get anything of great value for nothing.

The recent receivership of the concern seems to bear out that statement.

MARCONI WIRELESS OF AMERICA

What do you think of Marconi Wireless stock? I understand that the English company has secured a decision which upholds its patents in that country. Would not a similar decision here improve the position of the American company, or do you think the commercial future of wireless telegraphy limited?

H. A. A., Portland, Oregon.

This correspondent will find an article dealing at some length with the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America in the June issue of this magazine, page 408.

I cannot undertake to express an opinion on what may happen if a corporation should win a lawsuit, though I assume that the result would be favorable for the company.

Up to the present time, despite its undoubted utility, wireless telegraphy has not developed into a pronounced commercial success, and the results for investors have been highly disappointing. Whether its possibilities have been overestimated is a matter which only the future can determine. Upon a question of this kind one man's guess is as good as another's.

UP IN THE AIR

Will you kindly state what you think of the Moisant International Aviators, Inc., as an investment? Will the pending litigation of the Wright Brothers affect this corporation?

F. E., Springfield, Ill.

It is not an investment in any sense of the word. The company is in the development stage, and a purchase of its shares is at best a speculative transaction. I cannot undertake to express any opinion on pending litigation, but it is never considered good business judgment to buy into a lawsuit.

LIGHT VERSE

THE PASSING OF BILL

BILL'S gone!
And every buster on the ranch is grouchy and forlorn;
We sit around a moping, and our eyes grow blurred and dim
Whenever he's remembered. We were awful strong for him;
Bill warn't so very handsome, but he had the 'cutest way
Of making you feel happy when you'd had a rotten day.

Bill's gone!
And life ain't looked so lonesome since the year that I was born;
There's gloom out in the bunk-house, and it's thick as murky fog;
There ain't a snicker nowhere, and the world has slipped her cog.
We miss his laughing banter, and the way that he could rip
The prettiest profanity that ever curled a lip.

Bill's gone
And married that young widder who blew in from Silver Horn!
He played it on the quiet, and he had us up a tree,
There warn't no invitations and there warn't no jamboree;
But here's the thing we can't forgive in that old dog-gone cuss—
He married that coy widder who *refused* the bunch of us!

Gordon Johnstone

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

IT was long and deep they pondered
For a name to give the boy;
Through the dictionary wandered
For a cognomen of joy.
Mother thought to name him "Cæsar,"
After him of Rubicon,
But she added it would please her
If they compromised on "John."

Father thought that "Alexander"
Was a name that sounded well;
There was never figure grander
Than that ancient Grecian swell.
Though, were he a poet, "Homer"
Would be fitter for the lad,
Or perhaps the name of "Omar"
Wouldn't work out very bad.

They discussed the famous Willies
On the page of history;
Once they thought perhaps "Achilles"
Had an aspect fair to see.
"Montmorency" had attractions,
As had also "Wellington,"
Although certain family factions
Strongly urged "Napoleon."

Worn at last unto a frazzle
With the task of naming him
In a fashion that would dazzle
All the coming ages dim,
They agreed on "Walter Pater
Algernon de Teneriffe"—
But in college some years later
Everybody called him "Biff!"

Carlyle Smith

WHEN I GET TIME

WHEN I get time,
I know what I will do—
I'll cut the leaves of all my books,
And read them through and through.

When I get time,
I'll write some letters then
That I have owed for weeks and weeks
To many, many men.

When I get time,
I'll pay those calls I owe,
And with those bills, those countless bills,
I will not be so slow.

When I get time,
I'll regulate my life
In such a way, perhaps I may
Get acquainted with my wife.

When I get time—
Oh, glorious dream of bliss!
A month, a year, ten years from now—
But I can't finish this—
I have no time!

Bessie O'Byrne

SO NEAR

OF near-silk were her petticoats,
Of near-gold was her ring;
She was a near-musician—you
Might hear her oft near-sing.

Her father was near-wealthy, and
A near-count did she wed.
She was a near-good housekeeper,
And she could make near-bread.

So, all along the stream of life
Their voyage was near-fair,
And they were near-respected by
Their near-friends, everywhere!

Harriet Whitney Durbin

THE CURRICULUM OF LOVE

A college professor has suggested the desirability of establishing in our colleges a course in love-making.
—Daily Newspaper.

THEY'LL doubtless teach the maiden wise
How best to use her sparkling eyes,
And with a glance flashed through the dark
To speed unerring to the mark.
They'll teach her, doubtless, how to say
Her lover "No" in such a way
That he'll know well in his distress
A "No" is oft a maskèd "Yes."

They'll take a maiden free from guile
And teach her clearly how to smile
Flirtatiously, yet innocent
Of consequences consequent.
They'll lecture her on "Methods Sure
To Make a Wavering Love Secure,"
And all the other sundry arts
To make her Bachelor of Hearts!

As for the lads, they'll teach them "Fine
Points of the Eternal Feminine";
They'll show them how, when they would please,
All maidens work by contraries;
How when they smile on other men
And turn from one, nine times in ten
That one they love, and do this thing
To tie him to their apron-string.

They'll teach them signals of alarms,
Just when and where to "take to arms,"
And how an eye that's turned away
Means "Come again some other day";
How tears may be a sign of joy,
And frowns no more than a decoy;
And, when great crises must be faced,
How best to utilize the waist!

John M. Woods

"LITTLE LAUGHTER-WRINKLES"

THERE'S lots of things of beauty; you can find
'em everywhere—
The jeweled earth, the topaz sea, the diamond-dusted air;
But if you want the beautiful to *live* with, I advise
A girl with laughter-wrinkles in the corners of her eyes!

There's nothing like 'em underneath this blue enameled dome
To make a man feel happy in the place he calls his home;
A girl just can't look mad or mean, no matter how she tries,
With little laughter-wrinkles in the corners of her eyes.

Let others look for money, or a proud patrician face;
For dummies to display and wear their diamonds and lace;
I will not be contented till I find earth's biggest prize—
The girl with laughter-wrinkles in the corners of her eyes.

C. H. Mackintosh

LOSS

AH, little one, so slender and so frail,
How could I dream that I should miss you so?
With wild regret that cannot now avail,
I rail at fate, that bade you from me go!

I laid my hands upon your golden head
A few short moments ere you went your way;
I cherished you! But now all hope has fled,
And sadness blotted out the sun's bright ray.

Will you not touch my blindly groping hand?
In pity I beseech you! I implore!
Come to your rightful place—my collar-band,
Oh, collar-button, somewhere on the floor!

Grace E. Mott

THE OLD STORY

SHE dropped her glove;
I knelt to lift the dainty thing,
And, as I gave it, felt the sting
Of love.

She dropped a glance
Before my stammered words of praise;
Then sought anew my ardent gaze,
Askance.

She dropped a sigh.
Who could, by eager love made bold,
The old, old story long withhold?
Not I!

She dropped a tear,
And turned her lovely face away;
Her trembling hand in mine still lay,
So dear!

Ah, can you guess
The little word she shyly dropped—
The one sweet word with kisses stopped?
'Twas "Yes!"

Willis Boyd Allen

STORIETTES

Easy Money

BY JAMES WILLIS SAYRE

SOMEHOW or other, this particular tramp, as he ambled in from the back gate to the porch on which I was sitting, interested me. You may know this when I say that the fifteen cents for a night's lodging, for which he asked, amounted to a quarter by the time it reached his expectant palm.

Having sized up the porch, yard, and garden as being in spick and span array, he offered to do any manual labor that presented itself. After making this bluff, he felt that he had earned his quarter, and was about to resume his travels, when, in order to detain him in conversation for a few minutes, I pressed some chicken sandwiches upon him and motioned him to sit down.

"Tell me," I said to him, "what was the easiest money you ever picked up?"

He fell gracefully upon the lower step of the porch.

"Ah!" he replied. "I gather that you wish me to punctuate my bites of cold chicken with a recital of the exact occurrence in my career as a tramp that brought me in the greatest financial returns with the least amount of fatigue."

I allowed as much.

"Pardon me if at times my speech should seem uncouth," he continued apologetically; "but, though I am a college graduate, I have long been a wanderer. I owe my downfall to a lack of parental care over my morals. Father openly urged me to become a lawyer, and mother, too, never seemed to care what became of me."

I seemed to note a trace of bitterness in his voice as he said this. But he resumed, after an interval of two bites:

"I can tell you an easy-money yarn about this very town in which you live. It was four summers ago. No doubt you recollect the fire in Judge Skirm's house at Mission Street and Walnut Avenue."

I nodded assent.

"I was the fireman," he continued. "It was late in the evening when, in passing along Walnut Avenue, I noted that while there were lights in two of the upper chambers of the judge's handsome home, the library window, on the first floor, was wide open. Evidently the family was retiring for the night, carelessly leaving the lower floor open to felonious attack. It was solely a humanitarian impulse that led me to vault the low iron fence and cross the lawn, for the purpose of closing the window and then going on about my more or less urgent business.

"Arrived at the window, however, I was seized with the idea that perhaps some unprincipled burglar had already entered the house, leaving the window open as an avenue of retreat. Hence it became my duty to investigate, to ascertain definite facts, and, having ascertained, to warn the injured parties, if warning were necessary. So I climbed in through the open window, with no thought of the possible risk I was running, for I am by nature brave and chivalrous, although I keep that fact in the background as much as possible. I only tell you now, in order to make my perfectly good motives the more plausible and clear in your eyes.

"Inside, I found no one. The evening papers were scattered about the fireplace, just where the judge had thrown them after reading them. To the left of his big armchair was a three-foot brass basin, which his wife had doubtless picked up at enormous cost during the fad which prevailed for those hammered articles. The judge, I am sorry to state, had so little reverence for his wife's artistic tastes that he had made industrious use of this basin, on this particular night, as a spittoon.

"I was about to leave the house, when the thought of teaching the Skirm folks a

needed lesson about leaving their ground-floor windows wide open came to my mind. It was my plain duty to prove to them that it was both a foolish and a dangerous practise. There immediately came to me a brilliant scheme which promised good results for myself, but which was intended to point an entirely different moral than the one of which I have just spoken.

"First, I placed the brass basin at the outer edge of the tiled fireplace flooring, stuffed some of the newspapers into it, and laid one or two others on the tiling. Then I took up a large book, and, partly lowering the window-sash and thrusting my arm out under it, I smashed the glass so that the fragments fell inward. Then I lighted the newspapers in the brass basin, opened the library door, yelled 'Help!' and 'Fire!' up the stairway, and awaited results. I should add that while I was waiting I took off my coat and carefully upset a bottle of red ink, which I found on the library table, all over the sleeves of my nearly white shirt.

"It is unnecessary to detail the uproar that reigned in the Skirm household for the next few minutes. The whole family, five or six in number, fell down the stairs at the same time, in slumber array. I must ask you to believe that I was extremely busy fighting the flames at the psychological moment when the judge and his wife appeared at the library door. Soon the blaze had been put out, and I cast the charred paper fragments into the fireplace.

"Then the wife spoke up. Talented liar as I am, I could never have drawn one side of the picture that her imagination at that moment conceived.

"'Look, William,' she said to the judge and their assembled offspring, 'I see it all. Those loose papers you left on the floor caught fire from the grate, and the room was in a blaze. This poor fellow, passing by, and realizing that no time was to be lost, dived in head first through the window, terribly wounding himself on the jagged glass, as you may see. Calling upon us to save our lives, he beat out the fire with his poor, torn arms. Let us all shake our brave deliverer by the hand, and then you, William, must reward him more substantially, if he can be induced to accept anything.'

"My, how I admired that woman! She had seen it all, as she herself admitted, and I never had to open my head, except to give forth, in an offhand way, 'Oh, sir, it was nothing,' and similar modest utterances.

"Well, to abbreviate the story, especially since my sandwiches are about gone, the judge forced me to accept a check for an even thousand dollars, as you may know. With the fact that a Carnegie medal was secured for me by Mrs. Skirm, you are also perhaps familiar. Yes, thanks, I could use another chicken sandwich!"

The Sound of a Horn

BY HOLLIS GODFREY

THE lawyer was waiting on the court-house steps as Ben hurried up.

"Sorry to take you out of school for this violation of the speed law, Ben," said Mr. Meyner. "Or perhaps you're not sorry?" he added, laughing.

"Oh, I don't mind," Ben answered. "All my recitations are over for the day. I should have hated to have to leave earlier, though. I didn't want to lose to-day's work in physics. We've been doing some bully experiments out in the square, with stop-watches, on the velocity of sound. But never mind that now. How's the case?"

"Nothing new," said the lawyer. "Honestly, Ben, weren't you speeding?"

"Honestly, Mr. Meyner, I wasn't," the boy replied. "I wouldn't be such a fool as to speed with mother in the car. The town sign up there on that very road says thirty miles an hour, and I wasn't going over twenty-nine, at the outside, when they caught me."

"All right, Ben, that's enough," said the lawyer. "I believe you, but I'm anything but sure that the court will. Both of the constables will swear you were over the speed limit, and I think they mean to tell the truth as near as they can see it. The rub is that the town wants money, and they'll prosecute you if you go a quarter of a mile over the limit. In fact, I've

appeared against this same pair four times myself, and lost every time. I don't believe there's much chance of your getting off." He stopped short and looked down the street. "There they come now," he remarked.

Two long, lank men, one old and one young, each wearing a large nickeled badge on the outside of his coat, were approaching the court-house. The elder one, with the exaggerated actions of a would-be wit, stopped at the foot of the steps and waved portentously to his companion.

"Here's where the town gets some more automobile money—eh, Lije?"

"Sure thing!" returned the younger man. "The fine we'll get outer that young feller 'll come in handy!"

As the two men passed, Ben looked at them indignantly, and started to speak. Then he clenched his teeth, turned resolutely up the steps, and entered the court-room.

Mr. Meyner had timed things carefully. Their case came on just as Ben entered. Briefly the boy pleaded not guilty. Then the first constable took the stand and began to give his evidence.

"It's the same old case," said the constable, leaning forward confidentially. "This young man here, he came through whizzing. When he passed my line, I pumped my horn; when he got to Lije's line, he pumped his horn, and we both took the time and held him up. He was going about thirty-two miles an hour. We figgered the proposition in his case, just as we always do, on an eighth of a mile measured off by a surveyor. This chap's guilty because he ran the eighth of a mile in fourteen seconds by our stop-watches," continued the man with the badge. "You see, if you travel thirty miles an hour, you go half a mile a minute, quarter of a mile in half a minute, or an eighth of a mile in fifteen seconds. If the machine takes fifteen seconds to go the eighth of a mile, she's going just the limit. If she takes more than fifteen seconds to do it, we let her go by, for that means she's going less than thirty miles and that she's under the limit. If she takes less than fifteen seconds, we hold her driver up."

The lawyer turned to Ben as the constable finished his testimony.

"You see," he said in an undertone, "he really does know what he's talking about. I don't believe it's any use to fight this."

Just as he spoke, Ben, who had suddenly commenced to figure hard on a piece of paper which he had drawn from his pocket, leaped to his feet. Without answering, he hurried across the room to one of his friends.

"Tom," he whispered eagerly, "will you run over to the library as fast as you can go, and ask Miss Conners if I can have the volume of the 'Century Dictionary' marked 'S—T' for half an hour? Tell her I've got to have it to win my case. She'll give it to you."

Open-mouth with amazement as he was, Tom hurried from the court-room, while Ben returned to the side of the wondering and somewhat indignant lawyer.

"Forgive me for leaving you, Mr. Meyner," he said earnestly. "But we've got 'em, got 'em chilled. The old chap's testimony proves it. I got our case out of my physics lesson to-day out in the square. Part of it comes from the variation of our stop-watches—they're using the same kind—and part from our experiment on the velocity of sound."

"Why? What?" began the lawyer.

"Listen," said Ben, and he began to whisper eagerly, explaining his statements by constant reference to the figures he had just made.

The second constable had meanwhile taken the stand, and was offering corroborative testimony, which gave Ben ample time to lay his case before Mr. Meyner. Before the younger constable had finished, Tom came back with a big volume. Ben seized the book, ran rapidly through the leaves, found a place, and showed it to the lawyer, whose face, already wreathed in smiles, grew more and more jubilant as he read.

Mr. Meyner was on his feet the moment the second constable sat down.

"Your honor," he exclaimed, "if you have no objection, I wish to cede my place to my client, Mr. Benjamin Davison, who, I believe, understands more about this case than I do myself."

At this unexpected announcement, the craning of necks in Ben's direction became greater than before. Even the constables were unable to escape the general contagion. Ben rose in the center of an intent throng.

"Your honor," he said, "I propose to show by the aid of a witness who is present that I was within the legal speed limit, and that I was running less than thirty miles an hour."

As Ben spoke, the elder constable began to gaze around the court-room with a look of amazement, which changed to a hostile glare as he found himself suddenly recalled to the stand by the defense. The glare relaxed a little as the first apparently harmless question came from the boy's lips.

"You spoke of your pumping your horn, and of your companion pumping his," asked Ben quietly. "Will you please explain a little more fully just what you meant by that?"

"I sure will," answered the constable with assurance. "We wanted a signal that wouldn't be seen, and that wouldn't seem unnatural to people when 'twas heard, so we got two automobile horns. When anybody went over my line—I was back in the woods—I'd pump my horn; and when they reached Lije's line, he'd pump his. Then we both took the time on our stop-watches."

"I see," said Ben. "Now for the watches. You both have with you the watches that you used the other day?"

Both constables nodded affirmatively.

"Will you be good enough to start them when I say 'Start,' and stop them when I say 'Stop'?" inquired Ben.

At this the elder man became restive.

"I won't unless the judge orders it," he cried.

The judge was evidently becoming interested in Ben's line of questioning. He leaned forward.

"I'll give the word to start and stop myself," he said. "And if you two constables will step up here, I'll examine the watches before and after each test."

Once the judge made the trial. Twice he made it. Thrice he did it. Then he looked up.

"The records vary, on an average, eight-tenths of a second," he remarked.

"Please note, your honor," said Ben quietly, "that eight-tenths added to fourteen seconds makes fourteen seconds and eight-tenths, nearly up to the legal limit of time for the eighth of a mile."

The judge nodded.

"Did it ever occur to you," the boy went on, as he turned toward the witness, "that there might be an interval of space between the time you sounded the horn and the time your partner heard it?"

"No, it never did occur to me, and what's more, it never did to anybody else!" answered the constable sarcastically.

Ben's eyes gleamed as the constable left the stand at the close of the examination. Without delay the boy began his argument.

"Your honor," he said earnestly, as he picked up the big volume beside him, "by the aid of two things—the velocity of sound over the distance measured off in this special case and the variation in the watches of the constables I expect to prove to you that I was not going over thirty miles an hour, but that I was going definitely less.

"First, let me quote from the 'Century Dictionary' as follows:

"'The velocity of sound is about one thousand and ninety feet per second at thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, and increases slightly as the temperature rises.'

"Second, please note that since there are five thousand two hundred and eighty feet in a mile, there must be six hundred and sixty feet in an eighth, the distance over which my speed was measured. It takes sound a second to go one thousand and ninety feet at freezing temperature. Therefore it takes sound a little more than six-tenths of a second to go an eighth of a mile.

"Third, in this case it must have taken at least six-tenths of a second for the sound of the horn to go the eighth of a mile from one constable to the other on the day they arrested me, because the temperature on that day was slightly below freezing. It must have taken six-tenths of a second more for the sound of the horn to go back. But we'll waive that second six-tenths of a second, for the reason that we don't need it to prove our case.

"I have already shown that the variation of eight-tenths of a second in the constables' watches would make a time record of fourteen and eight-tenths instead of fourteen. Add six-tenths of a second more for the time taken for the sound of the horn to go from one constable to the other, and you have fifteen seconds and four-tenths. My time for the eighth of a mile, therefore, was fifteen seconds and four-tenths. The legal limit is thirty miles an hour, an eighth of a mile in fifteen seconds. I believe I have proved my case. My car was going under the limit."

As Ben ended, the court was in an uproar. It was only with the greatest difficulty that it could be stilled, but silence reigned at last, and the prosecuting constable had an opportunity to speak.

"As far as the difference in our watches goes, I don't think anything of that. A second's nothing," he remarked. "And as for the rest, all I got to say is that I never heard anything so foolish as to say sound don't travel instantaneous. Why, I've heard it instantaneous all my life. So long as the dictionary says it don't, why, I s'pose there's nothing I can do. But I don't see daylight through this thing yet."

Over his spectacles the judge threw a glance at the two perplexed and disconsolate constables. Then he looked at the boy defendant, and a slight smile hovered around his mouth.

"Case dismissed!" he said.

The Old-Timer

BY VINGIE E. ROE

"WELL, well, you young fellows will have your way sooner or later, I suppose; but while I admit the truth of your argument, I think you carry your point too far."

The president of a great northwestern railway system shook his head and glanced out of the window of the old coach lumbering over the Coast Range to Grant's Pass. Opposite, eagerly watching his face, a younger official of the same system made as if to speak, but the president went on:

"For most places, yes, the younger men assuredly—in the shops, where long hours and heavy work demand strength; in designing and improving, where the young brain reaches out for new ideals unhampered by use and custom; in civil engineering, where daring and sometimes foolhardiness is needed; but in the cabs ahead of trains of human freight, no!"

"But right there is the acme of my argument," broke in the other. "Where else is more needed the firm hand of youth—not callow boyhood, of course, but the young nerves of the man just at his prime, the quick eye undimmed, the mind at its best, able to swing to any emergency in the fraction of a second? Why, man alive, where else in the whole system is the perfect man so greatly needed?"

The president stuck his head out of the stage window, and craned ahead.

"Egad!" he said wonderingly. "What a road! Look out, Hillis."

The other looked. Ahead, the leaders were lost sight of around a curve that stuck out into space, while at the left there were two feet between the wheels and nothing.

"Some class to that," Hillis said.

As they straightened back again, the third occupant of the stage, a lumber-jack, broke into the conversation, happily unconscious of social differences.

"There's somethin' on both sides," he said; "but in the hills, when a man's needed for a ticklish job, they hunt up an old-timer. They know!"

The president looked keenly at the speaker, enjoying this succinct abetting of his own belief.

"Yes," he said, "I think they do, and so do I. It's custom, and habit, and the good knowledge of long use. It's the confidence of well-trodden ground. When I come West, my private car is always attached to a good mogul with Foggarty in the cab. He's fifty-seven, and grizzled, and as steady as a rock. He could run an engine in his sleep, he is so used to it; and I think he'd do by instinct the best thing in any crisis. I hope he'll last as long as I do."

The younger man smiled.

"Keep Foggarty," he said, "for private consumption, but get in line of progress. Cut out the antiques and put in new stuff!"

"That will put out of business for the rest of their days two hundred and sixty-eight of the best engineers in America, for we have in our system just that number over your proposed age-limit."

"I have no sentiment," returned the other. "With me it's the system, and nothing but the system."

"That's very good, my boy, but you forget that with me it has been the system, and nothing but the system, for forty years. I'm an antique myself. We're bound to go that line in the long—"

The sentence was jerked unfinished from the speaker's mouth. With a grotesque tilting of his silk hat, he went hard against the back of the ancient seat. From the

front seat the young man and the lumber-jack shot to their knees on the floor. There came a lurch, a great creaking, a roaring jangle from the bells on the leaders, and the rock wall on the right began to merge its diagonal seams and fissures into a rushing blur.

Out of the mêlée of sounds there came a voice cutting through with a cool calmness, deep and caressing.

"Whoa, boys! Whoa, boys! Whoa, Pete! Steady, boys! Whoa!"

The young man on the floor opened his mouth and stared at the president, and the blood slowly drained out of both faces.

"Runaway!" jerked the former. "They're *running!*"

The cold wind shrieked in at the swaying window. The old coach staggered drunkenly, its railed top now grazing the flying wall, again leaning far out over the edge. The president caught one sickening glimpse of a soft, white floor in the cañon below, its belying assurance betrayed by the spike-like tops of pines and one tall needle of rock.

A grim line settled about the younger man's lips. He struggled up, clutching the door; but the old latch had been sprung by that first lurch, and held. Silently he grasped a hold and looked ahead.

Like a ribbon running down a turning spool, the smooth, white road ran down around the cliff. Here and there it straightened a bit, and he could see the leaders, a splendid pair of rangy duns with dapples on their gaunt hips, running with flattened ears and stretched necks.

In a maze he heard the roar of mingled sounds, the exciting pound of the hoofs, the turmoil of the bells, the creaking of the crazy old stage, the wild squeal of the brake, and through it all the deep, caressing voice of the driver talking to his horses:

"Whoa, boys! Steady! Steady thar! Pete! Pete! Whoa, Pete!"

Then suddenly there jumped into his consciousnesss the voice of the lumber-jack on the floor. It was broken and in jerks, but this is what it said:

"It's—Hicks—on the—box—old-timer. Drove—forty—year."

Old-timer! Drove forty year!

Hillis gathered his scattered wits, and strove to focus his dilated eyes on the network of lines, four of them, that ran tautly up to the box.

There he caught swaying glimpses of a figure in a red flannel shirt, as it swung from side to side, one booted foot braced on the foot-bar, one on the brake, its naked arms brown as leather under the rolled-up sleeves, the muscles slipping and rising with every lurch. Heavily he got his eyes up to the face—a lean face, brown as the arms, peaked and sharp with sun and wind, under ragged gray hair that blew back. And he saw there Hicks, old-timer; saw the set of the lean jaw, the eagle look of the eyes, the whole man bent to the moment; saw habit in the grip of the knotted hands on the lines, assurance and confidence and instinct in such skilful handling of each pregnant moment as is rarely given one to witness.

He did not know that he saw all this at the time. He recalled it afterward. And then, suddenly as it had all begun, like a shot one sound left the rest—the high, shrill scream of the brake. The red-shirted figure lurched perilously, regained itself and straightened, just as the stage plunged forward upon the heels of the wheelers.

Ahead was a sharper turn. The wheelers, hitherto obeying against all odds, leaped forward, and fate poised its finger, waiting.

It was then that Hillis saw the weathered arm fly to a hip, saw a gun whip out, and heard its vicious crack. Hicks was shooting his horses!

Pete, the near leader, lunged down and slid, but the pace was no more affected than if a drop of rain had fallen. The mighty impetus carried them on.

One, two, three shots followed rapidly. The remaining leader stumbled, but thundered on; the off wheeler fell, kicking frightfully. They were slowing. The young railroad man, clinging in the window, was dumb and aghast.

The old driver aimed once more, got an empty click, and threw away the gun. Dragging the two fallen horses, pushed by the brakeless stage, heavy and cumbrous, the others went for the curve. It was sharp, and the blue sky of the morning showed across it.

Calmly old Hicks slid from the box into the struggling mass. He did it easily, as if by instinct. The man in the window gasped.

The rest was too swift and tragic to grasp. He only knew that the leaders had lurched loose from the scoring tongue, whipping a broken chain; that there was

a flash of red behind the wheelers; that the sky-bounded curve was drawing up; that there was one moment when a mix-up of dun horses and bay staggered on the edge, to struggle with a neigh or two of terror before they went dragging over, leaving the half-wrecked vehicle with one wheel whirling in space.

Hicks went over with his horses. He had first, very thoughtfully, slashed the one fastened trace.

Half an hour later the three men stood beside the heap below.

"He was an old-timer, all right!" said the lumber-jack regretfully. "That's an old trick in the mountains, shootin' the horses, and it 'most always works. Would have this time if the brake had held. It was a ticklish job, old boy," he finished, as he spread a blanket from his turkey, fallen from the boot, over the limp, gray-haired figure, and unwound a line from the left hand; "and you was Johnny-on-the-spot. We'll have to walk in to town, gents!"

Early the next morning the president's private car went south from Grant's Pass.

"Sir," said the younger man, very gravely, after breakfast, "I recede from my argument. There is something in use and familiarity and long service, after all—in habit, instinct, if you will. By all means, let us keep our old-timers!"

The Forced Flight

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

MRS. CRISTLE had gone off to the hospital to have an operation performed, and Mr. Cristle was sitting quietly in his easy chair, a large cigar in his mouth, enjoying himself thoroughly.

He would scarcely have dared to confess it to himself, but he was really having a much better time than he remembered having for years. He visited his wife regularly, and vehemently expressed as much sympathy and love as he could crowd into a few moments' companionship with her. He tore himself away with apparent reluctance; but he could scarcely wait to get back home, and the sense of freedom he now enjoyed was something to wonder at continually. He could smoke anywhere; he could remain silent anywhere; he was on good terms with the servants; in brief, he was in a kind of seventh domestic heaven.

Once he had sat up reading until three o'clock in the morning—not because he particularly desired to, but because he couldn't do so when his wife was at home. Once he had taken his dinner at a restaurant and gone to the play, and later had had a quiet supper by himself, and had come home very, very late, with an exultant feeling in his heart that it didn't matter *when* he came home.

Mr. Cristle was not a bad man; he had no evil proclivities, no abnormal tendencies of any sort. Mrs. Cristle was by no means an oppressive woman; she was a very nice woman, and she got along with her husband beautifully. But the fact was that for years Cristle had studied to please her, had suppressed certain tendencies of his own because he saw they annoyed her, and because she had made it evident that they did annoy her.

The result was that he had come, in the course of time, to be a suppressed man. He had learned to control himself; and by doing this regularly, and especially at times when Mrs. Cristle lost her own temper, or displayed irritation, he had come to gain her respect. She still continued to be irritable, of course; but inasmuch as her good husband offered no resistance, there was not so much object in being irritable as there would have been if he had antagonized her.

At the same time, Mr. Cristle had slowly learned the value of deception and simulation. For example, he had every reason to believe that the operation upon his wife was not a serious one, and he was in no apprehension about it; or, if he was, his apprehension was more on account of what the surgeon might charge him. And yet, to his wife, he appeared to be in a fever of fear; and by long practise he did this so perfectly that she was herself really anxious because he worried so much about her.

She begged him not to do so, and said that everything would undoubtedly be all right. He declared that he would brace up for her sake, and promised to make the best

of it all. Then he would hurry home, and, with immense breaths of satisfaction, cock his feet up on the table, light his big cigar, and just wallow in joy.

Mr. Cristle was interrupted in his meditations by a knock.

"Come in," he said.

The door leading from the rear of the house—the servants' hall—gently opened, and Mr. Cristle's butler appeared. He was a tall, sedate-looking individual, with a perfectly immobile expression, such as all good butlers should possess.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but how is the madam?"

"Very nicely, very well indeed, Henry. I expect her back in a few days." Mr. Cristle, true to his part, began to show visible signs of anticipatory pleasure. He clasped his hands with a suggestion of dramatic emphasis. "We shall all be glad to have her back, I am sure, Henry."

"Yes, sir."

There was a pause. Mr. Cristle, vaguely conscious that something was in the air, moved uneasily in his seat.

"Might I remark something, sir?"

"Certainly, Henry; by all means."

"There has been no complaint, sir, since the madam went away. We have tried to do our best, sir."

"No complaint, Henry; everything has been very satisfactory."

"Might I be so bold as to suggest, sir, that we should like to see things go on in this way?"

"Certainly! Why not, Henry? Nothing would suit me better."

Henry's face expressed his embarrassment. He was an old servant, and his sense of deference, his feeling of non-obtrusion, were paramount. Mr. Cristle, realizing that something unusual was afoot, endeavored to assist him.

"Something on your mind, Henry? Don't hesitate—out with it!"

"Well, sir, I was about to say that I like your ways. You are a business man, sir, and I should like to see things go on just as they have been—with you, sir, *with you!*"

"You mean—"

Mr. Cristle sat up. The first faint glimmering of a domestic crisis was beginning to dawn upon him. Henry and his wife had made themselves invaluable; and now, when Mrs. Cristle was coming back in her convalescence, and when they were most needed, why, they—could such a thing be possible?

"You mean," he repeated blankly, "that—"

"You see, sir, if *you* could go on giving the orders just as you have been doing, we should be most glad to continue. But—"

Mr. Cristle started to jump up; then, controlling his action, he sank back. It dawned on him what Henry was driving at. With the directness which had made him successful in the business world, he replied:

"What you mean, Henry, is this—that you don't care to work for Mrs. Cristle any more, but you *do* care to work for me—eh?"

"Well, yes, sir; that's about the size of it. No disrespect to the madam—she is a lady, sir and"—slightly lowering his voice—"I know about 'em all pretty well. But you see, sir, you does the ordering in a way that I like, and it runs so smooth that we wouldn't care to go back to the old way."

"Mrs. Cristle wasn't well, Henry. You know a lady in charge of a large household like this is apt at times to be slightly—well, *slightly* irritable. You mustn't mind those things, Henry, and I'm sure that her health will be perfect now that—"

"It ain't that, sir. It ain't concerned with health." Henry lowered his voice again, and took a step nearer. "I mean no disrespect, sir, but—it's in 'em all. Women is pretty much all alike the world over; and I've been about some, sir."

"But I've taken you to task, Henry, several times; when, for example, you neglected to clean the windows."

"Lord, sir, I don't mind being straightened out; I expect it—and I want it. But you're a business man, sir, as I said before, and you do it right. You tell me at the proper time, and you look at it from my standpoint, sir. But with a lady, sir, everything will run smooth for a week, and then there'll be a flare-up—they're unreasonable, Mr. Cristle, begging your pardon."

"If you leave this place, Henry, you'll probably have to go into another one with a woman in charge. You won't better yourself if, as you say, they are all alike."

"No, sir; I made up my mind I would go out as a porter, and my wife can still go on in service. You see, sir, I never knew it before. Ever since I was a page I've worked for the ladies, and now I know how much I've stood."

"You flatter me, Henry."

"No, sir; but I see it clear. Business men have to know how to treat them that's in their employ. Maybe I'll go in a hotel."

"You'll wait until—"

"Oh, certainly, sir!"

"Very well, Henry. I will let you know later."

Henry withdrew, mumbling some further apology, and for a long time Mr. Cristle sat pondering over this new dilemma.

When he had been confronted by the necessity of running his household during his wife's temporary absence, he had done what his business experience had taught him to do. He had sent for the servants, gone over the matter with them, laid out a system, and arranged his program down to the last detail. In the beginning, this had taken up much time; but afterward, when anything went wrong, he was complete master of the situation, because he was able to point out to them that he had already provided for it.

All this was second nature to Mr. Cristle. He realized, now, that in a subconscious way he had all along been dreading the home-coming of his wife — not that he didn't love her, but simply that her return meant a reversal to old conditions, in which more or less unexpected friction was likely to develop at any moment.

And she was coming home the next day!

He slept fitfully that night, and in the morning awoke with a dull sense of something wrong. He shuddered when the knowledge of the impending disaster suddenly came over him.

After breakfast, as he nervously smoked the last cigar that he would smoke before she came, he hastily summoned Henry.

"Henry, let us understand each other. You said that you would stay for a while, and not leave us in the lurch."

"No, sir; certainly not, sir."

"Have you considered, after the length of time you have been here, just what excuse you will make to Mrs. Cristle?"

Henry faltered. His face grew suddenly downcast.

"Well, not exactly, sir," he stammered. "I had in mind, sir, something like a death in my family. My wife, sir, will break the news, and—"

Mr. Cristle regarded him sternly.

"Have you been living with us all these years," he said, "and do you think that you can fool Mrs. Cristle with a cock-and-bull story like that? You can't do it, Henry. If it were possible, I might—I say, I *might* recommend it; but no—you must tell the truth!"

Henry shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"That wouldn't be doing you a good turn, sir," he expostulated; "and after all your kindness to us—"

"There's only one thing to do." Henry regarded his master with dumb curiosity. "Henry, you must leave at once. There's no other way out of it. You understand, don't you? Otherwise—"

"Yes, sir. I suppose I do."

"Very well. Be out of here in an hour, and I'll pay you up to the end of the month. If you stay, there is *nothing* that will square me!"

Some four hours later, Mr. Cristle kissed his wife tenderly as she sat up-stairs in her room, with the fresh flowers he had ordered standing on a near-by table, and everything looking as spick and span as one could wish. With some embarrassment, he said:

"Can you stand some bad news?"

She looked at him quickly, her old domestic sense coming back in a flood.

"Those servants! What? Ah, I see by your face that I am right! Tell me, what has happened?"

"They have gone!"

"Now, isn't that like them—to be with us for years, and leave in a crisis like this!"

Mr. Cristle came over and patted her on the cheek.

"Never mind, dear," he said. "I've no doubt we can manage."

Mrs. Cristle smiled.

"I'm not surprised," she went on. "I suppose they didn't like your ways. They always dislike a change. It invariably upsets them." And then she said, with a gentleness of which he had not thought her capable: "You did the very best you could, dear, of course, and I am not blaming you in the least; but it is hardly to be expected, in the nature of things, that a man like you would know just how to manage servants. Only—"

She paused for a moment, as the full force of the situation came to her, and shut her lips tightly.

"Oh, how I just wish I could get hold of both of them for about ten minutes. Perhaps I wouldn't give them a piece of my mind!"



BY THE BLUE ÆGEAN

Fallen the marble cities that once gemmed the eastern seas;
Perished the wealth of Crœsus and the craft of Pericles;
But youth and beauty and romance still weave their ancient spell
As in the days when Sappho sang and Helen loved too well!

Douglas Hemingway